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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART THIRD.

THE RISING.

FATHER BABY's part in the common fields lay on the Mississippi side of the peninsula, quite three miles from town. The common fields as an entire tract belonged to the community of Kaskaskia; no individual held any purchased or transferable right in them. Each man who wished to could claim his proportion of acres and plant any crop he pleased, year after year. He paid no rent, but neither did he hold any fee in the land.

Early on rainy summer mornings, the friar loved to hoist his capote on the cord, and tramp, bare-legged, out to his two-acre farm, leaving his slave, with a few small coins in the till, to keep shop should any customer forestall his return.

"The fathers of all orders," explained Father Baby, "from their earliest foundations, have counted it a worthy mortification of the flesh to till the ground. And be ready to refresh me without grinning, when I come back muddy from performing the labor to which I might send you, if I were a man who loved sinful ease. Monastic habits are above the understanding of a black rascal like you."

The truth was, the friar loved to play in wet dirt. Civilized life and the confinement of a shop worked a kind of ferment in his wild spirit, which violent dancing somewhat relieved, but which intimate contact with the earth cooled and settled. Father Baby sometimes stripped

off his capote and lay down in the hollow between furrows of corn, like a very lean but peaceful pig. He would not have been seen, on any account, and lifted an apprehensive head in the darkness of the morning if a bird rustled past. This performance he called a mortification of his frame; but when this sly churchman slipped up and put on his capote again, his thin visage bore the same gratified lines which may be seen on the face of a child making mud pies.

It had rained steadily since the political field day which had drawn such crowds to Kaskaskia. The waters of the Okaw had risen, and Father Baby's way to his work had been across fields of puddles, through which he waded before dawn; knowing well that a week's growth of weeds was waiting for him in its rankness.

The rain was not over. It barely yet restrained itself, and threatened without falling; blotting out distance as the light grew. A damp air blew from the northwest. Father Baby found the little avenues between his rows of maize and pea vines choked with the liberal growth which no man plants, and he fell furiously to work. His greatest pleasure was the order and thrift of his little farm, and until these were restored he could not even wallow comfortably. When he had hoed and pulled out stubborn roots until his back ached, he stood erect, letting his hands hang outspread,

magnified by their mask of dirt, and rested himself, thinking of the winter dinners he would enjoy when this moist land should take on a silver coating of frost, and a frozen sward resist the tread of his wooden shoe.

"O Lord," said Father Baby, "I confess I am a sinner; we all are. But I am a provident sinner who make good use of the increase Thou dost send through the earth. I do Thee to wit that Antoine Lamarche's crop is pretty weedy. The lazy dog will have to buy of me, and if I do not skin him well — But hold on. My blessed Master, I had forgot that Antoine has a sick child in his house. I will set his garden in order for him. Perhaps Thou wilt count it to me for righteousness, and let it offset some of my iniquities."

So when he had finished his own, the friar put his hoe into his neighbor's patch, and worked until the sweat rolled down his thin cheeks. Gusts of rain added their moisture. As much light as the world was to have that day filtered through sheets of vapor. The bluffs bordering the Okaw could not be seen except as a vague bank of forest; and as for the lowlands across the great river, they might as well have had no existence.

It grew upon Father Baby's observation that the Mississippi had never looked so threatening. He stuck to his hoeing until he was nearly exhausted, and Antoine Lamarche's ground showed at least enough improvement to offset all the cheating he had done that week, and then made his way among bushes to the verge of the bank. The strong current always bearing down from the northwest against the peninsula had increased its velocity to a dizzy sweep. It bit out pieces of the shore as large as Father Baby's shop, and far and near these were seen falling in with splashes like the spouting of whales.

"At this rate," said Father Baby aloud, "I shall have no part left in the common fields by next year."

The river's tremendous rolling roar was also swollen to unusual magnitude. He looked afar over a tawny surface at undermined stumps and trees racing past one another. The June rise, which the melting of snows in those vague regions around its head-waters was called, had been considerable, but nothing to terrify the Kaskaskians. One week's rain and the drainage of the bottom lands could scarcely have raised the river to such a height. "Though Heaven alone can tell," grumbled the friar, "what the Mississippi will do for its own amusement. All the able slaves in Kaskaskia should be set to work on the levee before this day is an hour older."

Carrying the hoe on his shoulder like any laborer, and drawing the hood of his garment over his bald crown as the mist of rain increased to a driving sheet, Father Baby tramped along the river edge toward an unfinished defense against the waters. It was a high dike, beginning on a shoulder of the peninsula above the town, but extending barely a mile across a marsh where the river had once continuously raveled the shore even in dry seasons. The friar was glad to discern a number of figures at work carting earth to the most exposed and sunken spots of this dike.

The marsh inside the embankment was now a little lake, and some shouting black boys were paddling about there in a canoe which had probably been made during the leisure enforced by wet weather. It was a rough and clumsy thing, but very strongly put together.

The tavern in Kaskaskia was a common meeting-place. Other guest houses, scattered through the town, fed and lodged the humble in an humble way; but none of them dared to take the name "tavern," or even to imitate its glories. In pleasant weather, its lower gallery was filled with men bargaining, or hiring the labor of other men. It was the gathering and distributing point of news, the headquarters of the Assembly when

that body was in session, — a little *hôtel de ville*, in fact, where municipal business was transacted.

The wainscoted dining-room, which had a ceiling traversed by oak beams, had been the scene of many a stately banquet. In front of this was the bar-room, thirty by forty feet in dimensions, with a great stone fireplace built at one end. There was a high carved mantel over this, displaying the solid silver candlesticks of the house, and the silver snuffers on their tray embossed with dragons. The bar was at the end of the room opposite the fireplace, and behind it shone the grandest of negro men in white linen, and behind him, tier on tier, an array of flasks and flat bottles nearly reaching the low ceiling. Poor Kaskaskians who entered there, entered society. They always pulled their cappos off their heads, and said "Good evening, *messieurs*," to the company in general. It was often as good as a feast to smell the spicy odors stealing out from the dining-room. It was a gentle community, and the tavern bar-room was by no means a resort of noisy drinkers. If any indecorum threatened, the host was able to quell it. He sat in his own leather chair, at the hearth corner in winter, and on the gallery in summer; a gigantic Frenchman, full of accumulated happiness.

It was barely dusk when candles were lighted in the sconces around the walls, and on the mantel and bar. The host had his chair by a crackling fire, for continual dampness made the July night raw; and the crane was swung over the blaze with a steaming tea-kettle on one of its hooks. Several Indians also sat by the stone flags, opposite the host, moving nothing but their small restless eyes; aboriginal America watching transplanted Europe, and detecting the incompatible qualities of French and English blood.

The bar-room had its orchestra of three banjos, making it a hall of music

every night in the year. And herein Africa added itself to the civilization of the New World. Three coal-black slaves of the host's sat on a bench sacred to them, and softly twanged their instruments, breaking out at intervals into the wild chants of their people; improvising, and stimulating each other by musical hints and exclamations. It was evident that they esteemed their office; and the male public of Kaskaskia showed them consideration. While the volume of talk was never lessened during their glees, the talkers all listened with at least one ear. There was no loud brawling, and the laughter raised by argument rarely drowned the banjos. Sometimes a Frenchman was inspired to cut a pigeon wing; and Father Baby had tripped it over every inch of this oak floor, when the frenzy for dancing seized him and the tunes were particularly irresistible. The bar-room gave him his only taste of Kaskaskia society, and he took it with zest. Little wizened black-eyed fellows clapped their hands, delighting, while their priest was not by, in the antics of a disreputable churchman; but the bigger and colder race paid little attention to him.

Various as were the home back-grounds of the lives converging at the tavern, there were but two topics before that little public while the cosy fire roared and the banjos rattled. A rumor of coming high water was running down the Mississippi Valley like the wind which is driven before a rush of rain; and the non-separation party had suffered some local defeat in the Indiana Territory. The first item of news took greatest hold on those serious Anglo-Americans who had come from the Atlantic coast to found estates in this valley. On the contrary, the peasant tenant gave his mind to politics. It was still an intoxicating privilege for him to have a say in the government.

"Dese Indiana Territory fellers," piped a grasshopper of a Frenchman,

springing from his chair in excitement, "dey want our slaves, dey want our Territory, — dey want de hide off our backs."

"Tony Lamarche," drawled a Virginian, "you don't know what you're talking about. You have n't e'er a slave to your name; and you don't own a foot of the Territory. As for your hide, it would n't make a drumhead no-how. So what are you dancin' about?"

"If I got no land, I got some of dose rights of a citizen, eh?" snorted Antoine, planting himself in front of the Virginian, and bending forward until they almost touched noses.

"I reckon you have, and I reckon you better use them. You git your family over onto the bluff before your house is sucked into the Okaw."

"And go and hoe the weeds out of your maize patch, Antoine," exhorted Father Baby, setting an empty glass back on the bar. "I cleaned part of them out for you myself, with the rain streaming down my back, thinking only of your breadless children. And what do I find when I come home to my shop but that Antoine Lamarche has been in and carried off six dog-leg twists of tobacco on credit! I say nothing about it. I am a childless old friar; but I have never seen children eat tobacco."

The baited Frenchman turned on Father Baby; but, like a skittish girl, the friar hopped across the room, shook off his wooden shoes, picked up the skirt of his habit, and began to dance. The exhilarating drink, the ruddiness of the fire, the discomfort outside, the smoothness of the oak boards, — these were conditions of happiness for Father Baby. This was perhaps the crowning instant of his experience. He was a butterfly man. He saw his lodger, Dr. Dunlap, appear at the door as haggard as the dead. The friar's first thought was: —

"That fellow has proposed for Mademoiselle Saucier and been rejected.

I'm glad I'm a churchman, and not yoked up to draw a family, like these fools, and like he wants to be. This bowing down and worshiping another human being, — crazy if you don't get her, and crazed by her if you do, — I'll have none of it."

Dr. Dunlap raised his arms and shouted to the company in the bar-room. What he said no one could hear. Hissing and roaring filled the world, submerging the crackling of the fire, the banjo tunes, and human voices. Men looked at each other, stupefied, holding their pipes from their mouths. Then a wave struck the solid old tavern, hissed across its lower gallery, and sprawled through the hall upon the bar-room floor. Not a person in the house could understand what had happened to Kaskaskia peninsula; but Jean Lozier stood on the bluff and saw it.

Jean was watching the lights of Kaskaskia while his sick grandfather slept. The moon was nearly full, but on such a night one forgot there was a moon. The bushes dripped on Jean, and the valley below him was a blur pierced by those rows of lights. A great darkness was coming out of the northwest, whistling as it came. He saw the sky and the turbid Mississippi meet and strangely become one. There were waters over the heavens, and waters under the heavens. A wall like a moving dam swept across the world and filled it. The boy found himself sitting on the ground holding to a sapling, drenched and half drowned by the spray which dashed up the bluffs. The darkness and hissing went over him, and he thought he was dying without absolution, at the end of the world. He lay down and gasped and shuddered until the great Thing was gone, — the incredible Thing, in which no one believes except him who has seen it, and which no name can name; that awful spirit of Deluge, which lives in the traditions of every race. Jean had never heard of waterspout or cloudburst or any

modern name given to the Force whenever its leash is slipped for a few minutes. He felt himself as trivial a thing in chaos as the ant which clung on his hand and bit him because it was drowning.

The blind downpour being gone, though rain still fell and the wind whistled in his ears, Jean climbed across bent or broken saplings nearer the bluff's edge to look at Kaskaskia. The rows of lights were partially blotted; and lightning, by its swift unrollings, showed him a town standing in a lake. The Mississippi and the Okaw had become one water, spreading as far as the eye could see. Now bells began to clamor from that valley of foam. The bell of the Immaculate Conception, cast in France a hundred years before, which had tolled for D'Artaguet, and made jubilee over weddings and christenings, and almost lived the life of the people, sent out the alarm cry of smitten metal; and a tinkling appeal from the convent supplemented it.

There was no need of the bells to rouse Kaskaskia; they served rather as sounding buoys in a suddenly created waterway. Peggy Morrison had come to stay all night with Angelique Saucier. The two girls were shut in their bedroom, and Angelique's black maid was taking the pins from Peggy's hair, when the stone house received its shock, and shuddered like a ship. Screams were heard from the cabins. Angelique threw the sashes open, and looked into storm and darkness; yet the lightning showed her a driving current of water combed by pickets of the garden fence. It washed over the log steps, down which some of her father's slaves were plunging from their doors, to recoil and scramble and mix their despairing cries with the wakening clamor of bells.

Their master shouted encouragement to them from the back gallery. Angelique's candles were blown out by the wind when she and Peggy tried to hold

them for her father. The terrified maid crouched down in a helpless bunch on the hall floor, and Madame Saucier herself brought the lantern from the attic. The perforated tin beacon, spreading its bits of light like a circular shower of silver on the gallery floor, was held high for the struggling slaves. Heads as grotesque as the waterspouts on old cathedrals craned through the darkness and up to the gallery posts. The men breast-ed the deepening water first, and howling little blacks rode on their fathers' shoulders. Captain Saucier pulled the trembling creatures in, standing waist-deep at the foot of the steps. The shrieking women balanced light bundles of dry clothes on their heads, and the cook brought useless kettles and pans, not realizing that all the food of the house was lost in a water-filled cellar.

The entire white-eyed colony were landed, but scarcely before it was time to close the doors of the ark. A far-off roar and a swell like that of the ocean came across the submerged country. No slave had a chance to stand whimpering and dripping in the hall. Captain Saucier put up the bars, and started a black line of men and women, with pieces of furniture, loads of clothing and linen, bedding and pewter and silver, and precious baskets of china, or tiers of books, upon their heads, up the attic stairs. Angelique's harp went up between two stout fellows, tingling with little sighs as they bumped it on the steps. Tante-gra'mère's room was invaded, and her treasures were transferred before she had a chance to prohibit it. The children were taken from their beds by the nurse, and carried to beds made for them in the attic, where they gazed awhile at their rude dark canopy of rafters, and fell asleep again in luxury, sure of protection, and expecting much of such novel times.

The attic, like the house under it, had dignity of space, in which another large family might have found shelter. Over

rawhide trunks and the disused cradle and still-crib was now piled the salvage of a wealthy household. Two dormer windows pierced the roof fronting the street, and there was also one in the west gable, extending like a hallway toward the treetops, but none in the roof at the back.

The timbers of the house creaked, and at every blow of the water the inmates could hear it splashing to the chimneys on one side, and running down on the other.

"Now," said Captain Saucier desperately, "tante-gra'mère must be roused and carried up."

"Yes, the feather beds are all piled together for her, with fresh linen sheets and all her cushions; but," gasped madame his wife, "she has never before been waked in the night. Is it not better to send Angelique to bring her by degrees into a frame of mind for being removed?"

"There is no time. I have left her till the last minute, hoping she might wake."

They made a procession into her chamber, Angelique and Peggy carrying candles, the grandnephew and grandniece ready for a conflict. Waters booming against the house, and already making river coves of familiar rooms, were scarcely more to be dreaded than the obstinate will of a creature as small as a child.

Angelique lifted a ruffle of tante-gra'mère's nightcap and whispered in her ear. She stirred, and struck out with one hand, encountering the candle flame. That brought her upright, staring with indignant black eyes at the conclave.

"Dear tante-gra'mère, we are in danger. There is a great overflow of the rivers."

The autocrat felt for her whip in its accustomed place, and armed herself with it.

"Pardon us for disturbing you, tante-gra'mère," said her grandnephew, "but I am obliged to carry you into the attic."

"Is the sun up?" cried the little voice.

"The water is, madame," answered Peggy.

"If you wait for the sun, tante-gra'mère," urged her grandnephew's wife, "you will drown here."

"Do you tell me I will drown in my own bed? I will not drown. Where is Wachique?"

"She is carrying your chairs into the attic, tante-gra'mère."

"My chairs gone to the attic in my lifetime? And who has claimed my dower chest and my linen?"

"All your things are safely removed except this bedstead, madame," declared Angelique's mother. "They were set down more carefully than my china."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Only a few hours, tante-gra'mère. It is early in the night."

Her withered face was quite wrathful.

"The water is all over the floor, madame. We are standing to our ankles. In a few minutes we shall be standing to our knees. Look at it. Do you hear the roaring and the wash outside? Kaskaskia is under water, and the people have to climb to the roofs."

The aged woman always listened incredulously to Peggy. She now craned over the side of the bed, and examined for herself streams like quicksilver slipping along the dark boards.

"Why did you not do something to prevent this, instead of coming in here to break my rest?" she inquired.

Captain Saucier extended his hands to lift her, but she lay down again, holding the whip bolt upright.

"If I go to the attic, Captain Saucier, my bed goes with me."

"There is not time to move it."

"And there is such a beautiful bed up there, quite ready, with all your cushions."

"My bed goes with me," repeated tante-gra'mère.

"There will soon be water enough to

carry it," remarked Peggy, "if it will float."

Waves crashing across the gallery broke against tante-gra'mère's closed shutters and spurted between the sashes. This freak of the storm devastating Kaskaskia she regarded with sidelong scrutiny, such as a crow gives to the dubious figure set to frighten it. The majesty of the terror which was abroad drove back into their littleness those sticks and pieces of cloth which she had valued so long. Again came the crash of water, and this time the shutters bowed themselves and a sash blew in, and the Mississippi burst into the room.

The candles were out, but Captain Saucier had caught up his relative as the water struck. Angelique groped for her mother, and she and Peggy led that dazed woman through the hall, laughing at their own shudders and splashes, and Captain Saucier waded after them. So the last vestige of human life forsook this home, taking to the shelter of the attic; and ripples drove into the fireplaces and frothed at the wainscots.

The jangling of the bells, to which the family had scarcely listened in their nearer tumult and frantic haste, became very distinct in the attic. So did the wind which was driving that foaming sea. All the windows were closed, but moisture was blown through the tiniest crevices. There were two rooms in the attic. In the first one, the slaves huddled among piles of furniture. The west room held the children's pallets and tante-gra'mère's lowly substitute for her leviathan bed. She sat up among pillows, blinking resentfully. Angelique at once had a pair of bedroom screens brought in, and stretched a wall of privacy across the corner thus occupied; but tante-gra'mère as promptly had them rearranged to give her a tunnel for observation. In chaotic anger and terror she snapped her whip at intervals.

"What is it, dear tante-gra'mère?" Angelique would inquire.

"Send Wachique down to bring up my bedstead."

"But, dear tante-gra'mère, Wachique would drown. The water is already halfway up the attic stairs."

"Am I to lie here on the floor like a slave?"

"Dear, there are six feather beds under you."

"How long is this to last?"

"Not long, I hope."

Peggy stood at the gable window and looked out at the seething night. To her the peninsula seemed sinking. She could not see anything distinctly. Foam specked the panes. The bells kept up their alarm. Father Olivier was probably standing on the belfry ladder cheering his black ringer, and the sisters took turns at their rope with that determined calmness which was the rule of their lives. Peggy tried to see even the roof of her home. She was a grateful daughter; but her most anxious thoughts were not of the father and mother whose most anxious thoughts would be of her.

When the fury of the cloudburst had passed over, and the lightning no longer flickered in their faces, and the thunder growled away in the southeast, the risen water began to show its rolling surface. A little moonlight leaked abroad through cloudy crevices. Angelique was bathing her mother's face with camphor; for Madame Saucier sat down and fainted comfortably, when nothing else could be done. Something bumped against the side of the house, and crept crunching and bumping along, and a voice hailed them.

"That is Colonel Menard!" cried Angelique.

Her father opened one of the dormer windows and held the lantern out of it. Below the steep roof a boat was dashed by the swell, and Colonel Menard and his oarsman were trying to hold it off from the eaves. A lantern was fastened in the prow.

"How do you make a landing at this port?"

"The saints know, colonel. But we will land you. How dared you venture out in the trail of such a storm?"

"I do not like to wait on weather, Captain Saucier. Besides, I am a good swimmer. Are you all safe?"

"Safe, thank Heaven," called Madame Saucier, reviving at the hint of such early rescue, and pressing to the window beside her husband. "But here are twenty people, counting our slaves, driven to the roof almost without warning; and who can say where the water will stop?"

"On that account, madame, I came out with the boat as soon as I could. But we shall be stove in here. Monsieur the captain, can you let the family down the roof to me?"

Captain Saucier thought he could, and he saw it would have to be done quickly. By dim lantern light the Saucier children were hurried into their clothing, and Wachique brought a wrap of fur and wool for tante-gra'mère. Three of the slave men were called in, and they rigged a rope around their master's waist, by which they could hold and guide him in his attempt to carry living freight down the slippery roof.

"How many can you carry?" he inquired.

"Six at a time," answered Colonel Menard. "To try to do more would hardly be safe, in this rough water."

"Were the boats at the wharf swept away?"

"It is not now easy to tell where the wharf was. But some of the large craft seem wedged among trees along the bluff. By daylight we shall get some out. And I have sent to the governor for all the boats he can muster for us."

Angelique came to the dormer window and touched her father's shoulder.

"Are you all ready?" he asked.

"Tante-gra'mère will not go into the boat."

"But she must. There will be six of you, with Peggy; and Colonel Menard cannot much longer hang by the eaves."

"Perhaps if you pick her up and run with her, papa, as you did from the danger below, she may allow it."

"She must go into the boat directly," said Captain Saucier; and the negroes paid out the rope as he stalked to the screened corner.

Angelique leaned over the sill and the chill wilderness of waters. The wind sung in her ears. She could not distinctly see Colonel Menard, and there was such a sound of waves that she was not sure it was best to try her voice against them. His man had an oar thrust into the broken window below, and was thereby able to hold the boat against the current.

"Monsieur the colonel!" called Angelique; and she saw the swift removal of his hat.

"Mademoiselle, have you been alarmed?"

"Yes, monsieur. Even my father was unable to do anything for the family until you came. But it seems when we find one relief we get another anxiety with it."

"What other anxiety have you now?"

"I am afraid you will be drowned trying to carry us out."

"My bel-o-ved, would you care?" said Pierre Menard, speaking English, which his slave could not understand, and accenting on the first syllable the name he gave her.

"Yes; it would be a serious inconvenience to me," replied Angelique.

"Now that is worth coming here for. De northwest wind, I do not feel it since you say that."

"I was thinking before you came, monsieur, what if I should never see you again? And if I saw you plainly now I could not talk so much. But something may happen. It is so strange, and like another world, this water."

Tante-gra'mère screamed, and Angelique disappeared from the window-sill. It was not the mere outcry of a frightened woman. The keen small shriek

was so terrible in its helplessness and appeal to Heaven that Captain Saucier was made limp by it.

"What shall I do?" he asked his family. "I cannot force her into the boat when she cries out like that."

"Perhaps she will go at dawn," suggested Angelique. "The wind may sink. The howling and the darkness terrify her more than the water."

"But Colonel Menard cannot wait until dawn. We shall all be drowned here before she will budge," lamented Madame Saucier.

"Leave her with me," urged Peggy Morrison, "and the rest of you go with Colonel Menard. I'll manage her. She will be ready to jump out of the window into the next boat that comes along."

"We cannot leave her, Peggy, and we cannot leave you. I am responsible to your father for your safety. I will put you and my family into the boat, and stay with her myself."

"Angelique will not leave me!" cried the little voice among the screens.

"Are you ready to lower them?" called Colonel Menard.

Captain Saucier went again to the window, his wife and daughter and Peggy with him.

"I could not leave her," said Angelique to Peggy. They stood behind the father and mother, who told their trouble across the sill.

"That spoiled old woman needs a good shaking," declared Peggy.

"Poor little tante-gra'mère. It is a dreadful thing, Peggy, to be a child when you are too old for discipline."

"Give my compliments to madame, and coax her," urged Colonel Menard. "Tell her, if she will let herself be lowered to me, I will pledge my life for her safety."

The two children stood huddled together, waiting, large-eyed and silent, while their elders kneeled around the immovable invalid. Peggy laughed at the expectant attitudes of the pleaders.

"Tante-gra'mère has now quite made up her mind to go," Madame Saucier announced over and over to her family and to Peggy, and to the slaves at the partition door, all of whom were waiting for the rescue barred from them by one obstinate little mummy.

But these hopeful assertions were wasted. Tante-gra'mère had made up her mind to stay. She held to her whip, and refused to be touched. Her fixed decree was announced to Colonel Menard. He asked for the women and children of the family in haste. He and his man were wasting time and strength holding the boat against the waves. It was in danger of being swamped.

Angelique stood deferentially before her father and asked his permission to stay with his grandaunt. In the same deferential manner she asked permission of her mother. Madame Saucier leaned on her husband's shoulder and wept. It was plain that the mother must go with her two young children only. Peggy said she would not leave Angelique.

"Monsieur the colonel," spoke Angelique again into the windy darkness, "we are not worth half the trouble you are taking for us. I wonder you do not leave such ridiculous people to drown or get out as we can. But my tante-gra'mère is so old; please forgive her. My mother and the children are quite ready. I wish poor Mademoiselle Zhone were with you, too."

"I will fetch Mademoiselle Zhone out of her house before madame and the children get in," said Pierre Menard promptly. "As for the delay, it is nothing, mademoiselle; we must get you all to land as we can."

"Monsieur, will it not be dangerous? I thought of her because she is so sick. But there is foam everywhere; and the trees are in your way."

"We can find a track," answered the colonel. "Push off, boy."

The boat labored out, and the click of oars in rowlocks became presently a dis-

tant thumping, and then all sound was lost in the wash of water.

Angelique went to the dormer window in the gable. As she threw the sashes wide she was partly drenched by a wave, and tante-gra'mère sent from the screens a shrill mandate against wind which cut to the bone. Captain Saucier fastened the sashes again. He was a crestfallen man. He had fought Indians with credit, but he was not equal to the weakest member of his household.

Occasionally the rafters creaked from a blow, and a wave rushed up the roof.

"It is rising higher," said Peggy.

Angelique wished she had not mentioned Mademoiselle Zhone. Perhaps, when the colonel had risked his life to bring the sick girl out of a swamped house, her family might prefer to wait until morning to putting her in the boat now.

The bells kept ringing, now filling the attic with their vibrations, and then receding to a faint and far-off clamor as the wind swept by. They called to all the bluff-dwellers within miles of Kaskaskia.

The children sat down, and leaned their heads against their mother's knee. The others waited in drawing-room chairs; feeling the weariness of anxiety and broken domestic habits. Captain Saucier watched for the return of the boat; but before it seemed possible the little voyage could be made they felt a jar under the gable window, and Rice Jones's voice called.

The gable of the house had a sloping roof, its window being on a level with the other windows. Captain Saucier leaned far out. The wind had extinguished the boat's lantern. The rowers were trying to hold the boat broadside to the house, but it rose and fell on waves which became breakers and threatened to capsize it. All Kaskaskia men were acquainted with water. Pierre Menard had made many a river journey. But the Mississippi in this wild aspect was new to them all.

"Can you take her in?" shouted Rice. "My sister thinks she cannot be got ashore alive."

"Can you lift her to me?"

"When the next wave comes," said Rice.

He steadied himself and lifted Maria. As the swell again tossed the boat upward, he rose on a bench and lifted her as high as he could. Captain Saucier caught the frail bundle and drew the sick girl into the attic. He laid her down on the children's bed, leaving her to Angelique, while he prepared to put them and their mother into the boat. Rice crept over the wet strip of gable roof, and entered the window after his sister. By lantern light he was a strong living figure. His austere white face was full of amusement at the Kaskaskian situation. His hat had blown away. The water had sleeked down his hair to a satin skullcap on his full head.

"This is a wet night, madame and mesdemoiselles," he observed.

"Oh, Monsieur Zhone," lamented Madame Saucier, "how can you laugh? We are all ruined."

"No, madame. There is no such word as 'ruin' in the Territory."

"And I must take my two little children, and leave Angelique here in the midst of this water."

Rice had directly knelt down by his sister and put his hand on her forehead. Maria was quite still, and evidently gathering her little strength together.

"But why do you remain?" said Rice to Angelique. She was at Maria's opposite side, and she merely indicated the presence behind the screens; but Peggy explained aloud, —

"She can't go because tante-gra'mère won't be moved."

"Put that limb of a Morrison girl out of the house," came an unexpected mandate from amongst the screens.

"I would gladly put her out," said Captain Saucier anxiously. "Peggy, my child, now that Mademoiselle Zhone

is with Angelique, be persuaded to go with madame and the children."

Peggy shook her head, laughing. A keen new delight in delay and danger made her sparkle.

"Go yourself, Captain Saucier. One gentleman is enough to take care of us."

"I think you ought to go, Captain Saucier," said Rice. "You will be needed. The boat may be swamped by some of those large waves. I am ashamed of leaving my stepmother behind; but she would not leave my father, and Maria clung to me. We dared not fill the boat too full."

Angelique ran and kissed the children before her father put them into the boat, and offered her cheeks to her mother. Madame Saucier was a fat woman. She clung appalled to her husband, as he let her over the slippery roof. Two slave men braced themselves and held the ropes which steadied him, the whites of their eyes showing. Their mistress was landed with a plunge, but steadied on her seat by Colonel Menard.

"Oh," she cried out, "I have left the house without saying adieu to tante-gra'mère. My mind is distracted. She will as long as she lives remember this discourtesy."

"It could be easily remedied, madame," suggested Colonel Menard, panting as he braced his oar, "if she would step into the boat herself, as we all wish her to do."

"Oh, monsieur the colonel, you are the best of men. If you had only had the training of her instead of my poor gentle Francis, she might not be so hard to manage now."

"We must not flatter ourselves, madame. But Mademoiselle Angelique must not remain here much longer for anybody's whim."

"Do you think the water is rising?"

"It is certainly rising."

Madame Saucier uttered a shriek as a great swell rolled the boat. The searching wind penetrated all her garments

and blew back loose ends of her hair. There was now a partially clear sky, and the moon sent forth a little lustre as a hint of what she might do when she had entirely freed herself from clouds.

The children were lowered, and after them their black nurse.

"There is room for at least one more!" called Pierre Menard.

Captain Saucier stood irresolute.

"Can you not trust me with these fragments of our families?" said Rice.

"Certainly, Monsieur Reece, certainly. It is not that. But you see the water is still rising."

"I was testing the rise of the water when Colonel Menard reached us. The wind makes it seem higher than it really is. You can go and return, captain, while you are hesitating."

"I am torn in two," declared the Indian fighter. "It makes a child of me to leave Angelique behind."

"Francis Saucier," came in shrill French from the screens, "get into that boat, and leave my godchild alone."

The captain laughed. He also kissed the cheeks of tante-gra'mère's godchild and let himself slide down the roof, and the boat was off directly.

The slaves, before returning to their own room, again fastened the sashes of the dormer window. The clamor of bells which seemed to pour through the open window was thus partly silenced. The lantern made its dim illumination with specks of light, swinging from a nail over the window alcove. Maria had not yet unclosed her eyes. Her wasted hand made a network around one of Rice's fingers, and as the coughing spasm seized her she tightened it.

"She wants air," he said hastily, and Angelique again spread wide the window in the gable, when the thin cry of her tante-gra'mère forbade it.

"But, dear tante-gra'mère, Mademoiselle Zhone must have air."

"And must she selfishly give me rheumatism in order to give herself air?"

"But, dear tante-gra'mère" —

"Shut that window."

"I dare not, indeed."

Rice seized two corners of the feather pallet, and made it travel in a swift swish across the attic boards to the window at the front, which he opened. Supporting Maria in his arms, he signaled Angelique, with an amused face, to obey her tyrant; and she did so. But Peggy stalked behind the screens, and put her face close to the black eyes in the great soft lair built up of so many beds.

"You and I are nice people, madame," said Peggy through her teeth. "We don't care who suffers, if we are happy. We ought to have been twins; the same little beast lives in us both."

Tante-gra'mère's eyes snapped.

"You are a limb," she responded in shrill French.

"Yes; we know each other," said Peggy.

"When you are old, there will come a little wretch to revile you."

"I don't revile you, madame. I dote on you."

"Your mother should box your ears, mademoiselle."

"It would do me no good, madame."

"I should like to try it," said tante-gra'mère, without humor.

Angelique did not hear this little quarrel. She was helping Rice with his sister. His pockets were full of Maria's medicines. He set the bottles out, and Angelique arranged them ready for use. They gave her a spoonful and raised her on pillows, and she rested drowsily again, grateful for the damp wind which made the others shiver. Angelique's sweet fixed gaze, with an unconscious focus of vital power, dwelt on the sick girl; she felt the yearning pity which mothers feel. And this, or the glamour of dim light, made her oval face and dark hair so beautiful that Rice looked at her; and Peggy, coming from the screens, resented that look.

Peggy sat down in the window, facing

them, the dormer alcove making a tunnel through which she could watch like a spider; though she lounged indifferently against the frame, and turned toward the water streets and storm-drenched half houses which the moon now plainly revealed. The northwest wind set her teeth with its chill, and ripples of froth chased each other up the roof at her.

"The water is still rising," remarked Peggy.

"Look, Peggy," begged Angelique, "and see if Colonel Menard and my father are coming back with the boat."

"It is too soon," said Rice.

"Perhaps Colonel Menard will never come back," suggested Peggy. "It was a bad sign when the screech-owl screeched in the old Jesuit College."

"But the storm is over now. The water is not washing over the house."

"The moon shows plenty of white-caps. It is rough."

"As long as this wind lasts the water will be boisterous," said Rice. "But Colonel Menard no more minds rough weather than a priest carrying the sacrament. He is used to the rivers."

"Hear a Protestant catering to a papist," observed Peggy. "But it is lost on Angelique. She is as good as engaged to Colonel Menard. She accepted him through the window before all of us, when he came to the rescue."

"Must I congratulate him?" Rice inquired of Angelique. "He certainly deserves his good luck."

"Peggy has no right to announce it so!" exclaimed Angelique, feeling invaded and despoiled of family privacy. "It is not yet called an engagement."

Peggy glanced at Rice Jones, and felt grateful to Heaven for the flood. She admired him with keen appreciation. He took his disappointment as he would have taken an offered flower, considered it without changing a muscle, and complimented the giver.

Guns began to be heard from the bluffs in answer to the bells. Peggy

leaned out to look across the tossing waste at a dim ridge of shadow which she knew to be the bluffs. The sound bounded over the water. From this front window of the attic some arches of the bridge were always visible. She could not now guess where it crossed, or feel sure that any of its masonry withstood the enormous pressure.

The negroes were leaning out of their dormer window, also, and watching the nightmare world into which the sunny peninsula was changed. When a particularly high swell threw foam in their faces they started back, but others as anxious took their places.

"Boats will be putting out from the bluffs plentifully, soon," said Rice. "Before to-morrow sunset all Kaskaskia and its goods and chattels will be moved to the uplands."

"I wonder what became of the poor cows," mused Angelique. "They were turned out to the common pasture before the storm."

"Some of them were carried down by the rivers, and some swam out to the uplands. It is a strange predicament for the capital of a great Territory. But these rich lowlands were made by water, and if they can survive overflow they must be profited by it."

"What effect will this have on the election?" inquired Peggy, and Rice laughed.

"You can't put us back on our ordinary level, Miss Peggy. We are lifted above elections for the present."

"Here is a boat!" she exclaimed, and the slaves at the other window hailed Father Olivier as he tried to steady himself at the angle formed by the roofs.

Angelique looked out, but Rice sat still beside his sister.

"Are you all quite safe?" shouted the priest.

"Quite, father. The slaves were brought in, and we are all in the attic."

"Keep up your courage and your prayers. As soon as this strong wind

dies away they will put out from shore for you."

"Colonel Menard has already been here and taken part of the family."

"Has he?"

"Yes, father; though tante-gra'mère is afraid to venture yet, so we remain with her."

They could see the priest, indistinctly, sitting in a small skiff, which he tried to keep off the roof with a rough paddle.

"Where did you find a boat, father?"

"I think it is one the negroes had on the marsh by the levee. It lodged in my gallery, and by the help of the saints I am trying to voyage from house to house, as far as I can, and carry a little encouragement. I have the parish records here with me; and if this vessel capsizes, their loss would be worse for this parish than the loss of me."

"But, father, you are not trying to reach the land in that frail canoe?"

"Not yet, my daughter; not until some of the people are taken out. I did intend to venture for help, but the ringing of the bells has been of service to us. The sexton will stay in the belfry all night. I was able to get him there by means of this boat."

"Come up here until the wind dies down, Monsieur Olivier," urged Peggy. "That little tub is not strong enough to carry you. I have seen it. The slaves made it, with scarcely any tools, of some boards from the old Jesuit College."

"The little tub has done good service to-night, mademoiselle; and I must get as far as the tavern, at least, to carry news of their families to men there. Antoine Lamarche's child is dead, and his family are on the roof. I was able to minister to its parting soul; and I set the others, for safety, astride the roof-pole, promising them heavy penance if they moved before help came. He ought now to take this boat and go to them, if I can put him in heart to do it."

"A Protestant hardly caters to a pa-

pist when he puts some faith in the courage of a man like Father Olivier," said Rice to Peggy.

"Did I hint that you would cater to any one?" she responded, with a lift of her slender chin. The wind had blown out a long tress of Peggy's hair which trailed to the floor. Rice seldom looked at her; but he noticed this sweep of living redness with something like approval; in shadow it shone softened to bronze.

"I think my father and Colonel Menard are coming back," said Angelique. "I see a light moving out from the bluffs."

"Oh, no; they are only picking their way among trees to a landing."

"They have gone with the current and the wind," said Rice. "It will take a longer time to make their way back against the current and the wind."

"Let us begin to bind and gag madame now, anyhow," Peggy suggested recklessly. "It's what the colonel will do, if he is forced to it. She will never of her own will go into the boat."

"Poor tante-gra'mère. I should have asked Father Olivier to urge her. But this is such a time of confusion one thinks of nothing."

Angelique stooped to watch Maria's stupor. Rice had put the skeleton hand under a coverlet which was drawn to the sick girl's chin. He sat beside her on one of the brocaded drawing-room chairs, his head resting against the high back and his crossed feet stretched toward the window, in an attitude of his own which expressed quiescent power. Peggy went directly behind the screens, determined to pounce upon the woman who prolonged their stay in a flooded house, and deal with her as there would not be opportunity to do later. Tante-gra'mère was asleep.

Angelique sat down with Peggy on the floor, a little way from the pile of feather beds. They were very weary. The tonic of excitement, and even of Rice Jones's presence, failed in their effect on Peggy.

It was past midnight. The girls heard cocks crowing along the bluffs. Angelique took the red head upon her shoulder, saying, —

"It would be better if we slept until they call, since there is nothing else to do."

"You might coquette over Maria Jones. I won't tell."

"What a thorn you are, Peggy! If I did not know the rose that goes with it" — Angelique did not state her alternative.

"A red rose," scoffed Peggy; and she felt herself drowsing in the mother arms.

Rice was keenly awake, and when the girls went into the privacy of the screens he sat looking out of the window at the oblong of darkly blue night sky which it shaped for him. His temples throbbed. The strange conditions around him were not able to vary his usual habits of thought. Something exhilarated him; and he wondered at that, when Peggy had told him Angelique's decision against him. He felt at peace with the world, and for the first time even with Dr. Dunlap.

"We are here such a little time," thought Rice, "and are all such poor wretches. What does it matter, the damage we do one another in our groping about? God forgive me! I would have killed that man, and maybe added another pang to the suffering of this dying girl."

Maria stirred. The snoring of the sleeping negroes penetrated the dividing wall. He thought he heard a rasping on the shingles outside which could not be accounted for by wind or water, and rose to his feet, that instant facing Dr. Dunlap in the window.

Dr. Dunlap had one leg across the low sill. The two men stood breathless. Maria saw the intruder. She sat up, articulating his name. At that piteous sound, betraying him to her brother, the cowardly impulse of many days' growth

carried Dr. Dunlap's hand like a flash to his pocket. He fired his pistol directly into Rice's breast, and dropped back through the window to the boat he had taken from the priest.

The screams of women and the terrified outcry of slaves filled the attic. Rice threw his arms above his head, and sunk downward. In the midst of

the smoke Peggy knelt by him, and lifted his head and shoulders. The night wind blew upon them, and she could discern his dilated eyes and piteous amazement.

"Dr. Dunlap has shot me," he said to her. "I don't know why he did it." And his face fell against her bosom as he died.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

ADMIRAL THE EARL OF ST. VINCENT.

THE renown of Nelson is part of the heritage of the world. His deeds, although their full scope and real significance are but little understood, stand out conspicuous among a host of lesser achievements, and have become to mankind the symbol of Great Britain's maritime power in that tremendous era when it drove the French Revolution back upon itself, stifling its excesses, and so insuring the survival of the beneficent tendencies which for a time seemed well-nigh lost in the madness of the nation.

The appearance of a prodigy like Nelson, however, is not an isolated event, independent of antecedents. It is the result of a happy meeting of genius and opportunity. The hour has come, and the man. Other men have labored, and the hero enters into their labors; not unjustly, for thereto he also has been appointed by those special gifts which fit him to reap as theirs fitted them to sow. It is of one so related to Nelson that we propose now to give an account, his greatest forerunner, whom it would indeed be a mistake to call his professional father, for two men could hardly be less alike professionally, but, as it were, the adoptive father, who from the first fostered, and to the last gloried in, the genius which he confessed unparalleled. "It does not become me to make comparisons," he wrote after Copenhagen;

"all agree that there is but one Nelson." And when the great admiral had been ten years in his grave, he said of an officer's gallant conduct at the battle of Algiers, "He seems to have felt Lord Nelson's eye upon him," as though no stronger motive could be felt nor higher praise given.

John Jervis was born on the 20th of January, 1734, at Meaford, in Staffordshire. He was intended for his father's profession, the law; but, by his own account, a disinclination which was probably natural became invincible through the advice of the family coachman. "Don't be a lawyer, Master Jacky," said the old man; "all lawyers are rogues." Some time later, his father receiving the appointment of auditor to Greenwich Hospital, the family removed to the neighborhood of London; and there young Jervis, being thrown in contact with ships and seamen, and particularly with a midshipman of his own age, became confirmed in his wish to go to sea. Failing to get his parents' consent, he ran away towards the close of the year 1747. From this escapade he was brought back; but his father, seeing the uselessness of forcing the lad's inclinations, finally acquiesced, though it seems likely, from his after conduct, that it was long before he became thoroughly reconciled to the disappointment.

In January, 1748, the future admiral and peer first went afloat in a ship bound to the West Indies. The time was inauspicious for one making the navy his profession. The war of the Austrian succession had just been brought to an end by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the monotonous discomfort of hard cruising, unrelieved by the excitements of battle or the flush of prize-taking, was the sole prospect of one whose narrow means debarred him from such pleasures as the station afforded and youth naturally prompted him to seek. His pay was little more than twenty pounds a year, and his father had not felt able to give more than that sum towards his original outfit. After being three years on board, practicing a rigid economy scarcely to be expected in one of his years, the lad of sixteen drew a bill upon home for twenty pounds more. It came back dishonored. The latent force of his character was at once aroused. To discharge the debt, he disposed of his pay tickets at a heavy discount; sold his bed, and for three years slept on the deck; left the mess to which he belonged, living forward on the allowance of a seaman, and making, mending, and washing his own clothes, to save expense. The incident was singularly adapted to develop and exaggerate his natural characteristics, self-reliance, self-control, stern determination, and, it must be added, the exacting harshness which demanded of others all that he had himself accepted. His experience of suffering and deprivation served, not to enlarge his sympathies, but to intensify his severity.

Upon his naval future, however, the results of this ordeal were wholly good. Unable to pursue pleasure ashore, he stuck to sea-going ships; and the energies of a singularly resolute mind were devoted to mastering all the details of his profession. After six years in the Caribbean, he returned to England in the autumn of 1754. The troubles be-

tween France and Great Britain which issued in the Seven Years' War had already begun, and Jervis, whose merit commanded immediate recognition from those under whom he served, was at once promoted and employed. He was with Boscawen off the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1755, when that admiral, although peace yet reigned, was ordered to seize the French fleet bearing reinforcements to Quebec. At the same time, Braddock's unfortunate expedition was mis-carrying in the forests of Pittsburg. A year later, Jervis went to the Mediterranean with Admiral Hawke, sent to relieve Byng after the fiasco at Minorca which brought that unhappy commander to trial and to death.

While in the Mediterranean, Jervis was closely associated with Sir Charles Saunders, one of the most distinguished admirals of that generation, upon whom he made so favorable an impression that he was chosen for first lieutenant of the flagship, when Saunders, in 1758, was named to command the fleet to act against Quebec. The gallant and romantic General Wolfe, whose death in the hour of victory saddened the triumph of the conquerors, embarked in the same ship; and the long passage favored the growth of a close personal intimacy between the two young men, who had been at school together as boys, although the soldier was several years older than the sailor. The relations thus formed and the confidences exchanged are shown by a touching incident recorded by Jervis's biographer. On the night before the battle on the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe went on board the *Porcupine*, a small sloop of war to whose command Jervis had meanwhile been promoted, and asked to see him in private. He then said that he was strongly impressed with the feeling that he should fall on the morrow, and therefore wished to entrust to his friend the miniature of the lady, Miss Lowther, to whom he was engaged, and to have from him the promise that, if the

foreboding proved true, he would in person deliver to her both the portrait and Wolfe's own last messages. From the interview the young general departed to achieve his enterprise, to which daring action, brilliant success, and heroic death have given a lustre that time itself has not been able to dim, whose laurels remain green to our own day; while Jervis, to whose old age was reserved the glory that his comrade reaped in youth, remained behind to discharge his last request, — a painful duty which, upon returning to England, was scrupulously fulfilled.

Although the operations against Quebec depended wholly upon the control of the water by the navy, its influence, as often happens, was so quietly exerted as to draw no attention from the general eye, dazzled by the conspicuous splendor of Wolfe's conduct. To Jervis had been assigned the distinguished honor of leading the fleet with his little ship, in the advance up river against the fortifications of the place; and it is interesting to note that in this duty he was joined with the afterwards celebrated explorer, James Cook, who, as master of the fleet, had special charge of the pilotage in those untried waters. Wolfe, Cook, and Jervis form a striking trio of names, then unknown, yet closely associated, afterwards to be widely yet diversely renowned.

When the city fell, Commander Jervis was sent to England, probably with dispatches. There he was at once given a ship, and ordered to return with her to North America. Upon her proving leaky, he put in to Plymouth, where, as his mission was urgent, he was directed to take charge of a sloop named the Albany, attached to the Channel fleet, then lying at anchor near by, and to proceed in her. The occasion, trivial in itself, calls for mention as eliciting a mark of that stern decision with which he afterwards met and suppressed mutiny of the most threatening character. The

crew of the Albany refused to sail. Jervis had brought with him a few seamen from his late command. These he ordered to cut the cables which held the ship to her anchors, and to loose the foresail. Daunted more, perhaps, by the bearing of the man than by the simple acts, the mutineers submitted, and in twenty-four days, an extraordinarily short passage for that time, the Albany was at New York. Here Jervis was unfortunately delayed, and thus, being prevented from rejoining Sir Charles Saunders, lost the promotion which a British commander in chief could then give to an officer in his own command who had merited his professional approval. It was not until October, 1761, when he was twenty-seven, that Jervis obtained "post" rank, — the rank, that is, of full, or post, captain. By the rule of the British navy, an officer up to that rank could be advanced by selection; thenceforth he waited, through the long succession of seniority, for his admiral's commission. This Jervis did not receive until 1787, when he was fifty-three.

It was as a general officer, as an admiral commanding great fleets, and bearing responsibilities unusually grave through a most critical period of his country's history, that Jervis made his high and deserved reputation. For this reason, the intervening years, though pregnant with the strong character and distinguished capacity which fitted him for his onerous work, and though by no means devoid of incident, must be hastily sketched. The Treaty of Paris, which in 1763 closed the Seven Years' War, was followed by twelve years of peace. Then came the American Revolution, bringing in its train hostilities with France and Spain. During the peace, Jervis for nearly four years commanded a frigate in the Mediterranean. It is told that while his ship was at Genoa two Turkish slaves escaped from a Genoese galley, and took refuge in a British boat lying at its mole, wrapping its flag round

their persons. Genoese officers took them forcibly from the boat and restored them to their chains. Jervis resented this action, not only as an insult to the British flag, but also as an enforcement of slavery against men under its protection; and so peremptory was his tone that an apology was made, the two captives were given up on the frigate's quarter-deck, and the offending officers punished. The captain's action, however, was not sustained by his own government. It is curious to note that, notwithstanding his course in this case, and although he was not only nominally, but strenuously, a Whig, or Liberal, in political faith, connected by party ties with Fox and his coterie of friends, Jervis was always opposed to the abolition of the slave trade and to the education of the lower orders. Liberty was to him an inherited worship, associated with certain stock beliefs and phrases, but subordination was the true idol of his soul.

In 1775 Captain Jervis commissioned the *Foudroyant*, of eighty-four guns, a ship captured in 1758 from the French, and thereafter thought to be the finest vessel in the British fleet. To this, her natural superiority, Jervis added a degree of order, discipline, and drill which made her the pride and admiration of the navy. He was forty-one when his pennant first flew from her masthead, and he held the command for eight years, a period covering the full prime of his own maturity, as well as the entire course of the American Revolution. It was also a period marked for him, professionally, less by distinguished service than by that perfection of military organization, that combination of dignified yet not empty pomp with thorough and instant efficiency, which was so eminently characteristic of all the phases of Jervis's career, and which, when the rare moments came, was promptly transformed into unhesitating, decisive action. The *Foudroyant*, in her state and discipline, was the type in miniature of Jer-

vis's Mediterranean fleet, declared by Nelson to be the finest body of ships he had ever known; nay, she was the precursor of that regenerate British navy in which Nelson found the instruments of his triumphs. Sixty years later, old officers recalled the feelings of mingled curiosity and awe with which, when sent to her on duty from their own ships, they climbed on board the *Foudroyant*, and from the larboard side of her quarter-deck gazed upon the stern captain, whose qualities were embodied in his vessel and constituted her chief excellences.

During Jervis's command, the *Foudroyant* was continuously attached to the Channel fleet, whose duty, as the name implies, was to protect the English Channel and its approaches; a function which often carried the ships far into the Bay of Biscay. Thus he took a prominent part in Keppel's battle off Ushant in 1778, in the movements occasioned by the entrance of the Channel by an overpowering Franco-Spanish fleet in 1779 and 1781, and in the brilliant relief of Gibraltar by Admiral Howe toward the end of 1782. His most distinguished service, however, was taking, single-handed, the French seventy-four *Pégase*, in the spring of the latter year. The capture was effected after an action of fifty minutes, preceded by a chase of twelve hours, running before a half-gale of wind. The *Foudroyant* was unquestionably superior in battery to her enemy, who, moreover, had but recently been commissioned; but, as has justly been remarked of some of the victories of our own ships over those of the British in the War of 1812, although there was disparity of forces, the precision and rapidity with which the work was done bore testimony to the skill and training of the captain and crew. Single combats, such as this, were rare between vessels of the size of the *Foudroyant* and *Pégase*, built to sail and fight in fleets. This one was due to the fact that the speed of the two opponents left the Brit-

ish squadron far astern. The exploit obtained for Jervis a baronetcy and the red ribbon of the Bath.

During the ten years of peace following 1783, Sir John Jervis did not serve afloat, although, from his high repute, he was one of those summoned upon each of the alarms of war that from time to time arose. Throughout this period he sat in Parliament, voting steadily with his party, the Whigs, and supporting Fox in his opposition to measures which seemed to tend towards hostilities with France. When war came, however, he left his seat, ready to aid his country with his sword in the quarrel from which he had sought to keep her.

Jervis's first service was in the Caribbean Sea, as commander of the naval part of a joint expedition of army and navy to subdue the French West India islands. The operation, although most important and full of exciting and picturesque incident, bears but a small share in his career, and cannot therefore be dwelt upon in so short a sketch as the present. Attended at first by marked and general success, it ended with some severe reverses, occasioned by the force given him being less than he demanded, and than the extent of the work to be done required. A quaintly characteristic story is told of the admiral's treatment of a lieutenant who at this period sought employment on board his ship. Knowing that he stood high in the old seaman's favor, the applicant confidently expected his appointment, but, upon opening the "letter on service," was stunned to read :—

SIR,—You, having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, are to look for no further attentions from

Your humble servant,

J. JERVIS.

The supposed culprit, guiltless even in thought of this novel misdemeanor, hastened on board, and explained that

he abhorred such an offense as much as could the admiral. It then appeared that the letter had been sent to the wrong person. Jervis was himself married at this time ; but his well-regulated affections had run steadily in harness until the mature age of forty-eight, and he saw no reason why other men should depart from so sound a precedent. "When an officer marries," he tersely said, "he is d—d for the service."

Returning to England in February, 1795, Jervis was in August nominated to command the Mediterranean station, and in November sailed to take up his new duties. At the end of the month, in San Fiorenzo Bay, an anchorage in the north of Corsica, he joined the fleet, which continued under his flag until June, 1799. This was the crowning period of his career. Admirable and striking as had been his previous services, dignified and weighty as were the responsibilities borne by him in the later part of a life prolonged far beyond the span of man, the four years of Jervis's Mediterranean command stand conspicuous as the time when preparation flowered into achievement, solid, durable, and brilliant. It may be interesting to Americans to note that his age was nearly the same as that of Farragut when the latter assumed the charge in which, after long years of obscure preparation, he also reaped his harvest of glory.

Though distinguished success now awaited him, a period of patient effort, endurance, and disappointment had first to be passed, reproducing in miniature the longer years of faithful service preceding his professional triumphs. Jervis came to the Mediterranean too late for the best interests of England. The year 1795, just ending, was one in which the energies of France, after the fierce rush of the Terror, had flagged almost to collapse. Not only so, but in its course the republic, discouraged by frequent failure, had decided to abandon

the control of the sea to its enemy, to keep its great fleets in port, and to confine its efforts to the harassment of British commerce. Two fleet battles had been fought in the Mediterranean in the spring and summer of 1795, in which the British had missed great successes only through the sluggishness of their admiral. "To say how much we wanted Lord Hood" (the last commander in chief), wrote Nelson, "is to ask, 'Will you have all the French fleet or no battle?'" To this change of policy in France is mainly to be ascribed the failure of naval achievement with which Macaulay has reproached Pitt's ministry. Battles cannot be fought if the foe keeps behind his walls.

A still more serious obstacle was thrown in Great Britain's path at this moment. Jervis's coming to the Mediterranean coincided with that of Napoleon Bonaparte to the Army of Italy. During 1795, wrote Nelson, if the British fleet had done its duty, the French army could not have moved along the Riviera of Genoa. It failed, and the Austrian general, its ally, also failed to act with vigor. So the year had ended, for the Austrians, with a disastrous defeat and a retreat behind the Apennines. To the Riviera they never returned to receive the coöperation which Jervis stood eager to give. At their first move to cross the mountains, Bonaparte struck, and followed up his blows with such lightning-like rapidity that in thirty days the Austrians were driven back over a hundred miles, behind the Adige; their chief fortress, Mantua, was blockaded; all northwest Italy, with its seaboard, including Leghorn, was in the power of France; and Naples also had submitted. Jervis, powerless to strike a blow when no enemy was within reach, found his fleet without a friendly port nearer than Gibraltar, while Corsica, upon which alone he depended for anchorage and water, was seething with revolt against the British crown, to which, by its own

vote, it had been annexed but two years before.

During the summer, Bonaparte, holding Mantua by the throat, overthrew, one after another, the Austrian forces approaching to its relief. Two French armies, under Jourdan and Moreau, penetrated to the heart of Germany, while Spain, lately the confederate of Great Britain, made an offensive and defensive alliance with France, and sent a fleet of over twenty ships of the line into the Mediterranean. Staggered by these reverses, the British ministry ordered Corsica evacuated and the Mediterranean abandoned. Jervis was cruelly embarrassed. A trusted subordinate of high reputation had been before Cadiz with seven ships of the line, watching a French division in that port. Summoned, in view of the threatening attitude of Spain, to reinforce the main fleet in San Fiorenzo Bay, he lost his head altogether, hurried past Gibraltar without getting supplies, and brought his ships, destitute, to the admiral, already pressed to maintain the vessels then with him. Although there were thirty-five hostile ships in Toulon, and the British had but twenty-two, counting this division, there was nothing to do but to send it back to Gibraltar, with urgent orders to return with all speed. With true military insight and a correct appreciation of the forces opposed to him, Jervis saw the need of fighting the combined enemies then and there.

Unfortunately, the division commander, Admiral Mann, on reaching Gibraltar, became infected with the spirit of discouragement then prevailing in the garrison, called a council of naval captains, and, upon their advice, which could in no wise lessen his own responsibility, decided to return to England. Upon arrival there, he was at once deprived of his command, a step of unquestionable justice, but which could not help Jervis. "We were all eyes, looking westward from the mountain tops," wrote Collingwood, then a captain in the fleet, "but

we looked in vain. The Spanish fleet, nearly double our number, was cruising almost in view, and our reconnoitring frigates sometimes got among them, while we expected them hourly to be joined by the French fleet." "I cannot describe to your lordship," wrote Jervis himself, "the disappointment my ambition and zeal to serve my country have suffered by this diminution of my force; for had Admiral Mann sailed from Gibraltar on the 10th of October, the day he received my orders, and fulfilled them, I have every reason to believe the Spanish fleet would have been cut to pieces. The extreme disorder and confusion they were observed to be in, by the judicious officers who fell in with them, leave no doubt upon my mind that a fleet so trained and generally well commanded as this is would have made its way through them in every direction."

Nelson shared this opinion, the accuracy of which was soon to be tested and proved. "They at home," wrote he to his wife, "do not know what this fleet is capable of performing; anything and everything. The fleets of England are equal to meet the world in arms; and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander in chief able to lead them to glory." To a friend he wrote: "Mann is ordered to come up; we shall then be twenty-two sail of the line such as England hardly ever produced, commanded by an admiral who will not fail to look the enemy in the face, be their force what it may. I suppose it will not be more than thirty-four of the line." "The admiral is firm as a rock," wrote at the same moment the British viceroy of Corsica. Through all doubts and uncertainties he held on steadily, refusing to leave the rendezvous till dire necessity forced him, lest Mann, arriving, should be exposed alone and lost. At last, with starvation staring him in the face if delaying longer, he sailed for Gibraltar, three men

living on the rations of one during the passage down.

Mann's defection had reduced the fleet from twenty-two vessels to fifteen. A series of single accidents still further diminished it. In a violent gale at Gibraltar three ships of the line drove from their anchors. One, the *Courageux*, stretching over toward the Barbary coast, ran ashore there and was totally wrecked, nearly all her crew perishing. Her captain, a singularly capable seaman named Hallowell, was out of her upon a court-martial, and it was thought she would not have been lost had he been on board. Another, the *Gibraltar*, struck so heavily on a reef that she had to be sent to England. Upon being docked, a large piece of rock was found to have penetrated the bottom and stuck fast in the hole. Had it worked out, the ship would have foundered. The third vessel, the *Zealous*, was less badly hurt, but she had to be left behind in Gibraltar when Jervis, by orders from home, took his fleet to Lisbon. There, in entering the Tagus, a fourth ship was lost on a shoal, so that but eleven remained out of twenty-two. Despite these trials of his constancy, the old man's temper still continued "steady as a rock." "Whether you send me a reinforcement or not," he wrote to the Admiralty, "I shall sleep perfectly sound, — not in the Tagus, but at sea; for as soon as the *St. George* has shifted her topmast, the Captain repaired her bowsprit, and the *Blenheim* repaired her mainmast, I will go out." "Inactivity in the Tagus," he wrote again, "will make cowards of us all."

In quitting the river another vessel took the ground, and had to be left behind. This, however, was the last of the admiral's trials for that time. A few days later, on the 6th of February, 1797, there joined him a body of five ships of the line, detached from England as soon as the government had been freed from the fear of the invasion of Ireland, which the French had attempted on a

large scale in December. On the 13th, Nelson, a host in himself, returned, after an adventurous mission up the Mediterranean. The next day, February 14, Jervis, with his fifteen ships, met a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven some thirty miles from Cape St. Vincent, which has given its name to the battle.

The Spaniards were running for Cadiz, to the east-southeast, — say, across the page from left to right, inclining a little downward, — while Jervis's fleet was approaching nearly at right angles from the north, or top of the page. It was in two close, compact columns, of seven and eight ships respectively. The Spaniards, on the contrary, were in disorder and dispersed. Six of their ships were far ahead of the others, an interval of nearly eight miles separating the two groups. The weather, which was foggy, cleared gradually. Jervis was walking back and forth on the poop with Hallowell, lately captain of the wrecked *Courageux*, and he was heard to say, "A victory is very essential to England at this moment." As ship after ship of the enemy loomed up through the haze, successive reports were made to him. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John." "There are twenty-five of the line, Sir John." Finally, when the full tale of twenty-seven was made out, the fleet captain remarked on the greatness of the odds. "Enough of that, sir," retorted the admiral, intent on that victory which was so essential to England; "if there are fifty sail, I will go through them." This reply so delighted Hallowell, an eccentric man, who, a year later, gave Nelson the coffin made from the mainmast of the *Orient*, that he patted his august superior on the back. "That's right, Sir John," said he, "and, by G—, we'll give them a d—d good licking!"

When the weather finally cleared, toward ten A. M., the British were near to the enemy, and heading direct for the

gap, which the Spaniards, too late, were trying to close. Almost at the moment of meeting, Jervis formed his two columns into one "with the utmost celerity;" thus doubling the length of the line interposed between the two divisions of the enemy. Soon opened the guns of the leading ship, the *Culloden*, Captain Troubridge; the reports following one another in regular succession, as though firing a salute by watch. The *Culloden's* course led so direct upon a Spanish three-decker that the first lieutenant reported a collision imminent. "Can't help it, Griffiths," replied Troubridge; "hardest fend off." But the Spaniard, in confusion, put his helm up and went clear. By this time the Spanish division on the right, or west, of the British had changed its course and was steering north, parallel but opposite to its foes. As the *Culloden* went through, the admiral signaled her to put about and follow it. Troubridge, fully expecting this order, obeyed at once; and Jervis's signal was scarce unfurled when, by the flapping of the *Culloden's* sails, he saw it was receiving execution. "Look at Troubridge!" he shouted. "Does n't he handle his ship as though the eyes of all England were on him? I would to God they were, that she might know him as I know him!" But here a graver matter drew the admiral's care. The Spanish division from the left, steering across his path of advance, approached, purposing in appearance to break through the line. The *Victory* stopped, or, as seamen say, hove to; and as the Spanish admiral came near within a hundred yards, her broadside rang out, sweeping through the crowded decks and lofty spars a storm of shot, to which, in the relative positions, the foe could not reply. Staggered and crippled, he went about, and the *Victory* stood on.

Meanwhile, the ships which Troubridge and his followers were pursuing drew toward the tail of the British column, and as they did so made a movement to pass round it, and so join their

friends who had just been so severely handled in making the attempt to pass through. But Nelson was in this part of the order, there being but two ships behind him. Now, as far as signals went, he should continue on, and, like the others, follow in due succession behind the Culloden. He saw that if this were done the Spaniards would effect their junction, so he instantly turned his ship toward the rear, out of her place, and threw her alone across the enemy's advance. It is said that the fleet captain drew Jervis's attention to this breach of discipline. "Ay," replied the old seaman, "and if ever you offend in the same way, I promise you my forgiveness beforehand." For a while Nelson took the brunt of the hostile fire from half a dozen ships, but not for long. Soon, Troubridge, his dearest friend, came up with a couple of others; and Collingwood, the close associate of early days, who had the rear ship, was signaled to imitate Nelson's act. In doing this, he silenced the fire of two enemies; but, wrote Nelson, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten ships, Captain Collingwood most gallantly pushed on to save his old friend and messmate, who appeared to be in a critical state, being then fired upon by three first-rates and the San Nicolas, eighty." To get between Nelson's ship and the San Nicolas, Collingwood had to steer close, passing within ten feet of the latter; so that, to use his own expression, "though we did not touch sides, you could not put a bodkin between us." His fire drove the San Nicolas upon one of the first-rates, the San Josef; and when, continuing on to seek other unbeaten foes, he left the field again clear for Nelson, the latter, by a movement of the helm, grappled the San Nicolas. Incredible as it may appear, the crew of this one British seventy-four carried, sword in hand, both the enemy's ships, though of far superior force. "Extravagant as the story may seem," wrote Nelson, "on the quar-

ter-deck of a Spanish first-rate I received the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearnay, one of my bargemen, who placed them with the greatest sang-froid under his arm."

Four Spanish ships, two of them of the largest size, were the trophies of this victory; but its moral effect, in demonstrating the relative values of the two navies, and the confidence England could put in men like Jervis, Nelson, and the leading captains, was far greater. The spirit of the nation, depressed by a long series of reverses, revived like a giant refreshed with wine. Jervis had spoken truth when he said a victory was essential to England at that time. The gratitude of the state was shown in the profusion of rewards showered upon the victors. Promotions were liberally distributed; and Jervis himself was created Earl of St. Vincent, with a pension of three thousand pounds per annum.

The rest of the Spaniards, many of them badly crippled, took refuge in Cadiz, and there Jervis, after repairing damages, held them blockaded for two years. During this period was rendered the other most signal service done by him to the state, in suppressing the mutinous spirit among the seamen, which there, as everywhere else in the British navy at that time, sought to overthrow the authority of the officers of the fleet.

The cause of the mutinies of 1797 is not here in question. Suffice it to say that, in their origin, they alleged certain tangible material grievances, which were clearly stated, and, being undeniable, were redressed. The men returned to their duty; but, like a horse that has once taken the bit between his teeth, the restive feeling remained, fermenting in a lot of vicious material which the exigencies of the day had forced the navy to accept. Coinciding in time with the risings in Ireland, 1796-98, there arose between the two movements a certain sympathy, which was fostered by the many

Irish in the fleets, where agents were in communication with the leaders of the United Irishmen on shore.

In the Channel and the North Sea, the seamen took their ships, with few exceptions, out of the hands of the officers. In the former, they dictated their terms; in the latter, after a month of awful national suspense, they failed: the difference being that in the one case the demands, being reasonable, carried conviction, while in the other, becoming extravagant, the government's resistance was supported by public opinion. It remained to be seen how the crisis would be met in a fleet so far from home that the issue must depend upon the firmness and judgment of a man of adamant.

The first overt sign of trouble was the appearance of letters addressed to the leading petty officers of the different ships of the Mediterranean fleet. These were detected by a captain, who held on to them, and sent to St. Vincent to ask if they should be delivered. Careful to betray no sign of anxiety, the admiral's reply was a general signal for a lieutenant from each ship to come to him; and by them word was sent that all letters should be delivered as addressed, unopened. "Should any disturbance arise," he added, "the commander in chief will know how to repress it."

Disturbance soon did arise. Two seamen of the *St. George* had been condemned to death for an infamous crime. Their shipmates presented a petition, framed in somewhat peremptory terms, for their liberation, on the ground that execution for such an offense would bring disgrace upon all. The admiral refusing to pardon, the occasion was seized to bring mutiny to a head. A plot to take possession of the ship was formed, but was betrayed to the captain. The outburst began with a tumultuous assembling of the crew, evidently, however, mistrustful of their cause. After vainly trying to restore order, the captain and first lieutenant rushed among

them, each collaring a ringleader. The rest fell back, weakened, as men of English blood are apt to be by the sense of law-breaking. The culprits were secured, and at once taken to the flagship. A court-martial was ordered for the next day, Saturday; and as the prisoners were being taken to the court, St. Vincent, with an unfeeling bluntness of speech which characterized him,—a survival of the frank brutality of the last century,—said, "My friends, I hope you are innocent, but if you are guilty make your peace with God; for, if you are condemned, and there is daylight to hang you, you will die this day."

They were condemned; but the trial ended late, and the president of the court told them they should have Sunday to prepare. "Sir," said the earl, "when you passed sentence, your duty was done; you had no right to say that execution should be delayed;" and he fixed it for eight the next morning. One of the junior admirals saw fit to address him a remonstrance upon what he termed a desecration of the Sabbath. Nelson, on the contrary, approved. "Had it been Christmas instead of Sunday," wrote he, "I would have hanged them. Who can tell what mischief would have been brewed over a Sunday's grog?" Contrary to previous custom, their own shipmates, the partners and followers in their crime, were compelled to hang them, manning the rope by which the condemned were swayed to the yardarm. The admiral, careful to produce impression, ordered that all the ships should hold divine service immediately upon the execution. Accordingly, when the bell struck eight, the fatal gun was fired, the bodies swung with a jerk aloft, the church flags were hoisted throughout the fleet, and all went to prayers. Ere yet the ceremony was over, the Spanish gunboats came out from Cadiz and opened fire; but St. Vincent would not mar the solemnity of the occasion by shortening the service. Gravely it was carried to

its end; but when the flags came down, all boats were ordered manned. The seamen, with nerves tense from the morning's excitement, gladly hurried into action, and the enemy were forced back into port.

The incident was but one of many, all tinged with dramatic coloring, all betokening smothered passions, which nothing but a nerve at once calm and remorseless could control. But St. Vincent was not content with mere repression. Outwardly, and indeed inwardly, unmoved, he yet unwearyingly so ordered the fleet as to avoid occasions of outbreak. With the imposing moral control exerted by his unflinching steadiness, little trouble was to be apprehended from single ships; ignorant of what might be hoped from sympathizers elsewhere, but sure of the extreme penalty in case of failure, the movements lacked cohesion, and were easily nipped. Concerted action only was to be feared, and careful measures were taken to remove opportunities. Captains were forbidden to entertain one another at dinner,—the reason, necessarily unavowed, being that the boats from various ships thus assembling gave facilities for transmitting messages and forming plans; and when ships arrived from England they underwent a moral quarantine, no intercourse with them being permitted until sanctioned by the admiral. When the captain reported to him, his boat, while waiting, was shoved off out of earshot. It is said that on one occasion a seaman in such a boat managed to call to one looking out of a port of the flagship, "I say, there, what have you fellows been doing out here, while we have been fighting for your beef and pork?" To which the other replied, "You'd best say nothing at all about that out here, for if old Jarvie hears ye he'll have ye dingle-dangle at the yard-arm at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

St. Vincent rightly believed in the value of forms, and he was careful to employ them in this crisis to enforce the

habit of reverence for the insignia of the state and the emblems of military authority. Young lieutenants—for there were *young* lieutenants in those days—were directed to stand cap in hand before their superiors, and not merely to touch their hats in a careless manner. "The discipline of the cabin and ward-room officers is the discipline of the fleet," said the admiral; and savage, almost, were the punishments that fell upon officers who disgraced their cloth. The hoisting of the colors, the symbol of the power of the nation, from which depended his own and that of all the naval hierarchy, was made an august and imposing ceremony. The marine guard, of near a hundred men, was paraded on board every ship of the line. The national anthem was played, the scarlet-clad guard presented, and all officers and crews stood bareheaded, as the flag rose to the staff with slowly graduated dignity. Lord St. Vincent himself made a point of attending always, and in full uniform, a detail he did not require of other officers. Thus the divinity that hedges kings was, by due observance, associated with those to whom their authority was delegated, and the very atmosphere the seaman breathed was saturated with reverence.

The presence of Lord St. Vincent on these occasions, and in full uniform, gave rise to an amusing skit by one of the lieutenants of the fleet, attributing the homage exacted, not to the flag, but to the great man himself. The sequel has interest as showing a kind of practical humor in which the chief not infrequently sought relief from the grave anxieties which commonly oppressed him. Parodying the Scriptural story of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, the squib began:—

1. "The Earl of St. Vincent, the commander in chief, made an Image of blue and gold, whose height was about five feet seven inches, and the breadth thereof was about twenty inches" (which we may infer were the proportions of

his lordship). "He set it up every ten o'clock A. M. on the quarter-deck of the *Ville de Paris*, before Cadiz."

Passing from hand to hand, it can be understood that this effusion, which was characterized throughout by a certain sprightliness, gave more amusement to men familiar with the local surroundings, and welcoming any trifle of fun in the dullness of a blockade, than it does to us. At last it reached the admiral, who knew the author well. Sending for him on some pretext, an hour before the time fixed for a formal dinner to the captains of the fleet, he detained him until the meal was served, and then asked him to share it. All passed off quietly until the cloth was removed, and then the host asked aloud, "What shall be done to the man whom the commander in chief delights to honor?" "Promote him," said one of the company. "Not so," replied St. Vincent, "but set him on high among the people. So, Cumby," addressing the lieutenant, "do you sit there," — on a chair previously arranged at some height above the deck, — "and read this paper to the captains assembled." Mystified, but not yet guessing what was before him, Cumby took his seat, and, opening the paper, saw his own parody. His imploring looks were lost upon the admiral, who sat with his stern quarter-deck gravity unshaken, while the abashed lieutenant, amid the suppressed mirth of his audience, stumbled through his task, until the words were reached, "Then the Earl of St. Vincent was full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against the poor Captain of the Main-Top," who had not taken off his hat before the Image of blue and gold. Then a roar of laughter from the head of the table unloosed all tongues, and Cumby's penance ended in a burst of general merriment. "Lieutenant Cumby," said the admiral, when silence was restored, "you have been found guilty of parodying Holy Writ to bring your commander in chief into dis-

respect; and the sentence is that you proceed to England at once on three months' leave of absence, and upon your return report to me to take dinner here again."

Earl St. Vincent rendered three great services to England. The first was the forming and disciplining the Mediterranean fleet into the perfection that has been mentioned. Into it, thus organized, he breathed a spirit which, taking its rise from the stern commander himself, rested upon a conviction of power, amply justified in the sequel by Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, its two greatest achievements. The second was the winning of the battle of Cape St. Vincent at a most critical political moment. The third was the suppression of mutiny in 1797 and 1798. But, in estimating the man, these great works are not to be considered as isolated from his past and his future. They were the outcome and fruitage of a character naturally strong, developed through long years of patient sustained devotion to the ideals of discipline and professional tone, which in them received realization. Faithful in the least, Jervis, when the time came, was found faithful also in the greatest. Nor was the future confined to his own personal career. Though Jervis must yield to Nelson the rare palm of genius, which he himself cannot claim, yet was the glory of Nelson, from the Nile to Trafalgar, the fair flower that could only have bloomed upon the rugged stalk of Jervis's navy. Upon him, therefore, Nelson showered expressions of esteem and reverence, amounting at times almost to tenderness, in his early and better days, ere the malign influence of an unworthy passion had set his heart at variance with others, because at strife within itself.

It was poetic justice, then, that allotted to Jervis the arrangement of the responsible expedition which, in 1798, led to the celebrated battle of the Nile, in its lustre and thorough workmanship the

gem of all naval exploits. To him it fell to choose for its command his brilliant younger brother, and to winnow for him the flower of his fleet, to form what Nelson after the victory called "his band of brothers." "The battle of the Nile," said the veteran admiral, Lord Howe, "stands singular in this, that every captain distinguished himself." The achievement of the battle was Nelson's own, and Nelson's only; but it was fought on Jervis's station, by a detachment from Jervis's fleet. He it was who composed the force, and chose for its leader the youngest flag officer in his command. Bitter reclamations were made by the admirals senior to Nelson, but Jervis had one simple sufficient reply, — "Those who are responsible for measures must have the choice of the men to execute them."

When St. Vincent, in 1799, quitted the Mediterranean, he had yet nearly a quarter of a century to live. His later years were distinguished by important services, but they embody the same spirit and exemplify the same methods that marked his Mediterranean command. The wretched indiscipline and inadequate military dispositions of the Channel fleet were, in 1800, realized by the Admiralty, which yet knew not how to frame or apply a remedy. St. Vincent was then called to its charge, when he instituted reforms and enforced a system which still afford an admirable strategic study to naval men. In 1801, when Pitt resigned office, he became First Lord of the Admiralty, — the head of naval affairs for the United Kingdom, — and so continued during Addington's ministry, till 1804. In 1806, at the age of seventy-two, he was again for a short time called to command the Channel fleet; but in 1807

he retired from active service, and the square flag that had so long flown with honor was hauled down forever.

The rest of his life was spent chiefly at his country seat, Rochetts, in Essex, sixteen miles from London. Having a handsome income, though not wealthy, he entertained freely; and his retreat was cheered by frequent visits from his old naval subordinates and political friends. Generous in the use of money, and without children for whom to save, the neighborhood learned to love him as a benefactor. In cases of necessity, his liberality rose to profusion, and he carried into the management of his estate a carelessness he never showed in administering a fleet. It is told that he once undertook to raise a sum by mortgage, in entire forgetfulness of a much larger amount in bank. Far into old age he retained the active habits of his prime. To say that he rose at four, asserts his biographer, would be to understate the case; he was frequently in the fields at half past two in the early summer dawn of England, — always before his laborers, — and he was not pleased if his male guests did not appear by six. To ladies he was more tolerant. With mind unclouded and unweakened to the last, he retained his interest in public affairs and in the navy, contributing to the conversation which animated his home the judgment of an acute intellect, though one deeply tinged by prejudices inseparable from so strong a character. Thus honored and solaced by the companionship of his friends, he awaited in calm dignity the summons, which came on the 13th of March, 1823. He was two months over eighty-eight when he passed away, the senior admiral of Great Britain.

A. T. Mahan.

MOM CELY'S WONDERFUL LUCK.

MOM CELY is a very old woman, — so old that she cannot estimate her age exactly, but she can distinctly remember hearing the big cannon fired when Christopher Columbus first came to this country. The white folks had but one cannon at that time, Mom Cely says, and it burst in honor of the great navigator's arrival, and the noise of it so scared the Indians that they never came back from beyond the Mississippi, — except "a scatterin' few." If inquired of concerning George Washington, Mom Cely truthfully acknowledges that she never saw him, though she was "raised" in Virginia; but she affirms that she has heard of him many a time, when he was no more than a baby, and she herself "jest about growed." "He hacked his paw's cherry-tree, I mind," she comments; "an' hukkom dee-let de chile meddle wid a hatchet, I'd lak ter know? S'posin' he'd ha' chopped his feet, an' died o' lockjaw spasms, whey'd ha' been dis country den?"

The contemporaries of Christopher Columbus and George Washington being dead and gone, nobody undertakes to dispute Mom Cely's chronology; and indeed her appearance is convincingly suggestive of a fabulous age, so small, so black, so wizened is she, with a little tuft of snow-white hair standing out over each temple from under the many-colored bandana that binds her brows.

Now, though Mom Cely prides herself on the distinction conferred by the weight of years, she makes it her boast that she is "as spy as any gal o' sixteen, an' beholden to nobody for a livin'." But this is one of her innocent delusions. She lives, rent free, in a little cabin that might clatter about her ears any windy night, did not "Mars Romney" keep it in repair; but "Mars Romney," Cely argues, is bound to do as much, seeing

that his "paw" was a gentleman, "fust-class, wid nary stingy bone in him." Besides, for every favor that "Mars Romney" or "Miss Ellen" confers, Cely makes scrupulous return, — sometimes two or three eggs, sometimes a dried gourd, or a bunch of sassafras root, or a string of red peppers.

Cely's cabin is on the edge of a wood, in the heart of which bubbles a spring of clear cold water; just across the road is a cornfield, where she may watch the crows and the blue jays taking their pickings. Her little domain is inclosed by a wattled fence, within which she cultivates a "garden patch" and raises a few chickens. Sunflowers towering rank, with prince's-feathers and "old maids," make a riot of gaudy color about her door, and behind the house a "martin-pole" dangles four gourds aloft, as security against the depredating hawk. Nevertheless, Mom Cely has no great luck with chickens; if she raises enough for her own eating, and sells a dozen or so in the course of the year, she thinks she does well. But Cely does not know what it is to lack, for her home is on "Mars Romney's" land, and "Mars Romney's" own house is within so easy reach that she receives almost daily attentions in the way of buttermilk and "risen" bread from "Miss Ellen," and all the "medicine" she requires from "Mars Romney." And she requires a good deal; for Cely's extraordinary doses are compounded by herself from roots and "yarbs," which, to be rendered efficacious, need to be steeped in a potent fluid known as "honest John." "Whiskey straight" Mom Cely professes to abhor as a draught of the devil, but "whiskey doctored" into abnormal nauseousness is one of the necessities of life to this aged crone.

The old woman has outlived all her

children, but she has grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the town, five miles distant. These, however, are so given over to the extravagance of picnics and the pomps and vanities of "s'ciety funerals" that they have neither time nor means to expend upon the lone old grandam in the country, who holds them all in contempt for a degenerate progeny.

Yet when Zubah Danell, Mom Cely's youngest granddaughter, died, two summers ago, Mom Cely begged a black veil of "Miss Ellen" and borrowed the buggy from "Mars Romney" to attend the "burial," to use her homely word.

It was a very imposing affair; for, as Zubah had long been prominent in the Zion Travelers, it was decided by unanimous vote that the deceased sister should be "put away with all pomp and circumstance." The entire membership turned out in full regalia: the women in white, with purple capes and black sashes; the men in black, with crimson baldrics and white rosettes. They paraded a gorgeous banner of green and gold, taking the longest route to the graveyard, and shouting *The Road to Zion* all the way.

Mom Cely was deeply impressed by this display. "I reckon dee ain't been nothin' ter beat hit, not sence de big cannon wuz busted fur Mist' Christ'pher Columbus," she said.

But when Zubah Danell's estate was inquired into, it was found that there was no inheritance for her one child, an imbecile boy of twelve years, whom all the uncles, aunts, and cousins, upon one pretext or another, disclaimed. Mom Cely, therefore, was moved to assume the charge of Bostro the undesired, an arrangement joyfully applauded by Bostro's kinsfolk, who were thus rid of an unprofitable burden.

With the adoption of Bostro Mom Cely's trouble began. Not that the boy was to blame; he was a gentle, doglike, submissive creature, perfectly competent to do as he was bid; but it was many a year since Mom Cely had had the care

of a family, and providing for two was a problem that bewildered her judgment. With a pathetic sense of the responsibility she had assumed, she was bent upon doing her duty by Bostro to the utmost of her ability, and she switched him faithfully every day, for conscience' sake, being a devout believer in King Solomon's code; but she made amends for these chastisements by indulging the imbecile inordinately in the two things that gave him supreme delight, dainties to eat and finery to wear. Mom Cely was betrayed into this folly by a perverted sense of justice. She had a shrewd suspicion that the Zion Travelers had absorbed much of Zubah's savings that ought to have come to Zubah's child. "An'who gwan mek hit up ter de po' lack-wit, ef I don't?" she argued.

Therefore, for Bostro's sake, Cely opened an account with the "sto'-man" at the cross-roads, the result of which was an accumulation of empty tin cans at her back door, and an array of brass jewelry, gaudy handkerchiefs, and gorgeous neckties adorning her cabin walls when not adorning Bostro. Mom Cely kept a tally of these purchases by means of a string, in which she tied commemorative knots. Her conscience was very easy upon the subject, because, for one reason, the day of reckoning was a long way off, and for another, the "sto'-man" had been so obligingly and ingratiatingly ready to credit her. Astute "sto'-man," who knew very well that "Mars Romney" would help old Cely out in any emergency of debt. But when the account of six months' standing was presented at New Year's, Cely was appalled at the amount.

"*Ten dollars?* Naw, suh!" she quavered shrilly. "You must be jokin'." Mars Romney hisse'f don't tote mo'n dat at a time. You mought sell me out fur all I'm wuth, an' hit won't fetch no ten dollars. You is made a mistake, sholy."

The "sto'-man," being possessed of a fund of humor and a surplus of leisure,

undertook to make the matter clear to Cely's comprehension, but he had to proceed upon a system of her own devising. A small notch was cut in a smooth white stick for every dime she owed, and a large notch when the dimes amounted to a dollar; for every five dollars a string was tied in the fifth big notch, Cely keeping tally by the knots in her bit of twine: thus, when two strings were tied about the stick, the ten dollars were seen to be an indisputable fact.

"Name o' glory, how I gwan pay hit all?" she exclaimed, in despair.

"Oh, you'll pay it, little by little," the "sto'-man" declared. If she did not, "Mars Romney" would, he knew.

"You'll ha' ter gi' me time, den," sighed Cely.

"Well, you c'n take time," the com-
plaisant "sto'-man" told her. "Ain't you got chickens to sell, or eggs, or any such truck?"

"I'm gwan see," Cely answered.

She went home in great perturbation. "Wish 't I'd ha' kep' offen dat cross-roads," she bemoaned herself. "Mo' you gits, mo' you wants. I is pampered dat boy too much, an' dat's a fac'. I got ter tek down his stomach an' his pride."

So, acting from a sense of duty, she called up Bostro, and forthwith administered a switching, not for any special delinquency, but for "seasoning." Then she sat down in her chimney corner to "study" on the situation.

Now "Miss Ellen" had given her two silver dollars at Christmas to buy herself a Sunday dress, which "Miss Ellen" had promised to make or to have made; but Cely, mindful of her indebtedness while yet she was ignorant of the amount she owed, had thought to settle her account at the "sto'" with "Miss Ellen's" gift and her own small savings of a dollar and a half, and yet leave "two bits" (twenty-five cents) for the purchase of a head handkerchief. But the head handkerchief was now impossible, and all the money she possessed had gone to re-

duce her debt to six dollars and a half. "Which hit mought as well ha' stayed at ten, for all I kin pay," Cely grumbled despondently. "An' de sto'-man, he ain't noways minded ter tek back dem battered chains an' rings an' breas'pins, an' dem empty cans what dis ole fool is gorged Bostro wid. An' as ter de pig — Naw, suh! I ain't gwan let loose my holt on dat pig whey Mars Romney gi' me fur Christmas, not ter pay no ole beguillin' cross-roads sto'-man, — not ef I nuver pays him! Howsomedever, I gwan do my bes', 'cause s'posin' Mars Romney wuz ter die, de law mought git dat pig away from me."

"Mars Romney" was ill at the time, and for this reason Cely was unwilling to take her trouble to "Miss Ellen;" moreover, she was ashamed to confess her extravagance. Therefore she set her wits to work to solve for herself the problem how to pay the "sto'-man."

In her youth Mom Cely had acquired some useful handicrafts, such as weaving baskets and mats. Her fingers had lost their suppleness long ago, but her knowledge remained, and she determined to teach Bostro. It would be easy enough to sell such wares, if once Bostro could learn to "lay two and slip one," and to "fasten off the third round." Then, in the spring she might have better luck with her chickens, and make a little money by the sale of eggs and broilers. From season to season Cely was always hoping for better luck with her chickens, and always being disappointed. She had not that knack with poultry which seems to be a kind of instinct with most old women of her race, and eggs and broilers were always scarce with her. Scarcer than ever they threatened to be now, with the insatiate Bostro for a consumer. But Cely had resolved to restrict Bostro's rations.

Bostro, though deficient in intelligence, had the imitative faculty largely developed, and by dint of plodding effort he mastered, after a fashion, the art of

weaving baskets and mats, by the sale of which, and fagots of kindling-wood, the debt was gradually reduced, until, at the beginning of spring, the "sto'-man's" claim amounted to no more than two dollars and thirty cents. Yet the debt was a nightmare to Cely still, since Bostro had now supplied the neighborhood with baskets and mats, and the demand for kindling had fallen off with the departure of winter. Her chickens were not doing well, not even as well as usual, for Bostro surreptitiously appropriated many eggs. But the pig had grown to noble proportions, and Cely was more averse than ever to sacrifice him for debt; wherefore she devoted her attention to a watermelon patch. "An' when dee gits ripe," said she to Bostro, "le' me ketch you swipin' into one on 'em. Hit 'll mek you mighty sick," she prophesied grimly. She never missed the eggs that Bostro made his own, but it was to be hoped that a watermelon might be protected by its dimensions.

All winter Cely had borne her anxiety in secret, for, as "Mars Romney's" illness had been prolonged, it was no time to be troubling "Miss Ellen." However, in the spring there came a ready sympathizer. This was Elsie Bruce, "Miss Ellen's" pretty young niece, who made a visit to the old plantation.

Elsie Bruce is not the kind of girl to slight the acquaintance of an old woman who has heard the bursting of the cannon that welcomed Christopher Columbus to these shores, and who discourses familiarly of the babyhood of George Washington. She became a daily visitor to the little cabin between the wood and the cornfield, finding there an unfailing source of amusement. For Mom Cely's memory is stored with curious lore derived from her African ancestry. She knows signs and wonders; she knows, too, strange tales of bygone days, stories of family feuds, of romantic courtships, of mysterious visits and unaccountable disappearances. It was Elsie's delight

to make the old woman talk; and as Mom Cely is "garrulously given," it came to pass that she was led, almost unawares, to speak of her own experiences, and to reveal her indebtedness to the "sto'-man" and her struggles to pay "the uttermost farthing."

"But why," Elsie asked, "why did n't you state the case to uncle Romney and aunt Ellen? I'm sure they would have helped you out."

Mom Cely drew herself up superbly. "I is s'prised at you, chile!" said she, with indignant rebuke. "What you tek me fur? A ole Faginny-raised 'oman ter go pester my white folks wid my consarns, an' dee in trouble wid sickness?"

"Why, no, surely," Elsie made haste to appease her, "not with the raising you've had, Mom Cely."

The old woman bridled with pride and pleasure. "Tubbe sho', honey, tubbe sho'," she assented graciously. "I is come o' de fust fam'lies in de ole State, an' I don't furgit my raisin', if I *is* sot down here in Alabama, 'mong a lot o' free niggers, full o' sass an' uppishness. An' how de doctor say Mars Romney is dis day, I pray?" she inquired, with an air of ceremony, ostentatiously mindful of her best manners.

"Oh, he is all right again; nothing to do now but 'eat, drink, and be merr'y,' so Dr. Jones says."

"Well, I bless de Lawd! Ef Mars Romney had ha' died, I mek sho' de law mought ha' tuk my pig fur dat debt. As hit is, I is puttin' my trus' in my watermillion patch, an' countin' ter clear myse'f by de Fo'th o' July, anyhow."

"How much do you owe now?" Elsie asked.

"Well, le' me see," grunted Mom Cely, as she reached behind the door for her tally-string. "Nigh ez I kin mek out, hit 's 'bout two dollars an' — an' " — frowningly considering the manifold knots — "fifteen cents. Yaas, dat 's 'bout hit. I paid him a dime an' a nick-el las' Sat'day."

Elsie, though she sympathized, had no mind to mar this unique little drama by an inconsiderate liberality; she preferred to help it on to a legitimate *dénoûment*. "Mom Cely," she said, thrusting a quarter-dollar into the old woman's hands, "let this help you out. I must have some eggs, for to-morrow will be Easter Sunday, you know, and I" —

The shriveled fingers closed over the silver with a convulsive clutch. "Lawd love de chile! Nairy a aigg! Bless yo' soul, no, honey." (But she held on to the money.) "'Pears lak I has de wuss luck, an' de most of it. Dat hukkum I planted watermillions so plencheous. Don't seem ter be no profit fur Cely in hen's flesh — which hit puts me in mind," she interrupted herself, rising, "dat crazy ole Speckle whey I sot on thutteen aiggs fur luck in de odd number, she ain't made out ter hatch but fo', an' I done tired waitin' on her fur de yether nine. She'll ha' ter come off. Whey dat boy, I won'er? Oh — *Bos-tro!*" she called, as she went toddling across the yard to the little hen-house built of rails, whither Elsie followed.

Old Speckle sat upon her nest in the far corner, clucking with content and importance. She uttered a remonstrant squawk when Cely grabbed her.

"Shet up!" said Cely crossly. "I got a sizable notion ter wring yo' neck, you ole disapp'intment. But some is chicken-lucky, an' some ain't, an' hit's plain I b'longs ter de some what ain't. I got you from Sorrowby Jones, an' her hens don't do so. Hukkum you ain't hatched mo'n fo' chickens sence day befo' yistiddy? Dese nine would ha' made nine br'ilers, an' I 'lowed ter sell de whole caboot at three dollars an' clear me out o' debt, wid one ter spare fur my own eatin'. But dese aiggs ain't no good ter nobody. Hold yo' hat here, Bostro, an' tek 'em an' bury 'em under de bresh-heap. Shovel jes' 'bout a sprinkle o' yeth atop of 'em; dat's all de gumption you is got," she growled

morosely, giving the boy a push. She was exasperated by the necessity of appropriating Miss Elsie's twenty-five cents without rendering an equivalent. "Wuz you special pretickler 'bout dem aiggs fur ter-morrer, Miss Elsie?"

"I wanted to dye them for Easter eggs," Elsie explained. "But it is no matter; my not having the eggs won't keep the sun from dancing on Easter Day."

"Wha' dat you say, honey?" Mom Cely inquired, with startled interest. "I is a mighty ole 'oman, yit I ain't nuver hear tell o' dat." She stood agape with wonder, her beady eyes twinkling, the hen under her arm wriggling for release, the four chicks cheeping in her apron.

"Why, Mom Cely, you surprise me. Never heard that the sun dances when it rises on Easter Day?"

"Nuver, honey, as I stand here, a-livin' an' a-breathin' de breath o' life," Mom Cely asseverated solemnly. "Is you ever seed hit, Miss Elsie?"

"Why, no," answered Elsie ruefully. "I've never seen the sun rise any day. I'm always so sleepy in the morning, you know."

Mom Cely turned away, and deposited old Speckle and the chicks in the little coop of reeds awaiting them under the plum-tree. Elsie thought the old woman was offended; but when the hen was secured in her new abode, Cely rose up, and announced with great deliberation:

"Tell you what, Miss Elsie, I ain't one o' de kind dat is hard o' belief; an' dis you tell me mought be true 'bout de sun on Easter Day. Hit sounds natchul, 'cause de Scripcher tells how Joshuway, he commanded an' de sun stood still, an' I minds how de cattle bows down an' groans at midnight on Christmas Eve. I ain't seed hit myse'f, but I is seed dem whey have; an' ef de Lawd spares me ontel another dawn, I'm gwan be up ter-morrer an' watch how dat sun behave."

"And then you come and tell me," said Elsie.

"Sho'ly I will, honey; sho'ly I will."

The next morning Elsie was called downstairs before breakfast to see Mom Cely.

The old woman sat on the piazza steps, her apron gathered protuberantly into her lap. Her beadlike black eyes winked, and blinked, and rolled, and twinkled in an ecstasy of repressed excitement.

"'Stonishment, chile, 'stonishment!" she announced, one withered hand uplifted for solemnity of emphasis.

"Oh, then you saw the sun dance?" cried Elsie, in glee.

"Naw, honey," Mom Cely answered, with pious resignation. "Dat sight warn't fur dese dim ole eyes. I wuz up betimes an' a-watchin'; an' sho'ly I mought ha' seed him, but jes' ez he got him ready fur de motions my back wuz turned."

"Oh, what a pity!" lamented Elsie.

"Well, I dunno, honey. De Lawd be praised. You see, chile, somethin' s'prisin' happened," she hinted, with mystery.

"What?"

"Hit wuz 'most a meracle," Cely declared. "You see, Miss Elsie, de beas' creation is mighty cur'us, ef we could mek out ter on'erstand 'em. Dee knows signs an' wonders a heap mo'n we do. De Lawd, he made 'em dat-a-way. Now dis what come ter pass wid me, a-watchin' fur de sun dis mawnin'. I wuz standin' befront o' de bresh-heap, lookin' tow'ds de east, as de light wuz a-streakin', when I hear somethin' ahind me go 'cheep! cheep! cheep!' Well, hit made me hop, honey, 'cause I thought sho' I wuz tricked by Satan; an' I turned me round, an' lo an' beholes! de sunlight jest flittered on a little pile o' dead leaves, an' hit wuz a-movin', an' a-movin', an' a-movin'. Fac'!"

She paused a moment to gloat on Elsie's big eyes and suspended jaw.

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"'Member dem nine aiggs, Miss Elsie?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Elsie gasped; and Cely began to laugh, but with a certain sober restraint.

"Dem s'prisin' aiggs, dee is chickens dis mawnin'," Cely announced, and opened her apron to display the brood.

"Goodness!" ejaculated Elsie.

"You see, chile, Bostro, he's a mighty 'bejient sort o' boy. Ef I'd ha' told him p'intedly ter heap on de yeth, lak hit ought ter be in common wid disyarded aiggs, we'd niver heard no mo' o' dese chickens. But I talked spiteful and contrariwise, I was dat fretted. I told him, scornful, jest ter *sprinkle*; an' he jes' did no mo'n sprinkle, so 's ter keep 'em warm, yet not smodder 'em; an' dat minute de sun struck 'em dee cheeped. Dat sun must ha' danced on dese aiggs, Miss Elsie, an' dese ain't no common chickens."

"No, indeed!" Elsie assented warmly. "I hope you may raise them all."

"Naw, chile," said Cely soberly. "I ain't gwan pizen my luck wid no sech resk. You gwan buy dese chickens."

"But," objected Elsie, "these are not broilers yet."

"What hender de gwan be br'ilers? Feed 'em, an' dee 'll grow."

"That is true," Elsie admitted, remembering Mom Cely's harassment of debt. "What do you ask for them, Mom Cely?"

"Br'ilers is two bits apiece," answered Cely promptly. "But you done gi' me one two bits yistiddy."

"It is dealing in futures," said Elsie, opening her purse, "and awfully extravagant of me; but here are two dollars; and now you can pay the store-man, and have ten cents left for yourself."

"Naw, suh!" exclaimed Cely, as she clutched the money. "Dis is a Sunday trade, an' none o' dis don't go ter no ole cross-roads sto'-man, not ef I niver pays hit. I gwan rest my trus' in de water-million patch ontel de Fo'th o' July."

Leastwise, Mars Romney, he is done up an' well ag'in, an' he gwan be my security beginst de law. I is done harried my soul too much 'bout dat ole sto'-man, anyhow. Dis here is Sunday money, an' *he* ain't gwan tetch hit."

"What will you do with it, then, Mom Cely? Keep it for luck?"

"Well, I tell you, chile," Cely explained condescendingly. "I'm gwan pacify my long desires. I'm gwan git myse'f tookeen, so 's I kin hang over my fireplace, onto de chimbley."

"What? Oh, you mean your photograph?"

"Dat 's hit, honey, — my phodygrab."
Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

PERSIAN POETRY.

THE squire loved his limes, elms, and oaks, but he loved his roses, too. They festooned the transoms of the old mulioned windows of the parlors, and might be gathered from the casement of my lady's chamber; and they stood in array under the shelter of what still remained of the great battlemented wall, which had once protected the house and tower against arrows and bolts as it still did from the north winds. The squire told me tradition related that this wall was built by the Norman giant, St. Loe, who lived in the tower. This tradition was authenticated by the fact that a neighboring giant, Hakewell, whose quoit still remains in witness, on passing by asked what he was building this wall for; and when he was answered, "To keep out such fellows as you," Hakewell at once stepped over it; and the effigies of both giants, one in oak and the other in stone, may still be seen in the parish church. Leland, indeed, writing in Henry VIII.'s time, says only, "Here Sir John Loe hath an old manor place," and adds that the monument of his grandfather is in the church. Modern archaeologists, moreover, declare that the quoit is only one of the huge Druidical stones of which more than one circle remains hard by. But the wall itself, as I have said, stands there to testify, and to shelter the squire's roses.

He was gathering a nosegay of these

when I joined him. As he stood by a great bush of the kind called "maiden blush," he gently shook from a flower one of those bright green rose-chafers which live on that rose, repeating, as it flew off, "A mailed angel on a battle day." I said, "Why do you drive away the pretty creature?" "Because I might have 'maiden shriek' for 'maiden blush,'" he answered, "if I were to offer a young lady a green beetle with my roses." He walked toward a carriage, which I had not seen before, in which were a mother and daughter, who had been among the visitors, and were now taking leave. I could not hear what he said, as he gave a nosegay to each lady with his wonted old-fashioned gallantry; but I might guess that it was, "Sweets to the sweet." Then, as the carriage rolled through the gateway in the old wall, he turned toward the house, repeating some words which, from the half-chanting sound, I knew to be something from the Persian, which he was always fond of quoting to himself. Then we talked on.

Foster. I like to hear the musical and melodious sound of Persian, though I do not understand the meaning. But were you taking leave of the ladies in Persian?

Squire. Only a poet can translate poetry; but come into the great parlor, and I will try to find you a better trans-

lation than my own would be of what I said.

Foster (as we went in through a door which the squire called the postern). Why do you and your children call it the "great parlor," while other people call it the "library"?

Squire. It is the old name; perhaps given it by Bess of Hardwick herself, when she built it, and the chapel over it, because she was not content with the "little parlor," which was enough for the forefathers of her husband, St. Loe. Bookshelves have now taken the place of her oak paneling; but I fancy her still sitting in one of the deep window-seats, and looking up at her great coat of arms over the mantelpiece, impaled with that of her husband, and with more quarterings than I can remember the names of. Now for the books.

Foster. But you have not yet told me the name of the book you were quoting, nor its author.

Squire. It is the *Gulistan*, or *Rose Garden*, of Sa'di. Many who have a far better right than I to speak on the subject say that it is the greatest work of the greatest of the Persian poets. It has been translated into Latin, English, German, French, and perhaps other languages. There are at least four English translations, which you will find on that shelf.

Foster. A great witness to the worth of the original. How every man who has drunk deeply of Homer, Horace, or Dante tries to translate his favorite author, in order that others may share with him the enjoyment which, while it remains unshared, seems scarcely his own!

Squire. Every one tries, and every one fails. The thought, the habit of mind, is as different in one country and one age from that of another as is the language; and what genius is sufficient to reproduce the original thought in a wholly new form, and to express it in new words as exactly fitted to the

thought as are those of the first writer! The English Bible—not the Revised Version—is almost an exception; but then Hebrew thought has, through long ages, become the thought of Christendom, and is in a measure as English as English itself. Even so, it is wonderful that such a translation into such English should have been possible.

Foster. You were to show me a translation of the passage which you were quoting from Sa'di: which am I to take?

Squire. That of Eastwick is probably the most scholarly, and he represents the original alternations of prose and verse in a way which is often happy; but I sometimes rather fancy the quaintness of Dumoulin. There it is. But if the subject interests you enough, you should read the whole of Sa'di's introduction, or preface, which in this, as in his *Būstan*, is to European taste, at least, the finest part of either book. And then, after all our disparagement of translations, if only you will, with Tennyson, spread the silken sail of infancy and call back your old visions of the Arabian Nights, I think you will be repaid for your trouble, though you do not find all that the readers of the original talk of.

Foster. Meanwhile, squire, will you give me an outline of the country you advise me to enter on?

Squire. The *Būstan*, or *Garden*, and the *Gulistan*, or *Rose Garden*, have the same idea or motive, though there is great variety in the treatment. The introduction to each opens with the praises of God, taking as it were for text the words with which the devout Mussulman always begins to speak or write, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate." The outburst of beauty which clothes the earth in the season of spring, the gift of life and articulate speech to man, the divine government of the world, the blessings of which are shared by the good and bad alike,—all these declare the wisdom, goodness,

and greatness of the Creator, and call for thoughtfulness from man. The Gulistan opens with a description of spring-time. The Bûstan begins thus:—

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE!

In the Lord's name, who did all life create!
The Wise, who taught man speech articulate!
The Lord, the Giver, the Help in time of need!
The Merciful, who hears when sinners plead!
The Great! From Him whose shall turn away,

Greatness shall seek in vain, seek where he may;

Kings, who lift up their heads in pride of place,

Bowed down before his throne themselves abase.

Not even the stiff-necked doth He take in wrath,

Nor from his presence drive them, unheard, forth.

The Sea of Knowledge, infinite, divine,
Doth in each drop two elements combine,—
Justice and Mercy; neither of these can fail:
He sees the sin, and, pitying, draws the veil.
Though evil deeds bring down the wrath of Heaven,

He who turns back, repentant, is forgiven.
Against his father should a son rebel,
Unmeasured wrath the father's breast will swell;

Displeased, the kinsman owns his kin no more,
And drives him like a stranger from his door;
If to thy friend thou shouldst unfriendly be,
He breaks the fellowship, and flies from thee;
The servant, slothful in his daily tasks,
Promotion of his master vainly asks;
And if the soldier in his duty fail,
No plea will with his king and chief avail.
But He, Lord of the noble and the base,
Against no rebel shuts the door of grace.
The fair earth is his table, duly spread;
He asks not, "Friend or foe?" Welcomed are all, and fed.

If He were quick to mark iniquity,
Who from his anger could in safety be?
His nature knows no change; his kingdom stands

Needing no help from man's or angel's hands.
All things, all persons, serve his kingly state;
Man, beast, fowl, ant, and fly upon Him wait.
For them his bounteous table He prepares,
Where even the lonely, far-off Simurgh¹ shares.

¹ The phoenix or griffin of Oriental legend, dwelling alone at the end of the world.

That bounteous love in all his works He shows;

He grasps the world, and all its secrets knows.

His Will is law, his greatness all things own,
Whose kingdom is of old, with rivals none.

On one man's head He sets a monarch's crown,

One from a throne He to the dust brings down.

From Him the cap of fortune *this* receives,
To *that* the beggar's garb of rags He gives.

If He should bid unsheathe the avenging sword,

The Cherubim, silent, obey his word;

Should He proclaim the fullness of his grace,
The Lost One cries, "I, too, have there a place."

Foster. The piety of the man, and the political genius which that piety inspires and informs, are very striking. He writes in a manner which reminds one of the spirit of Isaiah or of Milton.

Squire. Yes: explain it or leave it unexplained as you may, the fact cannot be denied of the contrast,—the difference in kind between the religions of Greece and Rome and the faith of Islam, and the likeness in kind between the latter and the Christian faith. And this was evidently the genuine and practical faith of Sa'di; he was eminently a religious man, believing in an actual relation between God and man. And the wreck and anarchy of nations which the Tartar devastation had caused around him, contrasted with the beneficent reign of such rulers as his own, directed all his thoughts and hopes to the belief in a constitutional government of the world, old and settled on the foundations of eternal law and justice and mercy, under a righteous king. From the praise of the Creator Sa'di goes on to speak of the Prophet; and then of the righteous rule of the Atabak, or sovereign, Aboubakr, in whose reign he was writing. In a day when the prosperity and happiness of a whole people were always dependent on the character of a ruler, Sa'di is never weary of insisting on the duties of kings, justice, mercy, benefi-

cence, and the maintenance of all these by a strong hand; and while the former annals of Persia treat of many such kings, he declares that none of them was more worthy than Abou-Bakr. Then, with the proud humility of a great man conscious of his genius, he says that lowly as he is in the presence of his king, yet it is his verses—the pearls of poetry which he is stringing—which shall keep that king's memory alive in the coming ages.

Foster. But, squire, you have not told me what you said after speeding the ladies on their way.

Squire. You find me "as tedious as a king," though you have not Dogberry's appreciation of that virtue. But I was just coming to the point. Sa'di goes on, in the introduction to each book, to give his reasons for writing it, in the form of an apologue. In the *Gulistan*, he tells, in a charming idyl, how, when he had become a dervish, and was sitting in the corner of retirement and meditation, he was prevailed on, by the entreaties of an old friend, to spend the evening outside the city, in a garden sparkling and fragrant with flowers and cool with fountains. In the morning, when the desire to depart had overcome the wish to stay, Sa'di's friend gathered a nosegay of roses, hyacinths, and sweet basil for him to take, but threw them down when the poet, reminding him that such flowers must soon fade and die, promised to write him a book which should live. And on the same day he began the *Gulistan*.

Foster. Then the ladies should have thrown away your roses while you made your speech in Persian. But what is the corresponding apologue?

Squire. In the *Būstan*, Sa'di describes himself as spending his days with men of every kind, in every corner of the world, and gathering some treasure from every store, and some ears of corn from every harvest. But he found no people like those of Shiraz, his native city. He could not leave such a people empty-

handed, and he resolved to write a book in their honor and memory; to build a palace of art and education, of which the ten gates, or chapters, should be Justice and Judgment; Beneficence, by which man may show the likeness of God; Love, not earthly, but divine; Humility; Resignation; Contentment; Education; Thankfulness; Repentance and Righteousness; and lastly, Prayer.

Foster. Are not the Atabaks, as you call them, the Atabegs, as the name used to be written before the invention of the scientific method of spelling Oriental words by help of a key? If I remember rightly, it is a Turkish word, meaning "Protector of the Prince," and was an official title.

Squire. Yes; and on the break-up of the Seljuk dynasty, in the twelfth century of our era, like mayors of the palace and other such ministers in old times and places, they supplanted their sovereigns, and founded dynasties of their own. There were four such dynasties in Persia, of which that of Abou-Bakr was one. His capital was Shiraz; and though the Turks and Tartars destroyed the civilization and culture of the West, they roused to new activity the letters and science which the Arabs had carried into Persia, and those adjoining countries in which Persian was the language of the court and of literature. After allowing for the flights of Oriental imagination on the one hand, and for the shortcomings of a translation on the other, even the English reader can see that Sa'di's thoughts and words of God and of man, of nature and of civil government, betoken a high degree of culture and refinement, and the practice of wise, just, and righteous government by the kings; and those who know the original agree that for happiness and beauty of imagery and language it may compare with the poetry of other nations, while in depth of pathos it far surpasses that of Greece or Rome. Persian poetry draws its main spirit from Hebrew and early Christian sources,

though through the channel of Muhammedanism; and we may say that it rises above or falls below the classical standards much as these do.

Foster. What else did Sa'di write?

Squire. The list of his works is long, but his *Diwan*, or Collection of Songs of Mystical Piety, has been overshadowed by that of Hafiz; and the works by which he is chiefly known are those of which we have already spoken.

Foster. What is known of Sa'di himself?

Squire. He mentions in several places incidents in his own life; and these were put together, with the addition of some traditions, by a Persian writer, two hundred years later. He is said to have spent thirty years in study, thirty in traveling in distant lands, and thirty in retirement as a dervish. He was taken prisoner by the crusaders while practicing austerities in the desert, and made to work on the fortifications of Tripoli; and he was redeemed by an old friend, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a Persian Xanthippe, and when she cast in his teeth that her father had bought him for ten dinars, he replied that he had sold himself again for one hundred, the amount of her dowry. But, so far as I know, the fullest account of Sa'di is to be found in the introduction to Harrington's edition of the works of Sa'di (Sadec, he calls him), published in Calcutta in 1791.

(Here our talk ended, for that morning. But we returned to the subject some days later; and I now give the substance of the conversation which then followed between the squire and myself.)

Foster. Since our talk the other day about Persian poetry, I have been looking into the books you pointed out to me, and into the translations of Omar Khayyám by Fitzgerald, Whinfield, and McCarthy, and of Hafiz by Reviski, Bicknell, and Clarke.

Squire. Omar, the skeptic and mathematician, in the century before, and

Hafiz, the religious mystic, in the century after, that of Sa'di, the political philosopher and theologian. And, to use a favorite Persian metaphor, all these pearls of poesy are strung on the chronological tables of Malcolm's History of Persia; though he hardly mentions these or any other of the great Persian poets. But have you found any new clues to the philosophy of history, either with or without the help of our Anglo-Persian Dryasdusts?

Foster. You always laugh at my philosophy of history; but if philosophy is the search for wisdom, and if reason is ratio, or the relation of things to one another, why should it be unreasonable to seek for the relations of the facts of history?

Squire. Not at all unreasonable to seek what yet it may be impossible to find. Bacon says that all facts are governed by laws, and that these laws are ideas in the mind of God; but then another authority, not less than Bacon, says, "His ways are past finding out." It is a grand and glorious moment in a young man's life when, after years of toiling up the schoolboy's hill of facts, he reaches a point at which the scene of history as one great whole bursts on his astonished view. I do not forget the delight with which I first read Arnold's account of Vico's comparison of the history of a nation with the life of a man, with its three stages of childhood, manhood, and old age; or again of Comte's three historical periods, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, which John Mill held to throw such a clear light upon all history. But though the facts remain, the splendors of the fancy which surrounded them fade into the light of common day, and we find that in great part, at least, we have been like the astronomers who thought they were making scientific observations of the parallax, only to find that they had been measuring the error of their instruments. These visionary forms,

these *Idola Specûs*, are not to be worshiped, but to be strictly questioned, in order to know whether there is any reality in them.

Foster. You do think, then, that there is some reality in them?

Squire. Yes; the universe of history, as of everything else, has no doubt coherent laws; but they require for their comprehension a mind not less infinite than the universe itself. I am reminded of the so-called Oriental tale of the alchemist, who shows his disciple the universal solvent, which he has spent a lifetime in obtaining, lying in a crucible; and the disciple says, "O Sage, be not deceived; how can that which is to dissolve all things be itself contained in a ladle!" Youth is the proper season for these finite ideals of life, and he who knows the delight of them will desire that every one should enjoy that season. But he is not the less to be pitied to whom the experience of age has not taught, as it taught Sir Isaac Newton, that we are but children on the shore, picking up here and there a pretty stone or shell, while the great ocean of truth rolls its unexplored waters before us.

Foster. But the shells and the pebbles are actual, and really rolled in by the sea.

Squire. True. And if you will tell me what you have now been picking up on the beach of Persian history, I shall listen with profit as well as pleasure.

Foster. I am a seeker, if not a finder, and I will content myself with stating some questions which have occurred to me on this subject. If they have a somewhat theological coloring, I may plead that if Gibbon the skeptic classed himself with the philosophers who held all religions to be equally false, Gibbon the historian recognized the important part which religion always plays in the history of nations. So I ask myself, Was there a relation between the greatness of the Persians, from the days of Cyrus through so many ages, and the

national faith in a God of light and goodness, of which the sun was the fitting symbol, contending with the spirit of darkness and evil? Did some defect or degeneracy of their faith cause, as well as accompany, the break-up of the Persian empire at the end of the Sassanian dynasty? When the Arab conquest established the rule of the Caliphs on the ruins of the house of Sassan, and superseded the faith of Zoroaster by that of Muhammed, was this made possible, and even easy, because the proclamation of an absolute and irresistible Will was itself irresistible while its proclaimers heartily believed it? When the warlike and religious fervor of the new faith had cooled, was the skepticism of Omar Khayyâm an instance, or only an accident, of the change? Did his learned studies at Nishapur in mathematics, astronomy, and logic, joined with the recognition of the facts of other religions than their own, make men skeptics, not only in religion, but in politics? If so, how could men with such a creed as Omar's resist the Tartar invaders, those extraordinary savages, whose utter cruelty of nature was again and again transformed into gentleness and political wisdom by their hearty adoption of the faith in God and his Prophet which its first promulgators had almost lost? Was not Sa'di one, and probably the greatest, of the literary and philosophical teachers of age after age of kings and their subjects, of which teaching the ripest fruits were seen in the reigns of the great Mogul sovereigns of Agra and Delhi?

Squire. I remember a discussion, some fifty years ago, in this very room, between Mountstuart Elphinstone and the old Bengal civilian who then lived here. The latter asked how it was that while the civilization of India in the days of Akbar was in many respects superior (as he held) to that of England in the days of Elizabeth, Akbar's contemporary, the one had been continually advancing ever since, while the other had dwindled al-

most to nothing. I ventured to suggest that the difference was the difference between Christianity and Muhammedanism, and Elphinstone said he thought so, too. But what of Hafiz, whom you just now named with Omar and Sa'di?

Foster. I would rather hear about him from you. I am certainly out of my depth there.

Squire. So am I; and so was Hafiz himself, as he is continually telling us. But what would you specially like to know?

Foster. Something of the poet, and something of the religious mystic, if such he was.

Squire. The *Diwan*, or Collection of the Odes of Hafiz, is a great book of songs arranged alphabetically, or perhaps I may rather say acrostically, the successive letters of the alphabet ending the rhymes of successive sets of songs. These rhymes follow a different method from our own, or those of other European languages, there being only one rhyme, and that a double ending, for all the verses of each ode, though the words which supply all these rhymes are different from one another, as with us. The Persian metres, too, are more stately than our own, the proportion of long to short, or closed to open, syllables being much greater in that language than in ours. The words of the odes of Hafiz are most musical, and the thoughts and images to which they are wedded do not fall short of any standard of lyric poetry which we may supply: they are "simple, sensuous, and passionate" in the sense of Milton, and are successful attempts to make man's life harmonious in the sense of Carlyle. You will hardly think so from any of the translations you have found in the library. I fancy our best chance would be if we should ever have a translator like Omar's Fitzgerald, who knows how to paraphrase when a literal version is impossible. Failing something better, here is an attempt of my own at such a version:—

Bring out the wine, Cupbearer! Ho!

Pour out, and high the goblet fill;
For though at first love smooth did flow,
Its course is crossed and troubled still.

The zephyrs fragrance round us fling,
As through the Loved One's hair they play;
But for that fragrance which they bring
Our heart's blood is the price we pay.

Spill wine upon the carpet spread
For prayer, should so the Teacher say;
For he by whom the march is led
Must know the customs of the way.

There are who say that on this earth
A halting-place may still be found,—
A halting-place for rest and mirth,
For those upon life's journey bound.

But what of rest or mirth can tell
To me, who ever and anon
Hear from each camel's tinkling bell,
"Load up; the caravan goes on"?

The night is dark; the waves strike fear;
The whirling waters wildly roar.
Our lot how should they know who bear
Their own light burdens on the shore?

Now all my work in vain has been;
Self-seeking cannot come to good;
The soul must find that good within,
Not with the worldly multitude.

Hafiz, the Presence wouldst thou see,
No moment's absence must thou know;
When The Beloved hath met with thee,
Give up the world, and let it go.

These verses may give you but little proof of what I say; but if you knew the original as you do your Horace and Lucretius, you would agree with me that not only for pathos, but for singular felicity of expression, too, the warning sound of the camel's bell may be compared with the "*omnes eodem cogimur*" of Horace, and the contrast between the stormy sea and safe shore with the "*suave mari magno*" of Lucretius.

Foster. I will take your comparison on trust, till I get that opportunity of leisure and the inclination to avail myself of it which the witty author of *The Miseries of Human Life* says it is so impossible to find. Meanwhile, let me

cap your Hafiz with a quotation from Sa'di which caught my eye in turning over the pages of Malcolm. Here it is:

"Alas for him who is gone and had done no good deed!

The trumpet of march has sounded, and his load is not bound on."

Squire. The beauty of the image is brought out by the variations; and the sternness of the duty-loving Sa'di contrasts with the gentle egotism of Hafiz. You may add another parallel from the hopeless gloom of Omar, which in Fitzgerald's version runs thus:—

"'T is but a tent, where takes his one day's rest

A Sultan to the realm of Death address;

The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another Guest."

Foster. If this ode is a fair specimen of the songs of Hafiz, it would seem easy to maintain the mystical interpretation of his poetry. While you were reciting it, I thought of one of Madame Guion's hymns. I forget the French, but Cowper has translated it.

"While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to lead the way
'T is equal joy to go or stay."

Squire. You may find many such parallels between the odes of Hafiz and the hymns of Madame Guion and other Christian mystics. I once saw a correspondence between two young Anglo-Indians, one of whom had turned, in illness, from the poetry of Sa'di and Hafiz to the faith of Madame Guion and William Law, and illustrated the doctrine of the Christian mystics by a string of quotations from the Persian poets. And it is related of Sir Gore Ouseley, a great lover of Persian poetry, who was English ambassador to the Persian court early in this century, that when he was dying, long years after, he prayed in Persian. But I must confess that I have softened, and even concealed, the original by the word "Teacher," in the third stanza. It is, literally, "the chief

of the Magians or infidel Fire-Worshippers," and this, again, is said to mean the keeper of the wine-shop; and I have given the Sufi interpretation of the name, which is that it signifies the spiritual teacher and guide of man through the hindrances of his earthly life which beset his entrance into the presence of God.

Foster. Can you give me a more precise account of these Sufis, and of the position of Hafiz among them?

Squire. "I know when you do not ask me," as St. Augustine said of time. The facts are obscure, from their number and vastness; but I will tell you what little I know. With many differences, there is much likeness among the Hebrew prophets, the Christian monks, the Muhammedan dervishes, and the Buddhists of India. In times of religious fervor and earnestness, they have all more or less made good their claims to be men sent from God; in after days of national degeneracy, they have sunk into sensuality and hypocrisy, followed by more or less successful efforts at reformation. Though the Koran does not approve of monasticism, and offers to the true believer mainly the enjoyments of sense which come of fighting and of conquest, still there is a praise of poverty and simplicity of life, and of absolute prostration before the Divine Majesty, which may have easily combined with the desire for religious contemplation and for final absorption into God which came from the farther East. And thence came the several orders of dervishes in the Muhammedan tribes. When the national life of Persia was roused to new forms of energy by the successive invasions of Arabs and Tartars, there were lovers of their country, of whom Sa'di was the greatest example, who were the teachers of kings and statesmen and people, and recluses vowed to philosophy, poetry, and religious faith. The right place for such men seemed to them to be in the ranks of the dervishes, who

were respected by the haughtiest kings, as the Christian monks were by our fierce princes in the Middle Ages. The Sufis were, as I understand it, ascetic and contemplation-loving reformers among the dervishes. Sufi means "wool," and the Sufis were so called because, like Shakespeare's Don Adriano de Armado, they "went woolward for penance." Sa'di was a Sufi. So was Hafiz, though he denounces the hypocrisy of the sect.

Foster. This seems to me in favor of the religious interpretation of the songs of Hafiz. For how or why should he charge his brother dervishes with hypocrisy, if he himself was habitually practicing the same vice, and cloaking the mere love of sensual pleasures in language which the Sufis declared to be that of spiritual and religious devotion and ecstasy? Yet, after all, does not the sensuality seem as real as the spirituality, and is there any reconciliation or explanation of the contradiction?

Squire. The contradiction is great and puzzling. The question was raised at the burial of Hafiz, when the rites of an orthodox Muhammedan were refused him till an augury had been taken (as the practice still is) from a verse of one of his odes, opened at hazard, and the words were found:—

"Turn not away from the bier of Hafiz,
For, though immersed in sin, he may yet be
admitted into Paradise."

The dispute still continues, here no less than in Persia, and is settled by every man in accordance with his own taste or sentiment and estimate of the life of man. But perhaps some light may be thrown on it by the analogies in the schools of Greece and the Christian Church. The Socrates of the Phædrus and the Symposium is the very counterpart of the Sa'di of the Gulistan and Bûstan; except that the Persian believes in a personal relation between man and his wise and beneficent Creator, a belief not attributed to the Greek philosopher. The Christian Church has always ac-

cepted an interpretation of the Song of Solomon which very closely resembles that which the Sufis give of their songs of love and wine. I know but little of the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages, but I believe there is much of it of which the language, though not so sensuous as that of the Muhammedan Sufis, can only be justified by interpreting as they do the enforced asceticism and celibacy of the cloister, which, while maintained by faith and prayer, would give the intensity of suppressed earthly passions to the language of religious worship, and especially in the adoration of the Virgin and the saints. Then we know how these religious fervors of devotion have often degenerated into mere sensuality and hypocrisy, in sects and in individuals. If we remember that the odes of Hafiz probably spread over some fifty or sixty years of his life, it may not be thought unreasonable to conjecture that they express very various experiences and sentiments of his actual life. We read of his rivalry in love with the prince of Shiraz, of his wife and his son, and of his secluded and religious life as a dervish. Some have thought that traces of a skepticism at some period of his life may be found in his writings. The lovers of the higher criticism think that if we had the dates of the odes some further light might be thrown on the subject. But the chronological has been irrevocably merged in the alphabetical order; there is no evidence of what the actual life of Hafiz was at all or any periods of it; and we must be content to remain ignorant, unless we prefer the cloudland of conjecture.

Foster. Old Indians in the present day do not read and repeat Persian poetry as they did in the generation of which I suppose we may take Mountstuart Elphinstone as the representative.

Squire. No; a great change was brought about in this respect by Lord Auckland's abolition of the use of Per-

sian as the official language in all but diplomatic business.

Foster. How was that?

Squire. Under the Mogul sovereigns, Persian was the language not only of the court, but of all government business, political, fiscal, and judicial.

Foster. Something, I suppose, like the use of Norman-French in England after the Conquest; with Arabic, like our Latin, in the background, for the church and law? And how does Hindustani come in?

Squire. Hindustani, called in Persian Urdū, or "the camp," in distinction from the court, and the word from which we derive our "horde,"—this is the Hindi, or vernacular of Hind, amplified by the introduction of Persian and Arabic words, though retaining the Hindi grammatical forms, becoming thus a *lingua franca* for popular use beyond its proper limits. With the other institutions of the Moguls we took over the use of Persian in all official business, and the Munshī, or Persian secretary and interpreter, became a part of the staff of the English official in charge of political, revenue, and judicial business. The language of business was soon discovered to be the language of a new and fine literature; and the volumes on those shelves illustrate the enthusiasm which the magistrates, judges, and collectors in our older provinces, and our administrators in those newly annexed, our political agents and residents in the native courts, and our military officers threw into these studies from the time when Warren Hastings set the example. But then a generation of speculative reformers arose, who asked why we should not act in the spirit of the Moguls, and, instead of carrying on their method with literal servility, make English the official language, and so bring the several

nations of India into a new and more intimate connection with our own literature and civilization. A retired Bengal judge expressed the general opinion of practical men when he said that you might as well make Sanskrit the official language in the courts of Westminster as English in the administration of justice in India. He, indeed, though a man of ability and eminence in the company's service, could see no inconvenience in the employment of Persian in the administration of justice; and such is the force of habit that when he had occasion to take notes of an important trial at the Somersetshire assizes, he actually wrote them in Persian rather than in the English words in which the evidence was given, just as he had done, many years before, when trying dakoits at Jessore. But though the general opinion of the native as well as the English officials was against any change, Lord Auckland, by the advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, took what probably now seems to every one the obviously reasonable course, and by his orders in 1837, finally confirmed in 1838 by the home government, all official business was to be carried on in the vernacular languages of the country. Persian remained, and remains, the language of diplomacy. It is not required in any other branch of the public service; and it is not possible that men so hard-worked as our Indian civilians and soldiers now are should find time and energy for a purely literary study. They all fall back on their Homer and Horace; or, yet better, on their Shakespeare and Tennyson. But enough of this; you are, no doubt, already silently quoting Horace against me, and repeating to yourself:—

"Persicos odi puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra corone."

Edward Strachey.

OF A DANCING-GIRL.

NOTHING is more silent than the beginning of a Japanese banquet; and no one, except a native, who observes the opening scene could possibly imagine the tumultuous ending.

The robed guests take their places, quite noiselessly and without speech, upon the kneeling-cushions. The lacquered services are laid upon the matting before them by maidens whose bare feet make no sound. For a while there are only smiling and flitting, as in dreams. You are not likely to hear any voices from without, as a banqueting-house is usually secluded from the street by spacious gardens. At last the master of ceremonies, host or provider, breaks the hush with the consecrated formula, "*O-somatsu degozarimasu ga! — dōzo o-hashī!*" whereat all present bow silently, take up their *hashī* (chopsticks), and fall to. But *hashī*, deftly used, cannot be heard at all. The maidens pour warm *saké* into the cup of each guest without making the least sound; and it is not until several dishes have been emptied, and several cups of *saké* absorbed, that tongues are loosened.

Then, all at once, with a little burst of laughter, a number of young girls enter, make the customary prostration of greeting, glide into the open space between the ranks of the guests, and begin to serve the wine with a grace and dexterity of which no common maid is capable. They are pretty; they are clad in very costly robes of silk; they are girdled like queens; and the beautifully dressed hair of each is decked with fresh flowers, with wonderful combs and pins, and with curious ornaments of gold. They greet the stranger as if they had always known him; they jest, laugh, and utter funny little cries. These are the *geisha*,¹ or dancing-girls, hired for the banquet.

¹ The *Kyōtō* word is *maiko*.

*Samisen*² tinkle. The dancers withdraw to a clear space at the farther end of the banqueting-hall, always vast enough to admit of many more guests than ever assemble upon common occasions. Some form the orchestra, under the direction of a woman of uncertain age; there are several *samisen*, and a tiny drum played by a child. Others, singly or in pairs, perform the dance. It may be swift and merry, consisting wholly of graceful posturing, — two girls dancing together with such coincidence of step and gesture as only years of training could render possible. But more frequently it is rather like acting than like what we Occidentals call dancing, — acting accompanied with extraordinary waving of sleeves and fans, and with a play of eyes and features, sweet, subtle, subdued, wholly Oriental. There are more voluptuous dances known to *geisha*, but upon ordinary occasions and before refined audiences they portray beautiful old Japanese traditions, like the legend of the fisher Urashima, beloved by the Sea God's daughter; and at intervals they sing ancient Chinese poems, expressing a natural emotion with delicious vividness by a few exquisite words. And always they pour the wine, — that warm, pale yellow, sleepy wine which fills the veins with soft contentment, making a faint sense of ecstasy, through which, as through some popped sleep, the commonplace becomes wondrous and blissful, and the *geisha* Maids of Paradise, and the world much sweeter than, in the natural order of things, it could ever possibly be.

The banquet, at first so silent, slowly changes to a merry tumult. The company break ranks, form groups; and from group to group the girls pass, laughing, prattling, — still pouring *saké* into the cups which are being exchanged and

² Guitars of three strings.

emptied with low bows.¹ Men begin to sing old samurai songs, old Chinese poems. One or two even dance. A geisha tucks her robe well up to her knees; and the samisen strike up the quick melody, "*Kompira funé-funé*." As the music plays, she begins to run lightly and swiftly in a figure of 8, and a young man, carrying a saké bottle and cup, also runs in the same figure of 8. If the two meet on a line, the one through whose error the meeting happens must drink a cup of saké. The music becomes quicker and quicker, and the runners run faster and faster, for they must keep time to the melody; and the geisha wins. In another part of the room, guests and geisha are playing *ken*. They sing as they play, facing each other, and clap their hands, and fling out their fingers at intervals with little cries; and the samisen keep time.

Choito, — *don-don!*

Otagaidane;

Choito, — *don-don!*

Oidemashitane;

Choito, — *don-don!*

Shimaimashitane.

Now, to play *ken* with a geisha requires a perfectly cool head, a quick eye, and much practice. Having been trained from childhood to play all kinds of *ken*, — and there are many, — she generally loses only for politeness, when she loses at all. The signs of the most common *ken* are a Man, a Fox, and a Gun. If the geisha make the sign of the Gun, you must instantly, and in exact time to the music, make the sign of the Fox, who cannot use the Gun. For if you make the sign of the Man, then she will answer with the sign of the Fox, who can bewitch the Man, and you lose. And if she make the sign of the Fox first, then you should make the sign of

the Gun, by which the Fox can be killed. But all the while you must watch her bright eyes and supple hands. These are pretty; and if you suffer yourself, just for one fraction of a second, to think how pretty they are, you are bewitched and vanquished.

Notwithstanding all this apparent comradeship, a certain rigid decorum between guest and geisha is invariably preserved at a Japanese banquet. However flushed with wine a guest may have become, you will never see him attempt to caress a girl; he never forgets that she appears at the festivities only as a human flower, to be looked at, not to be touched. The familiarity which foreign tourists in Japan frequently permit themselves with geisha or with waiter-girls, though endured with smiling patience, is really much disliked, and considered by native observers an evidence of extreme vulgarity.

For a time the merriment grows; but as midnight draws near, the guests begin to slip away, one by one, unnoticed. Then the din gradually dies down, the music stops; and at last the geisha, having escorted the latest of the feasters to the door, with laughing cries of *Sayō-nara*, can sit down alone to break their long fast in the deserted hall.

Such is the geisha's rôle. But what is the mystery of her? What are her thoughts, her emotions, her secret self? What is her veritable existence beyond the night circle of the banquet lights, far from the illusion formed around her by the mist of wine? Is she always as mischievous as she seems while her voice ripples out with mocking sweetness the words of the ancient song?

Kimi to neyaru ka, go sengoku toruka?

*Nanno gosengoku kimi to neyo?*²

¹ It is sometimes customary for guests to exchange cups, after duly rinsing them. It is always a compliment to ask for your friend's cup.

² "Once more to rest beside her, or keep five thousand koku?"

What care I for koku? Let me be with her!"

There lived in ancient times a *hatamoto* called

Fuji-edo Geki, a vassal of the Shōgun. He had an income of five thousand koku of rice, — a great income in those days. But he fell in love with an inmate of the Yoshiwara, named Ayaginu, and wished to marry her. When his master bade the vassal choose between his fortune and his passion, the lovers fled secretly to

Or might we think her capable of keeping that passionate promise she utters so deliciously?

Omae shindaru tera ewa yaranu!
Yaete konishite saké de nomu.¹

"Why, as for that," a friend tells me, "there was O-Kama of Osaka who realized the song only last year. For she, having collected from the funeral pile the ashes of her lover, mingled them with saké, and at a banquet drank them, in the presence of many guests." In the presence of many guests! Alas for romance! But what may not be expected of one who knows little of the privacy of life!

Always in the dwelling which a band of geisha occupy, there is a strange image placed in the alcove. Sometimes it is of clay, rarely of gold, most commonly of porcelain. It is revered: offerings are made to it, sweetmeats and rice-bread and wine; incense smoulders in front of it, and a lamp is burned before it. It is the image of a kitten erect, one paw outstretched as if inviting, — whence its name, "the Beckoning Kitten." It is the *genius loci*: it brings good fortune, the patronage of the rich, the favor of banquet-givers. Now, they who know the soul of the geisha aver that the semblance of the image is the semblance of herself, — playful and pretty, soft and young, lithe and caressing, and cruel as a devouring fire.

Worse, also, than this they have said of her: that in her shadow treads the God of Poverty, and that the Fox-Women are her sisters; that she is the ruin of youth, the waster of fortunes, the destroyer of families; that she knows love only as the source of the follies which are her gain, and grows rich upon the substance of men whose graves she has made; that she is the most consummate of pretty hypocrites, the most dangerous of schemers, the most insatiable farmer's house, and there committed suicide together. And the above song was made about them. It is still sung.

able of mercenaries, the most pitiless of mistresses. This cannot all be true. Yet thus much is true, — that, like the kitten, the geisha is by profession a creature of prey. There are many really lovable kittens. Even so there must be really delightful dancing-girls.

The geisha is only what she has been made in answer to foolish human desire for the illusion of love mixed with youth and grace, but without regrets or responsibilities: wherefore she has been taught, besides ken, to play at hearts. Now, the eternal law is that people may play with impunity at any game in this unhappy world except three, which are called Life, Love, and Death. Those the gods have reserved to themselves, because nobody else can learn to play them without doing mischief. Therefore, to play with a geisha any game much more serious than ken, or at least *go*, is displeasing to the gods.

The girl begins her career as a slave, a pretty child bought from miserably poor parents under a contract, according to which her services may be claimed by the purchasers for eighteen, twenty, or even twenty-five years. She is fed, clothed, and trained in a house occupied only by geisha; and she passes the rest of her childhood under severe discipline. She is taught etiquette, grace, polite speech; she has daily lessons in dancing; and she is obliged to learn by heart a multitude of songs with their airs. Also she must learn games, the service of banquets and weddings, the art of dressing and looking beautiful. Whatever physical gifts she may have are carefully cultivated. Afterwards she is taught to handle musical instruments: first, the little drum (*tsudzumi*), which cannot be sounded at all without considerable practice; then she learns to play the samisen a little, with a plectrum

¹ "Thee, shouldst thou die, graveyard shall hold never!

I thy body's ashes, mixed with wine, will drink!"

of tortoise-shell or ivory. At eight or nine years of age she attends banquets, chiefly as a drum-player. She is then the most charming little creature imaginable, and already knows how to fill your wine-cup exactly full, with a single toss of the bottle and without spilling a drop, between two taps of her drum.

Thereafter her discipline becomes more cruel. Her voice may be flexible enough, but lacks the requisite strength. In the iciest hours of winter nights, she must ascend to the roof of her dwelling-house, and there sing and play till the blood oozes from her fingers and the voice dies in her throat. The desired result is an atrocious cold. After a period of hoarse whispering, her voice changes its tone and strengthens. She is ready to become a public singer and dancer.

In this capacity she usually makes her first appearance at the age of twelve or thirteen. If pretty and skillful, her services will be much in demand, and her time paid for at the rate of twenty to twenty-five *sen* per hour. Then only do her purchasers begin to reimburse themselves for the time, expense, and trouble of her training; and they are not apt to be generous. For many years more all that she earns must pass into their hands. She can own nothing, not even her clothes.

At seventeen or eighteen she has made her artistic reputation. She has been at many hundreds of entertainments, and knows by sight all the important personages of her city, the character of each, the history of all. Her life has been chiefly a night life; rarely has she seen the sun rise since she became a dancer. She has learned to drink wine without ever losing her head, and to fast for seven or eight hours without ever feeling the worse. She has had many lovers. To a certain extent she is free to smile upon whom she pleases; but she has been well taught, above all else, to use her power of charm for her own advantage. She hopes to find somebody able and willing to buy

her freedom, — which somebody would almost certainly thereafter discover many new and excellent meanings in those Buddhist texts which tell about the foolishness of love and the impermanency of all human relationships.

At this point of her career we may leave the geisha: thereafter her story is apt to prove unpleasant, unless she die young. Should that happen, she will have the obsequies of her class, and her memory will be preserved by divers curious rites.

Some time, perhaps, while wandering through Japanese streets at night, you hear sounds of music, a tinkling of *samisen* floating through the great gateway of a Buddhist temple, together with shrill voices of singing girls; which may seem to you a strange happening. And the deep court is thronged with people looking and listening. Then, making your way through the press to the temple steps, you see two geisha seated upon the matting within, playing and singing, and a third dancing before a little table. Upon the table is an *ihai*, or mortuary tablet; in front of the tablet burns a little lamp, and incense in a cup of bronze; a small repast has been placed there, fruits and dainties, — such a repast as, upon festival occasions, it is the custom to offer to the dead. You learn that the *kaimyō* upon the tablet is that of a geisha; and that the comrades of the dead girl assemble in the temple on certain days to gladden her spirit with songs and dances. Then whosoever pleases may attend the ceremony free of charge.

But the dancing-girls of ancient times were not as the geisha of to-day. Some of them were called *shirabyōshi*; and their hearts were not extremely hard. They were beautiful; they wore queerly shaped caps bedecked with gold; they were clad in splendid attire, and danced with swords in the dwellings of princes. And there is an old story about one of them which I think it worth while to tell.

I.

It was formerly, and indeed still is, a custom with young Japanese artists to travel on foot through various parts of the empire, in order to see and sketch the most celebrated scenery as well as to study famous art objects preserved in Buddhist temples, many of which occupy sites of extraordinary picturesqueness. It is to such wanderings, chiefly, that we owe the existence of those beautiful books of landscape views and life studies which are now so curious and rare, and which teach better than aught else that only the Japanese can paint Japanese scenery. After you have become acquainted with their methods of interpreting their own nature, foreign attempts in the same line will seem to you strangely flat and soulless. The foreign artist will give you realistic reflections of what he sees; but he will give you nothing more. The Japanese artist gives you that which he feels, — the mood of a season, the precise sensation of an hour and place; his work is qualified by a power of suggestiveness rarely found in the art of the West. The Occidental painter renders minute detail; he satisfies the imagination he evokes. But his Oriental brother either suppresses or idealizes detail, — steepens his distances in mist, bands his landscapes with cloud, makes of his experience a memory in which only the strange and the beautiful survive, with their sensations. He surpasses imagination, excites it, leaves it hungry with the hunger of charm perceived in glimpses only. Nevertheless, in such glimpses he is able to convey the feeling of a time, the character of a place, after a fashion that seems magical. He is a painter of recollections and of sensations rather than of clear-cut realities; and in this lies the secret of his amazing power, — a power not to be appreciated by those who have never witnessed the scenes of his inspiration. He is above all things impersonal. His human figures are devoid of all individuality; yet they have inimitable merit

as types embodying the characteristics of a class: the childish curiosity of the peasant, the shyness of the maiden, the fascination of the *jōro*, the self-consciousness of the samurai, the funny, placid prettiness of the child, the resigned gentleness of age. Travel and observation were the influences which developed this art; it was never a growth of studios.

A great many years ago, a young art student was traveling on foot from Sai-kyō to Yedo, over the mountains. The roads then were few and bad, and travel was so difficult compared to what it is now that a proverb was current, *Kawai ko wa tabi wo sasé* (A pet child should be made to travel). But the land was what it is to-day. There were the same forests of cedar and of pine, the same groves of bamboo, the same peaked villages with roofs of thatch, the same terraced ricefields dotted with the great yellow straw hats of peasants bending in the slime. From the wayside, the same statues of Jizō smiled upon the same pilgrim figures passing to the same temples; and then, as now, of summer days, one might see naked brown children laughing in all the shallow rivers, and all the rivers laughing to the sun.

The young art student, however, was no *kawai ko*: he had already traveled a great deal, was inured to hard fare and rough lodging, and accustomed to make the best of every situation. But upon this journey he found himself, one evening after sunset, in a region where it seemed possible to obtain neither fare nor lodging of any sort, — out of sight of cultivated land. While attempting a short cut over a range to reach some village, he had lost his way.

There was no moon, and pine shadows made blackness all around him. The district into which he had wandered seemed utterly wild; there were no sounds but the humming of the wind in the pine needles, and an infinite tinkling of bell-insects. He stumbled on, hoping to gain some river bank, which he could follow

to a settlement. At last a stream abruptly crossed his way ; but it proved to be a swift torrent pouring into a gorge between precipices. Obligated to retrace his steps, he resolved to climb to the nearest summit, whence he might be able to discern some sign of human life ; but on reaching it he could see about him only a heaping of hills.

He had almost resigned himself to passing the night under the stars, when he perceived, at some distance down the further slope of the hill he had ascended, a single thin yellow ray of light, evidently issuing from some dwelling. He made his way towards it, and soon discerned a small cottage, apparently a peasant's home. The light he had seen still streamed from it, through a chink in the closed storm-doors. He hastened forward, and knocked at the entrance.

II.

Not until he had knocked and called several times did he hear any stir within ; then a woman's voice asked what was wanted. The voice was remarkably sweet, and the speech of the unseen questioner surprised him ; for she spoke in the cultivated idiom of the capital. He responded that he was a student, who had lost his way in the mountains ; that he wished, if possible, to obtain food and lodging for the night ; and that if this could not be given, he would feel very grateful for information how to reach the nearest village, — adding that he had means enough to pay for the services of a guide. The voice, in return, asked several other questions, indicating extreme surprise that any one could have reached the dwelling from the direction he had taken. But his answers evidently allayed suspicion ; for the inmate exclaimed, "I will come in a moment. It would be difficult for you to reach any village to-night ; and the path is dangerous."

After a brief delay, the storm-doors were pushed open, and a woman appeared with a paper lantern, which she so held

as to illuminate the stranger's face, while her own remained in shadow. She scrutinized him in silence ; then said briefly, "Wait ; I will bring water." She fetched a wash-basin, set it upon the doorstep, and offered the guest a towel. He removed his sandals, washed from his feet the dust of travel, and was shown into a neat room which appeared to occupy the whole interior, except a small boarded space at the rear, used as a kitchen. A cotton rug was laid for him to kneel upon, and a brazier set before him.

It was only then that he had a good opportunity of observing his hostess ; and he was startled by the delicacy and beauty of her features. She might have been three or four years older than he, but was still in the bloom of youth. Certainly she was not a peasant girl. In the same singularly sweet voice she said to him, "I am now alone, and I never receive guests here. But I am sure it would be dangerous for you to travel further to-night. There are some peasants in the neighborhood ; but you cannot find your way to them in the dark without a guide. So I can let you stay here until morning. You will not be comfortable ; but I can give you a bed. And I suppose you are hungry. There is only some *shōjin-ryōri*,¹ — not at all good, but you are welcome to it."

The traveler was quite hungry, and only too glad of the offer. The young woman kindled a little fire, prepared a few dishes in silence, — stewed leaves of *na*, some *aburagē*, some *kampyō*, and a bowl of coarse rice, — and quickly set the meal before him, apologizing for its quality. But during his repast she spoke scarcely at all ; and her reserved manner embarrassed him. As she answered the few questions he ventured upon merely by a bow or by a solitary word, he soon refrained from attempting to press the conversation.

¹ Buddhist food, containing no animal substance. Some kinds of *shōjin-ryōri* are quite appetizing.

Meanwhile, he had observed that the small house was spotlessly clean, and the utensils in which his food was served were immaculate. The few cheap objects in the apartment were pretty. The *fusuma* of the *oshiire* and *zendana*¹ were of white paper only, but had been decorated with large Chinese characters exquisitely written, characters suggesting, according to the law of such decoration, the favorite themes of the poet and artist: Spring Flowers, Mountain and Sea, Summer Rain, Sky and Stars, Autumn Moon, River Water, Autumn Breeze. At one side of the apartment stood a kind of low altar, supporting a *butsudan*, whose tiny lacquered doors, left open, showed a mortuary tablet within, before which a lamp was burning between offerings of wild flowers. And above this household shrine hung a picture of more than common merit, representing the Goddess of Mercy, wearing the moon for her aureole.

As the student ended his little meal, the young woman observed, "I cannot offer you a good bed, and there is only a paper mosquito curtain. The bed and the curtain are mine, but to-night I have many things to do, and will have no time to sleep; therefore I beg you will try to rest, though I am not able to make you comfortable."

He then understood that she was, for some strange reason, entirely alone, and was voluntarily giving up her only bed to him upon a kindly pretext. He protested honestly against such an excess of hospitality, and assured her that he could sleep quite soundly anywhere on the floor, and did not care about the mosquitoes. But she replied, in the tone of an elder sister, that he must do as she wished. She really had something to do, and she desired to be left by herself as soon as possible; therefore, understanding him to be a gentleman, she expected he would suffer her to arrange matters in her own way. To this he

could offer no objection, as there was but one room. She spread the mattress on the floor, fetched a wooden pillow, suspended her paper mosquito curtain, unfolded a large screen on the side of the bed toward the *butsudan*, and then bade him good-night in a manner that assured him she wished him to retire at once; which he did, not without some reluctance at the thought of all the trouble he had unintentionally caused her.

III.

Unwilling as the young traveler felt to accept a kindness involving the sacrifice of another's repose, he found the bed more than comfortable. He was very tired, and had scarcely laid his head upon the wooden pillow before he forgot everything in sleep.

Yet only a little while seemed to have passed when he was awakened by a singular sound. It was certainly the sound of feet, but not of feet walking softly. It seemed rather the sound of feet in rapid motion, as of excitement. Then it occurred to him that robbers might have entered the house. As for himself, he had little to fear because he had little to lose. His anxiety was chiefly for the kind person who had granted him hospitality. Into each side of the paper mosquito curtain a small square of brown netting had been fitted, like a little window, and through one of these he tried to look; but the high screen stood between him and whatever was going on. He thought of calling, but this impulse was checked by the reflection that in case of real danger it would be both useless and imprudent to announce his presence before understanding the situation. The sounds which had made him uneasy continued, and were more and more mysterious. He resolved to prepare for the worst, and to risk his life, if necessary, in order to defend his young hostess. Hastily girding up his robes, he

board." The *fusuma* are sliding screens serving as doors.

¹ The terms *oshiire* and *zendana* might be partly rendered by "wardrobe" and "cup-

slipped noiselessly from under the paper curtain, crept to the edge of the screen, and peeped. What he saw astonished him extremely.

Before her illuminated butsudān the young woman, magnificently attired, was dancing all alone. Her costume he recognized as that of a shirabyōshi, though much richer than any he had ever seen worn by a professional dancer. Marvelously enhanced by it, her beauty, in that lonely time and place, appeared almost supernatural; but what seemed to him even more wonderful was her dancing. For an instant he felt the tingling of a weird doubt. The superstitions of peasants, the legends of Fox-Women, flashed before his imagination; but the sight of the Buddhist shrine, of the sacred picture, dissipated the fancy, and shamed him for the folly of it. At the same time he became conscious that he was watching something she had not wished him to see, and that it was his duty, as her guest, to return at once behind the screen; but the spectacle fascinated him. He felt, with not less pleasure than amazement, that he was looking upon the most accomplished dancer he had ever seen; and the more he watched, the more the witchery of her grace grew upon him. Suddenly she paused, panting, unfastened her girdle, turned in the act of doffing her upper robe, and started violently as her eyes encountered his own.

He tried at once to excuse himself to her. He said he had been suddenly awakened by the sound of quick feet, which sound had caused him some uneasiness, chiefly for her sake, because of the lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the place. Then he confessed his surprise at what he had seen, and spoke of the manner in which it had attracted him. "I beg you," he continued, "to forgive my curiosity, for I cannot help wondering who you are, and how you could have become so marvelous a dancer. All the dancers of Saikyō I have seen, yet I have never seen among

the most celebrated of them a girl who could dance like you; and once I had begun to watch you, I could not take away my eyes."

At first she had seemed angry, but before he had ceased to speak her expression changed. She smiled, and seated herself before him. "No, I am not angry with you," she said. "I am only sorry that you should have watched me, for I am sure you must have thought me mad when you saw me dancing that way, all by myself; and now I must tell you the meaning of what you have seen."

So she related her story. Her name he remembered to have heard as a boy, — her professional name, the name of the most famous of shirabyōshi, the darling of the capital, who, in the zenith of her fame and beauty, had suddenly vanished from public life, none knew whither or why. She had fled from wealth and fortune with a youth who loved her. He was poor, but between them they possessed enough means to live simply and happily in the country. They built a little house in the mountains, and there for a number of years they existed only for each other. He adored her. One of his greatest pleasures was to see her dance. Each evening he would play some favorite melody, and she would dance for him. But one long cold winter he fell sick, and, in spite of her tender nursing, died. Since then she had lived alone with the memory of him, performing all those small rites of love and homage with which the dead are honored. Daily before his tablet she placed the customary offerings, and nightly danced to please him, as of old. And this was the explanation of what the young traveler had seen. It was indeed rude, she continued, to have awakened her tired guest; but she had waited until she thought him soundly sleeping, and then she had tried to dance very, very lightly. So she hoped he would pardon her for having unintentionally disturbed him.

When she had told him all, she made

ready a little tea, which they drank together; then she entreated him so plaintively to please her by trying to sleep again that he found himself obliged to go back, with many sincere apologies, under the paper mosquito curtain.

He slept well and long; the sun was high before he woke. On rising, he found prepared for him a meal as simple as that of the evening before, and he felt hungry. Nevertheless he ate sparingly, fearing the young woman might have stinted herself in thus providing for him; and then he made ready to depart. But when he wanted to pay her for what he had received, and for all the trouble he had given her, she refused to take anything from him, saying, "What I had to give was not worth money, and what I did was done for kindness alone. So I pray that you will try to forget the discomfort you suffered here, and will remember only the good will of one who had nothing to offer."

He still endeavored to induce her to accept something; but at last, finding that his insistence only gave her pain, he took leave of her with such words as he could find to express his gratitude, and not without a secret regret, for her beauty and her gentleness had charmed him more than he would have liked to acknowledge to any but herself. She indicated to him the path to follow, and watched him descend the mountain until he had passed from sight. An hour later he found himself upon a highway with which he was familiar. Then a sudden remorse touched him: he had forgotten to tell her his name! For an instant he hesitated; then said to himself, "What matters it? I shall be always poor." And he went on.

IV.

Many years passed by, and many fashions with them; and the painter became old. But ere becoming old he had become famous. Princes, charmed by the wonder of his work, had vied with one another in giving him patronage; so that

he grew rich, and possessed a beautiful dwelling of his own in the City of the Emperors. Young artists from many provinces were his pupils, and lived with him, serving him in all things while receiving his instruction; and his name was known through all the land.

Now, there came one day to his house an old woman, who asked to speak with him. The servants, seeing that she was meanly dressed and of miserable appearance, took her to be some common beggar, and questioned her roughly. But when she answered, "I can tell to no one except your master why I have come," they believed her mad, and deceived her, saying, "He is not now in Saikyō, nor do we know how soon he will return."

But the old woman came again and again,—day after day, and week after week,—each time being told something that was not true: "To-day he is ill," or, "To-day he is very busy," or, "To-day he has much company, and therefore cannot see you." Nevertheless she continued to come, always at the same hour each day, and always carrying a bundle wrapped in a ragged covering; and the servants at last thought it were best to speak to their master about her. So they said to him, "There is a very old woman, whom we take to be a beggar, at our lord's door. More than fifty times she has come, asking to see our lord, and refusing to tell us why,—saying that she can tell her wishes only to our lord. And we have tried to discourage her, as she seemed to be mad; but she always comes. Therefore we have presumed to mention the matter to our lord, in order that we may learn what is to be done hereafter."

Then the master answered sharply, "Why did none of you tell me of this before?" and went out himself to the gate, and spoke very kindly to the woman, remembering how he also had been poor. And he asked her if she desired alms of him.

But she answered that she had no need

of money or of food, and only desired that he would paint for her a picture. He wondered at her wish, and bade her enter his house. So she entered into the vestibule, and, kneeling there, began to untie the knots of the bundle she had brought with her. When she had unwrapped it, the painter perceived curious rich quaint garments of silk brodered with designs in gold, yet much frayed and discolored by wear and time, — the wreck of a wonderful costume of other days, the attire of a *shirabyōshi*.

While the old woman unfolded the garments one by one, and tried to smooth them with her trembling fingers, a memory stirred in the Master's brain, thrilled dimly there a little space, then suddenly lighted up. In that soft shock of recollection, he saw again the lonely mountain dwelling in which he had received unremunerated hospitality, — the tiny room prepared for his rest, the paper mosquito curtain, the faintly burning lamp before the Buddhist shrine, the strange beauty of one dancing there alone in the dead of the night. Then, to the astonishment of the aged visitor, he, the favored of princes, bowed low before her, and said, "Pardon my rudeness in having forgotten your face for a moment; but it is more than forty years since we last saw each other. Now I remember you well. You received me once at your house. You gave up to me the only bed you had. I saw you dance, and you told me all your story. You had been a *shirabyōshi*, and I have not forgotten your name."

He uttered it. She, astonished and confused, could not at first reply to him, for she was old and had suffered much, and her memory had begun to fail. But he spoke more and more kindly to her, and reminded her of many things which she had told him, and described to her the house in which she had lived alone, so that at last she also remembered; and she answered, with tears of pleasure, "Surely the Divine One who looketh

down above the sound of prayer has guided me. But when my unworthy home was honored by the visit of the august Master, I was not as I now am. And it seems to me like a miracle of our Lord Buddha that the Master should remember me."

Then she related the rest of her simple story. In the course of years, she had become, through poverty, obliged to part with her little house; and in her old age she had returned alone to the great city, in which her name had long been forgotten. It had caused her much pain to lose her home; but it grieved her still more that, in becoming weak and old, she could no longer dance each evening before the *butsudan*, to please the spirit of the dead whom she had loved. Therefore she wanted to have a picture of herself painted, in the costume and the attitude of the dance, that she might suspend it before the *butsudan*, to serve instead of her, as she could not dance any more. For this she had prayed earnestly to *Kwannon*. And she had sought out the Master because of his fame as a painter, since she desired, for the sake of the dead, no common work, but a picture painted with great skill; and she had brought her dancing attire, hoping that the Master might be willing to paint her therein.

He listened to all with a kindly smile, and answered her, "It will be only a pleasure for me to paint the picture which you want. This day I have something to finish which cannot be delayed. But if you will come here to-morrow, I will paint you exactly as you wish, and as well as I am able."

But she said, "I have not yet told to the Master the thing which most troubles me. And it is this, — that I can offer in return for so great a favor nothing except these dancer's clothes; and they are of no value in themselves, though they were costly once. Still, I hoped the Master might be willing to take them, seeing they have become cu-

rious; for there are no more shirabyōshi, and the maiko of these times wear no such robes."

"Of that matter," the good painter exclaimed, "you must not think at all! No: I am glad to have this present chance of paying a small part of my old debt to you. So to-morrow I will paint you just as you wish."

She prostrated herself thrice before him, uttering thanks, and then said, "Let my lord pardon, though I have yet something more to say. For I do not wish that he should paint me as I now am, but only as I used to be when I was young, as my lord knew me."

"He said, 'I remember well. You were very beautiful.'"

Her wrinkled features lighted up with pleasure, as she bowed her thanks to him for those words. And she exclaimed, "Then indeed all that I hoped and prayed for may be done! Since he thus remembers my poor youth, I beseech my lord to paint me, not as I now am, but as he saw me when I was not old and, as it has pleased him generously to say, not uncomely. O Master, make me young again! Make me seem beautiful that I may seem beautiful to the soul of him for whose sake I, the unworthy, beseech this! He will see the Master's work: he will forgive me that I can no longer dance."

Then the Master bade her have no anxiety, and again said, "Come to-morrow, and I will paint you. I will make a picture of you just as you were when I saw you, a young and beautiful shirabyōshi, and I will paint it as carefully and as skillfully as if I were painting the picture of the richest person in the land. Never doubt, but come."

V.

So the aged dancer came at the appointed hour; and upon soft white silk the artist painted a picture of her. Yet not a picture of her as she seemed to the Master's pupils, but the memory of

her as she had been in the days of her youth, bright-eyed as a bird, lithe as a bamboo, dazzling as an angel in her raiment of silk and gold. Under the magic of the Master's brush, the vanished grace returned, the faded beauty bloomed again. When the *kakemono* had been finished, and stamped with his seal, he mounted it richly upon silken cloth, and fixed to it rollers of cedar with ivory weights, and a silken cord by which to hang it; and he placed it in a little box of white wood, and so gave it to the shirabyōshi. And he would also have presented her with a gift of money. But though he pressed her earnestly, he could not persuade her to accept his help. "Nay," she made answer, with tears, "indeed I need nothing. The picture only I desired. For that I prayed; and now my prayer has been answered, and I know that I never can wish for anything more in this life, and that if I come to die thus desiring nothing, to enter upon the way of Buddha will not be difficult. One thought alone causes me sorrow, — that I have nothing to offer to the Master but this dancer's apparel, which is indeed of little worth, though I beseech him to accept it; and I will pray each day that his future life may be a life of happiness, because of the wondrous kindness which he has done me."

"Nay," protested the painter, smiling, "what is it that I have done? Truly nothing. As for the dancer's garments, I will accept them, if that can make you more happy. They will bring back pleasant memories of the night I passed in your home, when you gave up all your comforts for my unworthy sake, and yet would not suffer me to pay for that which I used; and for that kindness I hold myself to be still in your debt. But now tell me where you live, so that I may see the picture in its place." For he had resolved within himself to place her beyond the reach of want.

But she excused herself with humble words, and would not tell him, saying

that her dwelling-place was too mean to be looked upon by such as he; and then, with many prostrations, she thanked him again and again, and went away with her treasure, weeping for joy.

Then the Master called to one of his pupils, "Go quickly after that woman, but so that she does not know herself followed, and bring me word where she lives." So the young man followed her, unperceived.

He remained long away, and when he returned he laughed in the manner of one obliged to say something which it is not pleasant to hear, and he said, "That woman, O Master, I followed out of the city to the dry bed of the river, near to the place where criminals are executed. There I saw a hut such as a pariah might dwell in, and that is where she lives. A forsaken and filthy place, O Master!"

"Nevertheless," the painter replied, "to-morrow you will take me to that forsaken and filthy place. What time I live she shall not suffer for food or clothing or comfort."

As all wondered at his words, he told them the story of the shirabyōshi, after which it did not seem to them that his words were strange.

VI.

On the morning of the day following, an hour after sunrise, the Master and his pupil took their way to the dry bed of the river, beyond the verge of the city, to the place of outcasts.

The entrance of the little dwelling they found closed by a single shutter, upon which the Master tapped many times without evoking a response. Then, find-

ing the shutter unfastened from within, he pushed it slightly aside, and called through the aperture. None replied, and he decided to enter. Simultaneously, with extraordinary vividness, there thrilled back to him the sensation of the very instant when, as a tired lad, he stood pleading for admission to the lonesome little cottage among the hills.

Entering alone softly, he perceived that the woman was lying there, wrapped in a single thin and tattered *futon*, seemingly asleep. On a rude shelf he recognized the butsudan of forty years before, with its tablet, and now, as then, a tiny lamp was burning in front of the *kaimyō*. The *kakemono* of the Goddess of Mercy with her lunar aureole was gone, but on the wall facing the shrine he beheld his own exquisite gift suspended, and an *o-fuda* beneath it, — an *o-fuda* of Hito-koto-Kwannon, whose shrine is at Nara, not far from the temple of the giant Buddha; that Kwannon unto whom it is unlawful to pray more than once, as she answers but a single prayer. There was little else in the desolate dwelling; only the garments of a female pilgrim, and a mendicant's staff and bowl.

But the Master did not pause to look at these things, for he desired to awaken and to gladden the sleeper, and he called her name cheerily twice and thrice.

Then suddenly he saw that she was dead, and he wondered while he gazed upon her face, for it seemed less old. A vague sweetness, like a ghost of youth, had returned to it; the lines of sorrow had been softened, the wrinkles strangely smoothed by the touch of a phantom Master mightier than he.

Lafcadio Hearn.

GARDEN GHOSTS.

Two moon-white moths are fluttering
Athwart the haunted gloom;
I watch them waver, wing to wing,
Past many a spectral bloom.

No footfall wakes these mossy walks;
The mist's thin streamers trail,
From twisted shrubs and writhen stalks,
Round all the coppice pale.

Low winds amid the leaves complain;
The firefly's wizard spark
Makes mimic lightning where yon twain
Go wandering down the dark.

And still they flutter side by side,
As night's chill currents flow,
To that lone tryst-place where they died
Long centuries ago.

James B. Kenyon.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON.

I CANNOT remember the time when Ralph Emerson and myself were not acquainted. Our earliest acquaintance must have neighbored to our babyhood. I recollect playing with him and the late Samuel Bradford (Treasurer, years after, of the Reading Railroad), under my mother's eye, on the floor in the old house where I was born, in Federal Street, Boston, when our ages ranged between six and eight. I was the eldest, Ralph the youngest.

For our A B C we went to a Dame's school in Summer Street, opposite to Trinity Church, a homely wooden building then, with neither steeple nor tower. The rector was Dr. Gardiner, of whom it was told that, when a parishioner of his, the Hon. Mr. Lloyd, for a long time Massachusetts Senator, complained to

him that he had made a wounding allusion to himself in his sermon, the doctor replied that he had not written a sermon for twenty years.

Although Emerson's memory failed towards the last, he never forgot, I believe, a pocket handkerchief of mine which I brought to the school, emblazoned with prints illustrative of one of Mother Goose's immortal stories. He referred to it more than once, in his old age.

What beautiful picture-books children have now! Not so was it in our young days. One of the books from which we learned the alphabet had in it a picture of "the rude boy who got up into a man's apple-tree." So coarsely engraved was it that it was almost impossible to distinguish the boy's head from the

apples. The print, however, gave that play to the imagination which children love.

Emerson and I next went to a writing-school, to learn that art. We sat alongside each other; and I can see him now, working hard, with his tongue out, moving in accord with his pen. Years after, when I received the first letter from him, I marveled at the flowing hand he had achieved.

Even in those early days he wrote verses, chiefly patriotic, I remember, on the naval victories of the day, — the battle of The Constitution and The Guerriere, for example.

We were very proud of the stars and stripes, which puts me in mind: our national motto, "*E pluribus unum*," does not mean, as I imagine it is generally understood, one made up of many, but one out of many. My friend, the late Edward Law, a Harvard man of the class of 1819, once suggested a finer motto for this nation, "*Inseparabilis, Insuperabilis*," which requires no knowledge of Latin to be understood.

My outspoken admiration for these early verses of Ralph was great, and I was repaid by his praises of my drawings. I was rather distinguished in those days for my artistic productions, which were chiefly horses. The Boston Hussars, who had at that time adopted a splendid new uniform, the delight of all the children, were my favorite models. The horses I drew could draw me, I suspect, far better than I them.

I am reminded here that when I was at St. Augustine, some years ago, and visited the Indians at that time confined in the fort, I found one of them busy with his pencil, drawing what a sharp eye might detect were meant for horses. As there was no hint of joints in the legs of the animals he drew, I fancied I could teach him. I took a pencil and dashed off a full-blooded barb. The Indian artist instantly rubbed out my picture, and pointed to his own work, ex-

claiming, "Heap good!" There was no tomahawk lying about, so I withdrew, convinced that the Indians are hopelessly uncivilized.

To return to Emerson. It was when we were at writing-school that he composed a story in verse, to which he gave the name of *Fortus*, its hero. I have a vague impression that I illustrated it. I did illustrate, subsequently, a Hudibrastic account of a rebellion that broke out in college when I was there, written by a classmate of mine, Pierce by name. I fear the representations of some of the faculty looked like caricatures. They were honestly meant to be faithful likenesses.

Emerson was all genius, of miraculous insight. But he could not draw, nor sing, nor play, not even on a Jew's-harp, a musical instrument popular among boys in those days. If, by some sleight of hand, or sleight of talent, — which is it? — one did any of such like things that he could not do, Emerson extolled him to the skies. This is the reason, I imagine, — so fond was he of praising, — why his swans turned out to be — not swans. In fact, he had no talent; only pure genius. He could not use our beautiful literary paper money. He had to coin his own language in the fire of his own genius. It was all bullion, without a particle of alloy; solid gold. I once said in print, somewhere, that since Shakespeare no one had used words so grandly as Emerson. An English admirer of his, Mr. Ireland, quoted this remark, evidently regarding it as a bit of extravagant eulogy. When I first read that exquisite little poem of Emerson's, *The Titmouse*, in which he tells of being lost in the woods in a New England snow-storm that raged around him so fiercely that he feared he should not get safely out of it, and a titmouse came, hopping from twig to twig, chirping as merrily as if he were overflowing with the enjoyment of a balmy midsummer's day, and the wee bird is described as

"this atom in full breath
Hurling defiance at vast death,"

I turned, without a moment's delay, to my Shakespeare Concordance, to discover whether or not Emerson had borrowed from Shakespeare that epithet "vast" as applied to death, so true to the situation, to the all-surrounding storm, threatening death everywhere. The phrase was not in the Concordance. Thoroughly and genuinely Shakespearean as it is, it is Emerson's own.

When we were in college, — Emerson was a year after me, — Rhetoric was all the rage. No one was more completely under the spell than he. A finely turned sentence, a happy figure of speech, threw us into a spasm of enthusiasm. Edward Everett was a master in that line. As Emerson said in one of his lectures here in Philadelphia, the boys of those college days got by heart passages of Everett's sermons and addresses. Here is an instance in point, which I quote from my boyish memory. Everett was hardly more than a boy himself when he was ordained pastor of Brattle Street Church, — only nineteen years of age. He preached once in the college chapel. One of the things he said, apropos I do not recollect of what, ran thus: "In the Capuchin church in Vienna sixty-six emperors are sleeping; none of your mushroom emperors, but men whose fathers and grandfathers were kings." I do not think Emerson ever became insensible to the charm of the Everetts. There was a younger brother of Edward, John, a brilliant, promising youth, remarkably like Edward in person, voice, and mind. He died young. Emerson told me that his own elder brother, William, once had a quarrel with John Everett (the two were classmates), which was made up, after exchanging notes. Emerson quoted with great admiration a passage in one of John Everett's notes in which the writer referred to "trifles that children resent, and boys magnify." When John Everett's class was graduated, he delivered the class

oration. It set all college wild. Here is a specimen of it, — it was published, but I quote from memory: "Love of our country. We too have our love (alas that it is no other!), like the fabled spirit of the Frozen Ocean, in appearance more beautiful than the fairest of the daughters of earth. The rose of beauty was bright on her cheek, and perfection dwelt in the symmetry of her form. But no sigh of passion ever agitated her marble bosom, and when her accents fell upon the air they froze it to snow with their icy coldness. Such is the love we bear our country. There is nothing noble in its nature, nor generous in its operation." This sounds now, to my ears, like a fairy strain from far away.

Emerson was a right loyal friend. I preached my first sermons in Boston in 1823, being then twenty-one years of age. Emerson once came to hear me. The next day I got a letter from him that tore my preaching all to shreds, — not a whole piece left. I dare say he was not really so hard on me as it seemed then. Self-love is so tender, so thin-skinned, that it cannot for the moment distinguish the prick of a pin from the stab of a dagger. There was no coating of sugar on the pill, no credit given me for anything. I found it hard to keep in mind that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

After my faithful friend's death, Dr. Hedge told me that Mr. Cabot, Emerson's literary executor and admirable biographer, sent him some of Emerson's old — or rather, young — sermons, to see whether there were any that should be published. Among them was one on the duty of "going to meeting in the afternoon." And this, forsooth, from one who, after he left the pulpit, neglected to go to meeting even in the forenoon. He preached grandly for me here in Philadelphia, before he gave up the pastoral office. I suppose he used the best of his sermons in his lectures. I am very sorry I did not keep that stinging

letter. I should have kept it, had I known what a power Emerson was to become in the world. One cannot now take up a book that has not some word of his in it. The prime minister of the king of Greece, it is reported, reads a page or two of Emerson every morning, — proof that ancient Greece still lives in modern, and a good example to prime ministers. Had I known what Emerson was to become, I should have been his Boswell.

In his latter days he was troubled with aphasia, which manifested itself in a strikingly characteristic way. His insight was so keen that he never could abide mere names. Most of us, when we are ill, find something to comfort us when the doctors give names to our sicknesses. Not so with Emerson. He penetrated beyond names, and dealt only with realities. Accordingly, when this infirmity of memory came upon him, he forgot the names of the most familiar things, but he could describe them so that one instantly knew what was meant. Once he was telling me about a friend of his in Concord, who, he said, was employed in — here he hesitated — in one of those places where you get money. "A bank?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "in the bank." Speaking of another friend, he said, in like manner, that he was "interested in those things that go to and fro." "Railroads?" I asked. "Ah, yes, railroads," was his answer. This decay of memory grew upon him so rapidly that to his nearest and dearest there was somewhat of reconciliation to his leaving them when he did. Had his life been prolonged, the time might have come when he would not have known his own kindred. Had that ever been the case, I am inclined to think that Samuel Bradford and I, associated as we were with his very earliest childhood, would have been the last that he would have failed to recognize.

Upon his first visit to England, where he lectured, Emerson was the guest of

Carlyle. When the visit was over, friends there were curious to know how Carlyle and he got on together. The late Dr. William B. Carpenter, who visited this country some years ago, was one of these friends, and told me that Carlyle spoke of Emerson in terms so offensively disparaging that I will not repeat them, and for which, considering what Carlyle owed to Emerson, if for nothing else, I have never been able to forgive him. Carlyle, in his last days, spared no one. His bad humor has found an excuse in his dyspepsia, which is putting the cart before the horse. It was his bad humor that upset his digestion.

I am infinitely indebted to Carlyle's writings. Sartor Resartus, and especially those fine articles of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, did much to determine my way of thinking. But was he faithful to his own convictions? "Strength is shown, not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burthens," is one of his sayings. One burthen (a heavier could hardly have been laid on him) he did bear nobly, — the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of his *History of the French Revolution*. But while magnifying silence, he kept talking on. Emerson, who had a boundless admiration for him, — I think it is apparent in their published correspondence, — said that Carlyle's latter-day jeremiads could well have been spared. A long time ago Emerson sent me for perusal a budget of Carlyle's letters, in one of which he said, "I hear but one voice in all the world, and that comes to me from Concord." The melancholy time came when the only voice Carlyle heard was his own. He had not Emerson's insight. He saw God in the past. He was stone-blind to God in the present.

Carlyle was at the first more widely known in this country than in his own, owing to Emerson, who had Carlyle's articles in the *Reviews* republished in this country. A few of us busied ourselves in procuring subscribers to the work, and

succeeded so well that Emerson was able to send five hundred pounds to Carlyle, which enabled him to keep a horse. This alone should have secured his lasting gratitude to his American friend. When Emerson's Essays were published in England, Carlyle wrote a preface to the book, the terms of which struck me at the time as lacking a generous, open-hearted appreciation of Emerson.

I doubt whether Emerson was ever better paid for his lectures than in Philadelphia. When I handed him a check for twelve hundred dollars for his six lectures, "What a swindle!" was his exclamation.

In one of his lectures in this city a laughable circumstance occurred. He told the story of the Englishman and the Frenchman (when the story is told in France, it is said, the nationalities are reversed) who agreed to fight a duel in a room with all the lights put out. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. After an interval, when the laughter had subsided, an old gentleman, whom the joke had just reached, burst into a roar, which again brought down the house.

Emerson's habit was, so I have heard, to jot down on scraps of paper the thoughts that came to him, and stow them away in pigeon-holes. When he was in want of a lecture, he culled it from these notes. But he had great trouble in finding titles for the essays, lectures, poems, that he wrote. Nearly fifty years ago I edited an annual, *The Diadem*, so entitled. *Annuaire*, *éditions de luxe*, were all the fashion then. The *Diadem* was a quarto, illustrated by mezzotint engravings by Mr. Sartain. For the letterpress I put my friends under contribution. Some of Emerson's poems first appeared in my annual. The manuscript of one which he sent me was entitled *Loss and Gain*, and then, in pencil, "*or any other title*," — an unconscious imitation of Shakespeare, who did something of like sort when, possibly, embar-

rassed as to the titles of his plays; for example, *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*, *As You Like It*. Emerson's poem itself is a perfect unity. The one idea of it is that virtue, the true, the good, must be worshiped for itself alone; really, substantially, one — not theologically, but æsthetically — with the saying of the venerable Dr. Samuel Hopkins that no man can be saved who is not willing to be damned for the glory of God. A great truth strongly stated. There must be no alloy of self-regard in the worship of the perfect in religion or in art. Emerson appeared greatly amused, chuckling to himself, when I once asked him if he had not enough scraps to *weld* into a lecture. I had used the right word for his difficulty.

There are more things than one that Emerson has written that I do not comprehend. I do not know what he means when he says "the soul knows not persons." I am inclined to think the soul knows nothing else. I cannot reconcile this saying with his affirmation that "the principle of veneration never dies." But I must submit to Coleridge's rule, — "When you cannot understand a man's ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding." Emerson was not bound to be consistent. "Consistency," he says, — "it is a fool's word. Say what you think to-day in words like cannon-balls, even though it contradicts what you said yesterday." He declared "Jesus to be the only soul in all history who has appreciated the worth of a man." Again, he speaks of him as "the one man who was true to what is in you and in me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man. He said, in his jubilee of sublime emotion, I am divine. Through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me." How one delights to quote Emerson!

I wish our young people who are forming clubs for the study of Emerson may have some curiosity to study the

man of Nazareth, whom Kant pronounces "the incarnation of the Absolute Reason; that is, of Religion."¹

I question whether, if Jesus had never existed, we should ever have had an Emerson; or, if we could have had Emerson, whether we should have understood him. There are not a few, nowadays, who appear to think that Jesus is behind the age. Behind the age! Why, there are sayings of his, plain enough, apparently, which many persons of education and position — marry, members of Congress — have not fathomed; as, for example, the definition he gives of the Sabbath, — "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Thousands insist that the day is the sacred thing. For what reason? Because God rested on the Sabbath? What man is so childish as to believe that God was ever fatigued? Jesus said, when it was objected to him that he wrought works of humanity on the Sabbath, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." If the seventh day is sacred in itself, by what authority have Christians dared to cease observing it, transferring the sanctity to the first day of the week? The Sabbath day is not more sacred than any other day. The sacredness is in Man. Six days are sacred to labor, and one day in seven is sacred to whatever rests and exhilarates man's weary limbs and brain. Strange is it that there should be any question about the opening of the Chicago Exhi-

bition on the rest day. Were it decided to open that great, interesting, and instructive show only one day in the week, it should be, of all the days in the week, the day devoted to whatever rests and refreshes the weary and the hard-worked. When the question came up of keeping open on Sunday the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the Roman Catholic, Archbishop Wood, recommended its being opened from noon till six P. M. on that day.

But I am growing garrulous. I must not preach. Pardon something, dear reader, to the force of habit. I early conceived a great admiration for Sydney Smith. His two volumes of sermons (1809) are among the most eloquent I know of. I made bold to write to him, when I was very considerably younger than I am now, to express my delight in his articles in the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*. Here is his answer, which I took as a hint to myself, and got it by heart: —

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your approval of my trifling productions. I have always endeavored to write honestly, boldly, and for use, believing that sincerity and courage [*sic*] would make mediocrity respectable.

Yrs. SYDNEY SMITH.

I have nothing more to tell of Emerson. His biography has been faithfully written. Forever blessed be his memory!
William Henry Furness.

ON GROWING OLD.

WHEN I was in college, the first Latin book appointed to be read in our freshman year was Cicero's *Cato Major*, or discourse upon old age. I presume that it was selected for reasons of mercy, the

¹ See J. H. Whitmore's *Testimony of the Nineteenth Century to Jesus of Nazareth*.

language being very easy to construe; and possibly, also, it was thought well to impress our young minds with the fact that the other extreme of adult life has its own points of superiority. But if the latter were the design, it miscarried completely; at least it did so in my case,

and I take it that such was the common experience. Still, no freshman was cast down by discovering, as he thought, how little could be said in behalf of old age. We read the book with such unconcern as, in times of salubrity, one reads about the cholera. Our withers were unwrung.

Recently, however, I took up the same treatise with very different feelings. Cicero, I thought, is now defending my cause as well as his own. I had a personal interest in the matter, and I was eager to see how good a case he could make out in our common behalf. But alas! I find his arguments no more convincing now than they were in my freshman year. Cicero evidently sat down to indite as many fine things about old age as he could remember or invent, and the result could hardly have carried conviction even to his own heart. The Roman orator, we may be sure, loved youth and strength and hope as all the world loves them, and his cold encomiums upon the final stage are almost enough to make one shudder. "I am deeply thankful to old age," writes Cicero, "because it diminishes my appetite for meat and wine, and increases my appetite for rational conversation." A beautiful sentiment, no doubt; and who indeed would be so beastly as to prefer victuals and drink to discourse of reason with learned persons? And yet I imagine that if some fairy were to offer all the venerable men of his acquaintance their choice between sitting down to roast chicken and champagne with the appetite and digestion of youth, on the one hand, and the opportunity of a long conversation with the wisest person in the vicinity, on the other, they would to a man choose the material feast.

Sometimes Cicero descends to special pleading of the most transparent kind. Thus he exclaims with affected astonishment, "What is this old age which all men desire to obtain, and yet which all men find fault with so soon as they have

obtained it? They say that it comes upon them quicker than they expected; but who compels them to have a wrong expectation in the matter?"

The traditional schoolboy would have no difficulty in pointing out to Cicero that it is not old age, but length of life, which all men desire. In another place, our ingenious Tully puts the same argument in a slightly different form. "The old man," he declares, "is better off than the young one to this extent, namely, that he has already attained that to which the young man looks forward. The young man wishes to live long; the old man actually has lived long." But, according to this argument, the man who has spent his money, and is now penniless, is better off than he who has money in his pocket, with a reasonable expectation of an opportunity to spend it.

Toward the end of his essay Cicero does indeed rise to a higher strain, which I shall notice presently; but the greater part of his little treatise, perhaps not intended to be taken quite seriously, suggests the work of an advocate who has been retained to plead a hopeless cause. He even condescends to remind the two young friends to whom his discourse is addressed that tea and blanc-mange have their value as well as ale and roast beef. "Although old age must abstain from hearty feasts," he cheerfully pipes, "yet it can indulge without harm in moderate conviviality." And then he goes on to relate how, as a boy, he used often to meet a certain venerable C. Diulius, M. F., returning (early, and with his rubbers on, no doubt) from quiet dinner-parties. But C. Diulius was a tough old warrior.

Now let us compare these mild asseverations of Cicero with what George Borrow said about youth: "Youth is the only season for enjoyment, and the first twenty-five years of one's life are worth all the rest of the longest life of man, even though those five and twenty be spent in penury and contempt, and the

rest in possession of wealth, honors, respectability, — ay, and many of them in strength and health." This, I think, speaks more warmly and convincingly to the heart than anything that Cicero, or a wiser than Cicero, could say about old age.

Nevertheless, old age has some compensations which every one who reaches that stage will discover for himself. But they are not the same in every case. One man finds old age endurable on certain grounds; another finds it endurable on other and very different grounds. Few of us feel it necessary to seek a premature release by means of hanging or other violence, though I read the other day of a man ninety years of age who committed suicide.

An obvious and oft-asserted advantage of old age upon which Cicero dilates is that it brings increase of wisdom, — not the sort of wisdom that leads to wealth or fame or power of any kind, but the sort which enables one to see things as they are; to put an estimation, approximately just, upon persons and events; to perceive the drift and the true meaning of ideas and theories; to understand the principles, generally speaking, upon which the world wags along its apparently capricious and yet inevitable way. This is a real pleasure, to be enjoyed by each man according to the degree of his natural powers, provided he exercises them as he has opportunity.

It is always interesting to compare the impression, if we can recall it, which a street or a house or a town first made upon us with the daily and uniform impression that we receive from it afterward. The two impressions are very different, — so different that we find it hard to recollect the air of strangeness, of mystery perhaps, almost of unreality, which the place first wore in our eyes. A similar change occurs in one's view of the whole world of men and things. We become familiar with its crooks and turns, with its blind corners and the re-

lation of its various parts. We see it more nearly as it is.

In old age, fauce and imagination may wither, the spring of originality, if it ever existed, may dry up; but the intellectual power to weigh and measure, to judge and sort, is increased by exercise. Even the capacity to sit back in his armchair and make allowances gives the old man a certain superiority. In youth, it is almost incredible that sincere persons should differ on radical points, and we are inclined to think that those who differ from us on such points do so through sheer perversity. But in old age we begin to understand how inextricably blended are the mind and the will; how many and subtle are the influences, inherited and otherwise, that play upon the intellect: and hence no vagaries in opinion or belief excite our surprise, or fail to awake in us some spark of sympathy.

It is much the same in the moral world. The old man will have learned to sympathize equally with the saint on his pillar and with the drunkard in the gutter. Something tells him that, if he had fostered certain impulses in early life, he too might have been, if not a saint, at least a good man. On the other hand, looking back upon some dark passages in his career, or looking down upon certain dark spots in his heart, known probably only to himself, he may even perceive, not without a shudder, that his present comparative immunity from vice is a matter of good fortune rather than of conscience and principle. To apprehend how the same temperament, differently balanced, renders one man a devotee, another a sensualist; to detect, sometimes, a fearful correspondence of impulses between the two; to realize that one person leads a blameless life through absolute defects of mind and character, whereas another falls a victim to his own good qualities, — all this is the privilege of old age.

Thus, as a man grows old, the world

seems more full of irony and of pathos than it does in youth, though less gay and less tragic; less tragic, because the old man has learned by experience and observation that the nobler and more disinterested feelings of mankind are commonly destined to subside prematurely and ignominiously. The tragedy of unrequited love seems terrible indeed to the rejected lover, who looks forward with horror to a long and lonely life; little dreaming that in a twelvemonth, perhaps, he will have found consolation in the arms of another woman. Life, then, is less tragic to the old man, but more pathetic, and it makes a more constant, more varied, and perhaps, on the whole, a stronger appeal to one's sympathies. The truth of the Biblical saying, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," comes home to the old man; and from this community of sin and suffering arises also a community of hope.

Cicero sets down freedom from physical appetites and passions as perhaps the chief advantage of old age. But old age also escapes a certain tyranny of the intellect. A young man, still more a middle-aged one, feels under a necessity to have views and convictions, to take sides, to range himself, politically, theologically, and otherwise; for if he does not, an instinct warns him that his life will be lacking in practical force and in consistency. It used to be a saying of Newman (who it will be remembered was only thirty-two years of age when the Tractarian movement began) that a man ought to have made up his mind by the age of thirty. Prior to that time, he might indeed be excused for wavering somewhat between rival schools and systems. To a youngster of twenty-five this sounds very reasonable, except that he will regard the period fixed by Newman as somewhat late; twenty six or seven, would, he conceives, be a sufficiently advanced age for determining one's final convictions.

But it is a felicity of old age to have no final convictions. In old age, one perceives that it does not make a pin's weight of difference to the universe at large whether he holds to this or that theory; and therefore, without offense to his conscience, he declines the gigantic task of settling disputes that have divided great intellects and good men since the dawn of civilization. Who am I, he reflects, that I should pronounce between nominalism and realism, between the idealistic and the materialistic school, between aristocracy and democracy as forms of government? The old man can employ his mind better by pondering the good and the bad in opposing schools and systems. Nay, more, he will have a certain reverence for any system, religious, political, or social, which has arisen spontaneously in the hearts of men, which has been nourished by their blood and tears. In short, to keep one's mind in a state of sympathetic poise better suits the serenity, the lassitude, if you will, of old age, than to be a partisan in the thick of the fight. Final conclusions seem ideally necessary in youth, practically necessary in middle life, but in old age superfluous and misleading.

It is a curious speculation whether a man's love of nature diminishes as he grows old. Certainly, if it does not diminish, it changes. The rapture departs from it, as is beautifully expressed in the familiar lines of Wordsworth. Half of a young man's pleasure in a magnificent sunset, for example (although he does not know it), is because it typifies his hopes and dreams of the future; it is a revelation of loveliness or of glory akin to what he looks for, in one form or another, in his own future career. The grander aspects of nature, therefore, it must be admitted, confer more pleasure upon youth than upon old age. Moreover, inasmuch as the physical world never grows old, there is a want of harmony between it and old age. Nature, fresh, lusty, vigorous, constantly renew-

ing her beauty and her youth, is sadly out of tune with an old man whose days are numbered. But, on the other hand, the old man appreciates the every-day aspect of nature more, perhaps, than does the youth; certainly more than does he of middle age. The longer one lives, wider and wider appears the discrepancy between the beauty of the universe and the wretchedness of the men who inhabit it. The sunshine on a temperate day; the stars at night, "when the heavens are bare;" the fruitful rain that falls gently on the leaves and grass; the black trunks of trees; the long spring twilight, when the young and as yet silvery-voiced frogs tune their throats, — these and a thousand other commonplace aspects of nature are, I believe, observed with more fidelity and with more zest in old age than at any other period of life.

Toward the close of Cicero's *De Senectute* there are some noble and touching sentiments, to which I have alluded. Thus he exclaims, with what appears to be unaffected feeling, "As I come near to death, I feel like the mariner when he first catches sight of land, and, after a long and weary voyage, beholds the harbor opening before him." Then he adds, "I do not despise life, as many learned men have done, nor do I regret my own existence, since I have so lived that I think I can truly say I was not born in vain; and I shall depart this life not as one who leaves home, but as one who sets out from a tavern by the roadside."¹

This sentiment which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato is a noble and dignified one: "I have so lived that I do not think myself to have been born in vain." It is the speech of a man who sums up his earthly career with pardonable pride, and, with a firm and confident air, approaches the next stage of existence, if any such there be. It is the speech of a man of honor and an aristocrat.

Precisely the same idea, I think, is

¹ Sir Thomas Browne, as the reader will probably remember, goes further, for he says,
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conveyed by the oft-quoted lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, though indeed the context would imply something different:

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

It is a fine, handsome frame of mind, but is it the highest, is it the most fitting, is it in accordance with the facts of the case; is it, in short, founded on truth or on a lie? This mood, indicated by Cicero, and also, as I think, by our own Bryant, is the supreme pagan mood in which death could be met. There is a passage in *Vanity Fair* that illustrates another and different mood, which may be said to have come in with Christianity, but which can be justified, which indeed is demanded, on grounds altogether outside of Christianity. Thackeray is describing the death of old Sedley, bankrupt and broken-hearted, and he thus contrasts his end with that of an ordinary, successful person, whose mood is the pagan mood of Cicero: "Suppose you are particularly rich and well to do, and say on that last day, 'I am very rich. I am tolerably well known. I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my king and country with honor. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don't owe any man a shilling; on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my daughters with ten thousand pounds apiece, — very good portions for girls. I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wine in Baker Street, to my son. I leave twenty pounds a year to my valet. And
"For the world, I count it not an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in."



I defy any man, after I have gone, to find anything against my character.'

"Or suppose, on the other hand," Thackeray continues, "your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, 'I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune, and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can't pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart at the feet of the Divine Mercy.'

"Which of these speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him."

This passage, it has always seemed to me, stands out morally distinct from the rest of Thackeray's work. "Thackeray," it was once remarked,¹ "was a man of the world, and he knew it and was ashamed of it," — a sentence which fairly, though somewhat brusquely, describes that peculiar double attitude, so to say, which Thackeray continually assumes both in his novels and in his letters. He never quite knew what was his own point of view, and hence a great part of his irony and sarcasm is directed against himself. His brilliant sallies are often a mere exchange of arguments or repartees between Thackeray the moralist and Thackeray the man of the world.

But whether or not I am right in thinking that the passage which I have just quoted rises above the ordinary level of the great novelist, its justice will not be questioned. It is one of those statements which at first give the reader a slight shock of surprise, but which, once

¹ By J. O. S. Huntington.

apprehended, are accepted as absolutely true.

Another famous novelist has made this same subject — the mood in which one's end should be met — the theme of a whole book. Tolstóy's *Death of Ivan Illywitch* is among the less known of his works, and so I shall venture briefly to state its drift. When the story, if such it may be called, opens, Ivan Illywitch, a rich and prosperous man, surrounded by his family, is represented as perfectly happy, except for a slight trouble with his digestion, which, however, presently develops into a mortal and painful disease of the liver. Then follows a long account of the physical, and more especially of the mental agonies of the sick man. His wife and children, worldly and hard-hearted people, neglect him, and up to the last possible moment pretend to believe that there is nothing serious in his complaint, in order that their customary pursuits and pleasures may not be interrupted.

Meanwhile, thus abandoned to his own reflections, kept awake and stimulated by pain, Ivan Illywitch goes over and over his whole past life. He thinks of his low and selfish aims, of his positive ill deeds, of the vicious incidents in his career, all the time rebelling at the tortures of his long illness, until at last remorse gives place to repentance, and Ivan Illywitch, fulfilling the exact words of Thackeray, "throws himself with a contrite heart at the feet of the Divine Mercy."

Now, to perceive that this is the right frame of mind in which to approach the end, one does not require to be a Christian, or to hold by any particular form of religion or of philosophy. Every man has a standard of right and wrong, and every man fails to act up to it. Therefore he should depart this life in a humble and contrite frame of mind.

Reducing the matter to its lowest terms, it is clear that man, regarded not as an individual soul, but as a mere fac-

tor in the great process of the universe, has a duty to perform both toward himself and toward others. That he has such a cosmic duty toward himself was admirably taught by Matthew Arnold when he showed, though the lesson was not a new one, that without morality there is no preservation or permanence for individuals or nations, and consequently that morality is a part of nature, a natural obligation. As for his duty toward his neighbor, man derives that primarily from the instincts which he shares with the very beasts of the field. "The moral sense," Darwin remarks, "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts;" and he adds, "The social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows, and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses will have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong." In other words,

man's duty toward his neighbor, like his duty toward himself, is founded, in the last analysis, upon an instinct which is essential to the welfare, if not to the actual preservation, of the race.

Nature, then, quite apart from religion, teaches us that man has obligations to fulfill. Every man is conscious of them, and every man fails to fulfill them. Therefore, as a mere matter of logic, the only consistent way of meeting death is not the old Roman fashion; not with a graceful and dignified wrapping of togas and draperies; not in reliance upon circumstances, such as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; not with the expectation that Providence will hesitate to damn persons of our quality; but in humility and repentance. To cultivate this spirit — the spirit of Ivan Illywitch racked upon his bed of pain, of old Sedley feebly asking forgiveness of Emily, with his cold hand in hers — is perhaps the chief duty and the highest privilege of old age.

H. C. Merwin.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.

I.

It seems queer, nowadays, to include chapters on college life in recollections of a New England boyhood. But in my life it happened, almost by accident, that I went to college while I was still a boy. My father's fancy of starting me on Latin when I was quite young, already alluded to, had gained for me a year from the course of the Boston Latin School. So it came about that the year I was thirteen I had finished that course reasonably well. In truth, I think my father hardly knew what to do with me. I was growing so fast that for the last two summers of school life I did not go to school regularly. But I kept, in a

fashion, even with the class, and I knew I could pass the college examinations. Fortunately for me, my brother Nathan, of whom I have spoken so often, had entered college the year before. We were very fond of each other, and I had missed him sadly. I had spent with him, in his room at college, almost every Wednesday afternoon of his freshman year. He was nearly four years older than I, affectionate, conscientious, sensible, bright, and well forward in his studies; and it would have been hard to find a person more fit to take care of me. There was, as I said, nothing else to do with me, and so I was sent to Cambridge to room with him, in a well-founded confidence that no great harm

could come to me while I was under his eye. This means that I entered college quite too young to get all the good which college life might have given me; but, on the other hand, I gained a great deal from his companionship, suggestion, and inspiration. And I gained the great advantage of having, after I left college, more than six years in which to knock about the world, before I was anchored down to the serious and methodical duties of a profession.

The examination was quite as severe as it is to-day, though there are one or two subjects now which it did not touch, such as French, German, and English literature. No "Latin School" boy had any more doubt then that he should pass than a boy from the same school has now. But then, as now, there were some questions as to "honors" and "conditions." For me, I had never read the Greek Testament, which we were examined in; but, like other well-bred boys of that time, I knew the four Gospels nearly by heart in English, and I neither expected nor had any difficulty there. By absence from school for the whole summer of 1834, I had missed reading the first six books of the *Æneid*. I had read the last six, with a good deal of care, under Mr. Dillaway. I remember that on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in September, the Sunday before we were to be examined, I went upstairs and sat on the ridgepole of the house, while I read those six books through in the Latin. I do not remember that I have read them all at any other time, from that day to this.

On the fatal morning, we were to report at University Hall, at Cambridge, at six o'clock. The examination lasted until seven that evening, and from six until two the next day. Such absurdity is now eclipsed, I believe, by three days' examination. But I think the culprits are not now under fire all the time, as we were. Maternal foresight had provided for me, as Mrs. Gilpin pro-

vided for a more festive occasion. Dr. Hale, my uncle, had lent his horse and chaise for the solemnity, and my brother drove me out to Cambridge. My school-mates had clubbed together with other boys and engaged the omnibus to run at five o'clock. I should not mention this detail but in illustration of the simple customs of the time. For it was thus that it happened that I arrived among the very last of the candidates, and my name was on the list among a certain fag end of boys who had ridden considerable distances that morning. Among these were Francis Brown Hayes and Samuel Longfellow, each of whom had come from Maine in a chaise driven by his father. I think Hayes had ridden nearly twenty miles before the examination began.

I afterwards knew as teachers most of the gentlemen who conducted that examination. But there was one of them, who assigned us our places, gave us all general directions, and in short looked after us through the two days in the kindest manner possible, whom I did not meet again for many years. I now think it was Théodore Parker, whom I did not know personally till long after this time. I have ever since liked to think of him as showing such friendly sympathy and untiring consideration for the needs of seventy or eighty dazed and bewildered boys.

The only question of that examination which I remember is this: "Which is the more northerly, Amsterdam or London?" All the boys in two sections, which were examined in geography together, were wrong in their answers.

The examinations were all held in University Hall. As I said, they were over at two o'clock on the second day. We then loafed around the yard, waiting to be called, one by one, to learn our success. You went up to the "corporation room," in University Hall, and there were the president and the faculty sitting around a mahogany table. You

bowed to the president, and he told you your fate. I was admitted without conditions, one of six boys who passed so satisfactorily out of more than seventy. I think that in this accident is the beginning of the scorn and contempt with which, since then, I have always regarded such examinations. Our five best scholars at the Latin School, whom we knew to be our best scholars, were all "conditioned;" that is, they had to make up some studies afterwards. Perkins and I, who were sixth and seventh on the scale of the year's performance, were the only two who received the highest honors in this tournament.

We were not yet "matriculated," as the phrase then was. For there were still some queer traditions of English college life, for which there were no corresponding realities. This of "matriculation" was one. At the end of our first term, we were all told that we were matriculated, and we all knew that we should be. Again, there was a "regent's freshman" still, though there was no tradition of there ever having been a regent, and I think there never was. The chief duty of the regent's freshman was to keep us supplied with footballs; and for this we each paid a tribute of twenty-five cents on our first day. On the first or second night, we played football against the sophomores on the Delta, where Memorial Hall now stands. There were still pit-holes in the ground, where the old gymnastic apparatus had been, but the apparatus itself was destroyed. In Freeman Clarke's *Autobiography* is some account of this gymnasium as it was ten years before. The seniors and juniors sat around on the fences and looked on. It will show what the game of that time was when I say we played three games after prayers, and were beaten in all. The juniors then joined us, the seniors joined the sophomores, and we beat them, — all this before dark, in September. The game had nothing of modern science. There

was no captain, and no eleven. It was simply one turbulent crowd driving the ball through another turbulent crowd across a certain line.

The regent's freshman had another duty. We were not obliged to attend prayers Saturday evening, if we entered our names at his office at eight o'clock or before. He was generally good-natured, and kept open until nine or ten o'clock to receive our names. We were, on the whole, conscientious fellows. But if, in the course of the day, you met a "man" in the street who asked you to enter his name for him, you always did so. I remember some fellows who were belated as they came out from Boston, and, falling in with a stray horse on one of the Port roads, they caught him and mounted one of their number, with a handkerchief for a bridle. He thus rode up to the regent's freshman's office, entered the names of the whole party, and let the horse go. I fancy there are few stray horses in the Cambridge streets now. But in those days the walk on the "back road," as we called it, was desolate indeed.

Another relic from an older system was the "president's freshman," who lived under the president's office, where the steward's office is now, and carried the president's messages to such students as he wanted to see for praise or for blame; for blame, alas, most often. In the same fashion, each tutor in each entry had his freshman, who lived under him, and on whom, theoretically, he could call, to send him on an errand. All this amounted to very little in practice. So, in theory, each class had its own tutor, who was in some sort responsible for it. But in practice, if we wanted anything, whether an excuse or a permit, we went directly to President Quincy. There is a story, and a true story, that when Mr. Edward Everett succeeded him, afterwards, a lady went to tell the new president that her pew carpet in the chapel was not properly swept. The

truth is, Mr. Quiney was a good executive officer, who liked work, and he gradually absorbed every detail in his own hands.

When we got to our work, we found, as many a freshman has found since, that we were too well fitted. Thus, we were put on the easy Latin and the easy Greek of Livy and Xenophon, authors whom we could read almost at sight, as soon as we got the hang of their style. It did not seem as if either of the tutors cared a straw for the lessons or for us. It was not called "fishing" for a boy to seek the acquaintance of his teacher, and I felt quite sure that the teachers thought the lessons a bore, and certainly did not care for any acquaintance of ours. Five days in a week, you went in for an hour in the morning for each of these purely perfunctory recitations. I am naturally fond of language, and I was particularly interested in Greek. But all that the three years of college Latin and Greek did for me was to make me dislike both languages, and I was very glad when we dropped them at the end of the junior year. Afterwards I had to teach them, and the old fondness returned. I read both languages now, perhaps, more than I ever did.

In mathematics, however, with dear Benny Peirce, as we called him, things were different. His world-wide reputation was not yet made, but it was in the making. I have never seen his exact method anywhere else. We met him for geometry in a large unused dining-hall, where the old dining-tables were still fixed. As you went in, you took a slip of paper with your own special problems on it, as he had assigned them for that day. You also took your own manuscript book, which you had left with the problem of the day before. When you opened this, if you found you had been wrong the day before, you were put back one lesson. Thus, before the winter was over, the seventy members of the class were in thirty or forty different places

in the textbook. If you did not understand the thing, you went and sat down with him and talked it over. If you had done well, he praised you in brief terms, but satisfactory, because from him. I have never had any feathers in my cap of which I have been more proud than his pencil scrawl which said "Excellent and original."

So the freshman year dragged by; dull enough so far as the college work went, and without enough of that to hurt anybody. At the outside, you could not give more than six hours to it in a day. I was really a country boy, who had been all his life imprisoned within the streets of a town. To me, therefore, the freedom of walking off into the country was the first and the greatest joy of Cambridge. I shall never forget the first April, and picking anemones on the road to East Cambridge, on ground now built over with houses. They were the first anemones which I had ever seen. But my first Cambridge flowers were less sentimental. The first week of the term, in September, I had ventured up towards Mount Auburn. I came back with a handful of flowers which I did not know. My brother hated to check my enthusiasm, but he had to tell the truth; and so I learned from him that they were "bouncing Bets" which had strayed from a garden. This will show what a cockney I was. As soon as I knew the other fellows in the class, I found that Watson and Longfellow shared my interest in flowers, and knew much more about them than I did. In summer, we swept the country for five miles around, and at that time the neighborhood of Boston was not cut up into house lots, as it is now. Loring and several others of the class were as much interested in insects. In a superficial way, we knew something of the mineralogy of the region, and, with Jackson and some of his classmates of the year before us, we formed a College Natural History Society, which still

exists. I remember making alum from the clay of the bank of Charles River; but, with our apparatus, I could not, or did not, make aluminium, though I wanted to. Wöhler had separated the metal ten years before; but it was seventeen years before Deville announced his successful manufacture of it.

As to the business for which we went to college, the first real epoch was the arrival of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He had been appointed head of the department of modern languages a year before, with the understanding that he was to spend a year in Europe before undertaking active duty. He was young, handsome, enthusiastic, and expected, with a young teacher's confidence, to achieve a great deal. He therefore did. There was a little group of us, of whom his brother Sam was perhaps the centre, who had been reading French together at the end of the freshman year. We had done all the mathematics of the year, and had taken French while the others were filling up the rest of the mathematics, where, as I have explained, they had been set back day by day by Mr. Peirce's care.

The college was beginning to feel that need of more lecture-rooms which has been a pressure upon treasurers from that day to this. Longfellow expressed a wish to teach some pupils personally, being convinced that language could be much better taught than in the old-fashioned way of learning the grammar, and working along with simple books of reading. He therefore said that he would take a section in German, for the purpose of illustrating his own method. We were free, having made our beginning in French, and a dozen of us snapped at the opportunity and made his first section. Among the others were his brother Samuel; Samuel Eliot, who had entered as a sophomore, easily chief of our class when we graduated; his charming cousin, Guild, not now living; Morison, who died at the head of the Pea-

body Institute in Baltimore; and a lot of other fellows, who at that time found each other out, perhaps, as they had not done before.

Professor Longfellow had to find a room for us, and he persuaded the powers that were to give him what was called the "corporation room." It was the room in which the corporation of the college held their meetings when they met at Cambridge. This may be as good a place as any to say that, in the simple language of New England, up to a very recent time, the phrase "the corporation" meant the corporation of Harvard College. I am disposed to think that charters for corporations were very seldom granted before the beginning of this century, and that the corporation of Harvard College stood out, therefore, distinctively as holding a peculiar grant of corporate power, and that this phrase, "the corporation," thus came into New England language. However it may happen, among old-fashioned people like myself, in Boston and its neighborhood, if you mean to speak of "the seven" who control Harvard University, you speak of "the corporation." This is a board of very great power. A person, who knew perfectly well, said to me once that if they chose to burn down all the buildings of Harvard College, and take the responsibility for it, nobody could call them to account to any purpose. There is a board of overseers, whose province it is to make as much fuss as it can, but which has very limited powers.

This corporation room, to return to my own proper subject, was the only room in the college which looked like a parlor. It had a handsome carpet upon the floor, and on the walls were hung good prints, handsomely framed. There was an elegant mahogany table, the largest I had ever seen, which occupied the middle of the room, and handsome chairs were set around. All sorts of legends were told about the revelry of the corporation when they met there.

As in fact they met but once a year, there was little basis for these legends in probability, and there was no basis for them in fact. I have, however, in after years, dined in this room at state dinners, which were given to examining committees. Such dinners, being served by the caterer for commons, had not the aspects of Delmonico's or of Very's.

It was a pretty type of what Longfellow was doing for the college that we should meet him in this nice parlor, as we should have met him in our fathers' houses. For we met him as a friend, and not as a "driver." I will tell the "driver" story at some other time. He was there because we wanted to learn German, and because he wanted to teach us. He told us squarely that he was not going to make a textbook business of it, but hoped to interest us in the language, and thought he could teach us in the way we should learn it if we went to Europe. Accordingly, in the very first lesson we were told to commit to memory *The Erl-King* in German. So it is that most of us who are living can repeat some verses of it to this day. We committed to memory more or less; we learned a verb here and a verb there in the grammar, as it was needed; but he took the working-oar, as teacher. Most people who are called teachers hear you recite the lessons which you have learned somewhere else; but Longfellow meant to teach us, and for the three months in which we had the pleasure of meeting him in these exercises we certainly learned a great deal. After that, however, he was much too busy in the work of "head of department" to give three hours a week to such merely elementary work, and we were consigned to the tender mercies of the regular German teacher, and the machine work of studying the grammar, and going in three times a week with so many pages prepared for translation.

Longfellow gave great animation to the whole business of modern languages.

To this hour, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday dawn upon me as pleasant days, simply because they were the "modern language days" of college. Over Tuesday and Thursday hangs a certain pall, because for four years Tuesday and Thursday were stupid days, lighted up with very little enthusiasm on the part of the people who, as I say, heard us recite the lessons which we had learned somewhere else. Lowell says, in his quarter-millennial discourse, "Harvard has bred no educator, for we had to import Agassiz." The remark, when I was in college, was painfully true, unless you mean to say that a man is his own best teacher; we certainly were very little encouraged by the discouraged men with whom we had to do. For instance, I went to college passionately fond of language. I was encouraged in that fondness by what I learned in German with Longfellow, and in Italian with Bachì. I have spoken of Latin and Greek already.

But our own language we were made to learn and to understand. At the beginning of the sophomore year we were put into Bishop Whately's *Rhetoric*, a charming book. Any one of us who had any sense would have read it through in a couple of days. Instead of this, however, it was divided into ten-page "takes," and we recited these to Edward Tyrrell Channing. His name is less remembered now than that of his distinguished brother, William Ellery Channing, except by his pupils. His college pupils always speak of him with enthusiasm, love, and gratitude. I once heard it said, by a person competent to judge, that Harvard College had trained the only men in America who could write the English language, and that its ability to do this began with the year 1819, and ended with the year 1851. The same person added that whoever chose to look on the college catalogue would see that those were the years when Edward Tyrrell Channing began and ended his career as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric

and Oratory. This was said thirty years ago.

We read Whately with him, but this meant that he carried on a running commentary on the text, and made it more interesting, even, than Whately made it. Whately, be it observed, had written the book as a contribution to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and it has a certain freshness and "go" about it which it probably would not have had, had it been written for a textbook for learners.

We anticipated that exercise with Channing as we should have done an agreeable hour's conversation with any person whom we knew to be our superior. Beside this, we had to write a theme for his examination once a fortnight. His method here was different from what I have seen anywhere else, unless one of his own pupils conducted the exercise. He gave out a subject. It was one which supposed some knowledge on our part of matters of literature or of life which very frequently we did not have; but the subject was given in time for us to get a superficial acquaintance with it. For instance, our first theme was *The Descriptions of Winter* as given by the Poets or Others. I remember perfectly well that I went into the college library, pulled down three or four books of poems at which I had never looked before, and turned up such descriptions of winter as I could find. I had never read Cowper's *Winter Walk* before. As Mr. Adams, in his amusing report, has lately shown, the average college boy is, at his entrance, absolutely powerless in writing English. The stuff which most of us wrote in those first themes was enough to make even optimistic angels weep. At least I am sure it was so with mine. But, such as it was, we carried it in at three o'clock on alternate Friday afternoons. Poor Channing kept the themes a fortnight, and at the end of that fortnight we carried in the next theme. Observe, we had had the subject for a full fortnight

before we had to carry the theme in. You sat down in the recitation-room, and were called man by man, or boy by boy, in the order in which you came into the room; you therefore heard his criticism on each of your predecessors.

"Why do you write with blue ink on blue paper? When I was young, we wrote with black ink on white paper; now you write with blue ink on blue paper."

"Hale, you do not mean to say that you think a Grub Street hack is the superior of John Milton?"

Everything was said with perfect kindness, though generally with some sharp epigram which called everybody's attention and made everybody remember. And if you had said a decent thing, or thought any thought that was in the least above the mud, he was so sympathetic. Poor dear man! to read these acres of trash must have been dispiriting. Half a century afterwards, when I was an overseer, the president of the time said to me, "You cannot get people to read themes for many years together." I said, "I thank God every day of my life that Ned Channing was willing to read themes for thirty-two years." The upshot of it was that we came out with at least some mechanical knowledge of the mechanical method of handling the English language. And one is glad to say that Channing had pupils who were not foemen, but friends. Dear Sam Longfellow, who has just now died, always had the highest mark, or came within one of the highest mark. He seemed born to think well, and to feel purely, and to write English. What a joy it must have been to Ned Channing to come out upon one of his themes! Did he leave it for the last in the parcel, or did he pick it out to be read first of all?

I have spoken of Bachi, the teacher of Italian, a gentleman who died without leaving any literary work to be preserved on catalogues, and who will not, therefore, get into any history of the

men of letters of his time. There was said to be some mystery attending him, or we boys thought so; very likely there was really none. But what we knew was that here was a charming, well-educated gentleman, who was willing to be our friend, and who made us at ease and at home in the resources of Italian literature. The recitation-room, barrack though it was in all external fixtures, as at that time every recitation-room in Cambridge was, excepting the one which I have described, was, like that, a place of meeting of intelligent young men, who had one leader whose subject was given him for an hour. That subject was the Italian language and Italian literature. Before the college course was over, Longfellow read, nominally as lectures, the whole of Dante with us, and we were well prepared for this by what we had read with Bachi. So that Bachi is another of the names which I hold in respect and honor since college days.

Our intimacy with the president, Josiah Quincy, as I look back upon it, seems to me to have been very curious. Here he was, one of the fine old fighters of twenty years before. There were vague rumors from our fathers of his tilts with John Randolph, of his defiance of Jefferson, and the rest, which made us boys understand how important a person he had been in the political history of the world. But he was at this time more than sixty years old, for he was born in 1772. One of the toasts at a Phi Beta dinner was, "Harvard College a fortunate legatee: in the loss of ten thousand dollars she gained a president." This meant that when Josiah Quincy, Jr., so called, then the orator of the opening Revolution, died, he left ten thousand dollars to the college if his son died in infancy. The son did not die in infancy; he lived to harass Jefferson and the South, and bring to the civil war, which was impending even in 1807, his memories of congressional conflict. It had been thought that Dr.

Kirkland, the last president, was lacking in what is called executive ability. Josiah Quincy was the first layman, I think, who was ever chosen president of Harvard College, and he brought to the college the same vigor of administration by which he had given dignity to the mayor's chair of the city of Boston.

But, as I have intimated, he had that passion for attending to details which is the bane of great executive officers, particularly when they have unpractical people around them. And with all this theory of a regent, a tutor for each class, a proctor for each entry, and so on, and so on, — a condition inherited from the past, — Mr. Quincy, in practice, attended to almost the whole discipline of the college affairs. We were "entitled" to two Sundays at home in every term. I, who hated the whole machinery of Cambridge, inevitably applied for my first Sunday on the fourth Sunday of the term. It was not thought decent to apply earlier. I applied for my second on the eighth or ninth, and this used up all I could have for thirteen weeks. This meant that I actually went round on Saturday morning to his study and had a personal conversation with him. Sometimes he called me "Everett," and sometimes "Hale." He never knew who I was until I had told him my name. Frequently he told the same story he had told me before, but the conversation was always amicable. He gave me a permit in writing, which then I carried and dropped into somebody's box, I think.

His wife was then living, and his daughters, to whom the world has since been indebted for many literary memoranda. They were all most courteous in their hospitalities, and always begged us to call; but, for reasons best known to us (I cannot now conceive what they were), we hardly ever did. I remember, in a Sunday evening call there, once, Mr. Quincy said that, in his childhood, white bread was known in his mother's family only as a luxury, somewhat as plum

cake might be regarded by a boy to-day; and that the regular food of the family was always the brown bread of New England, "rye and Indian." This remark seems to me now of interest, because the Quineys were a family as well to do as any in eastern Massachusetts.

The president was always at chapel, morning and evening, sitting in his own pew. But, as he was a layman, it was not thought proper that he should lead in the religious service. This was conducted by two of the gentlemen of the theological school in turn, Dr. Henry Ware and Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. The Sunday services were entrusted to these two gentlemen and Dr. Palfrey, whom we were very fond of, and were always glad to hear. Chapel was at six o'clock in the morning till winter came, and then, indeed, as early as it could be without lighting the candles. Till the very year when I entered college, the chapel was sometimes lighted by candles in the evening. But on one particular occasion the tops of the candles had been cut off by some adventurous undergraduate, and a slip of incombustible matter put in beneath, before the top was restored; so that when the service began each candle in turn went out, — with one exception, where the cut had been made a little too low. Twenty hats were thrown at it, but none of them hit; and from that one light the janitor walked round and relighted the other candles, and the service proceeded. This adventure was not favorable to devotion, and the hint given was taken. After that, prayers were by daylight, so that in the middle of winter we would not go to chapel in the morning till half past seven, and in the afternoon went as early as twenty minutes past four. As supper followed hard on evening chapel, the result was, that from our repast of bread and butter, eaten before five, we waited till twenty minutes of eight in the morning before we had any more food, un-

less we provided ourselves from our own stores.

There was a course of lectures given by an accomplished Boston physician, Dr. John Ware, on the means of preserving health. We seniors were ordered to attend it, and did attend it. I remember some cynic said it was after our constitutions had been broken down, and that we ought to have heard it when we were freshmen. But in those days there was curiously little knowledge of the absolute connection between body and mind, and utter indifference to it. My excellent friend Dr. Muzzey, who was ten years before me in college, told me that he had never heard that physical exercise was necessary for the human constitution when he entered there. He said that, in consequence, he hardly ever left the college yard, being eagerly devoted to his studies; and that in his senior year he broke down with dyspepsia, from which he had suffered till old age, because nobody had ever told him, while there was yet any good in telling, that a man who engaged in literary study needed daily physical exercise. We knew enough to be aware that we must take a constitutional walk every day. The term "constitutional" was in a manner synonymous with a walk to Mount Auburn gate and back again. But, generally speaking, the constitutional gave way to either skating, or playing cricket, baseball, or football. These games were played with no reference to the modern elaborateness of system. Boats were prohibited absolutely, under the general rule, as the boys said, that no one might "keep a horse, dog, or other animal." The river was tempting, of course, but nobody was permitted to row upon it. We could swim, however; and the Cambridge of to-day would be shocked if it knew how often men undressed in their rooms, and walked down to the river with no other costume than a greatcoat and a pair of boots.

Edward E. Hale.

WORDS.

"Do you read the dictionary?" asked M. Théophile Gautier of a young and ardent disciple who had come to him for counsel. "It is the most fruitful and interesting of books. Words have an individual and a relative value. They should be chosen before being placed in position. This word is a mere pebble; that, a fine pearl or an amethyst. In art the handicraft is everything, and the absolute distinction of the artist lies not so much in his capacity to feel nature as in his power to render it."

We are always pleased to have a wholesome truth presented to us with such genial vivacity, so that we may feel ourselves less edified than diverted, and learn our lesson without the mortifying consciousness of ignorance. He is a wise preceptor who conceals from us his awful rod of office, and grafts his knowledge dexterously upon our self-esteem.

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

An appreciation of words is so rare that everybody naturally thinks he possesses it, and this universal sentiment results in the misuse of a material whose beauty enriches the loving student beyond the dreams of avarice. Musicians know the value of chords; painters know the value of colors; writers are often so blind to the value of words that they are content with a bare expression of their thoughts, disdaining the "labor of the file," and confident that the phrase first seized is for them the phrase of inspiration. They exaggerate the importance of what they have to say, — lacking which we should be none the poorer, — and underrate the importance of saying it in such fashion that we may welcome its very moderate significance. It is in the habitual and summary recognition of the laws of

language that scholarship delights, says Mr. Pater; and while the impatient thinker, eager only to impart his views, regards these laws as a restriction, the true artist finds in them an opportunity, and rejoices, as Goethe rejoiced, to work within conditions and limits.

For every sentence that may be penned or spoken the right words exist. They lie concealed in the inexhaustible wealth of a vocabulary enriched by centuries of noble thought and delicate manipulation. He who does not find them and fit them into place, who accepts the first phrase which presents itself rather than search for the expression which accurately and beautifully embodies his meaning, aspires to mediocrity, and is content with failure. The exquisite adjustment of a word to its significance, which was the instrument of Flaubert's daily martyrdom and daily triumph; the generous sympathy of a word with its surroundings, which was the secret wrung by Sir Thomas Browne from the mysteries of language, — these are the twin perfections which constitute style and substantiate genius. Cardinal Newman also possesses in an extraordinary degree Flaubert's art of fitting his words to the exact thoughts they are designed to convey. Such a brief sentence as "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt" reveals with pregnant simplicity the mental attitude of the writer. Sir Thomas Browne, working under fewer restraints, and without the severity of intellectual discipline, harmonizes each musical syllable into a prose of leisurely sweetness and sonorous strength. "Court not felicity too far, and weary not the favorable hand of fortune." "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." "The race of delight is short, and pleasures have mutable faces." Such sentences, woven

with curious skill from the rich fabric of seventeenth-century English, defy the wreckage of time. In them a gentle dignity of thought finds its appropriate expression, and the restfulness of an unvexed mind breathes its quiet beauty into each cadenced line. Here are no "boisterous metaphors," such as Dryden scorned, to give undue emphasis at every turn, and amaze the careless reader with the cheap delights of turbulence. Here is no trace of that "full habit of speech," hateful to Mr. Arnold's soul, and which in the ages to come was to be the gift of journalism to literature.

The felicitous choice of words, which with most writers is the result of severe study and unswerving vigilance, seems with a favored few—who should be envied, and not imitated—to be the genuine fruit of inspiration, as though caprice itself could not lead them far astray. Shelley's letters and prose papers teem with sentences in which the beautiful words are sufficient satisfaction in themselves, and of more value than the conclusions they reveal. They have a haunting sweetness, a pure perfection, which makes the act of reading them a sustained and dullest pleasure. Sometimes this effect is produced by a few simple terms reiterated into lingering music. "We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life." Sometimes a clearer note is struck with the sure and delicate touch which is the excellence of art. "For the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." The substitution of the word "glow" for "brightness" would, I think, make this sentence extremely beautiful. If it lacks the fullness and melody of those incomparable passages in which Burke, the great master of words, rivets our admiration forever, it has the same peculiar and lasting hold

upon our imaginations and our memories. Once read, we can no more forget its charm than we can forget "that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound," or the mournful cadence of regret over virtues deemed superfluous in an age of strictly iconoclastic progress. "Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." It is the fashion at present to subtly depreciate Burke's power by some patronizing allusion to the "grand style,"—a phrase which, except when applied to Milton, appears to hold in solution an undefined and undefinable reproach. But until we can produce something better, or something as good, those "long savorious Latin words," checked and vivified by "raey Saxon monosyllables," must still represent an excellence which it is easier to belittle than to emulate.

It is strange that our chilling disapprobation of what we are prone to call "fine writing" melts into genial applause over the freakish perversity so dear to modern unrest. We look askance upon such an old-time master of his craft as the Opium-Eater, and require to be told by a clear-headed, unenthusiastic critic like Mr. George Saintsbury that the balanced harmony of De Quincey's style is obtained often by the use of extremely simple words couched in the clearest imaginable form. Place by the side of Mr. Pater's picture of Monna Lisa—too well known to need quotation—De Quincey's equally famous description of Our Lady of Darkness. Both passages are as beautiful as words can make them, but the gift of simplicity is in the hands of the older writer. Or take the single sentence which describes for us the mystery of Our Lady of Sighs: "And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would

be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium." Here, as Mr. Saintsbury justly points out, are no needless adjectives, no unusual or extravagant words. The sense is adequate to the sound, and the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. We are not perplexed and startled, as when Browning introduces us to

"the Tyrrhene whelk's pearl-sheeted lip,"
or to a woman's

"morbid, olive, faultless shoulder-blades."

We are not irritated and confused, as when Carlyle — whose misdeeds, like those of Browning, are matters of pure volition — is pleased, for our sharper discipline, to write "like a comet inscribing with its tail." No man uses words more admirably, or abuses them more shamefully, than Carlyle. That he should delight in seeing his pages studded all over with such spikes as "mammonism," "flunkeyhood," "nonentity," and "simulacrum," that he should repeat them again and again with unwearying self-content, is an enigma that defies solution, save on the simple presumption that they are designed, like other instruments of torture, to test the fortitude of the sufferer. It is best to scramble over them as bravely as we can, and forget our scars in the enjoyment of those vivid and matchless pictures, in which each word plays its part, and supplies its share of outline and emphasis to the scene. The art that can dictate such a brief bit of description as "little red-colored pulpy infants" is the art of a Dutch master who, on five inches of canvas, depicts for us with subdued vehemence the absolute realities of life.

"All freaks," remarks Mr. Arnold, "tend to impair the beauty and power of language;" yet so prone are we to confuse the bizarre with the picturesque that at present a great deal of English literature resembles a linguistic museum,

where every type of monstrosity is cheerfully exhibited and admired. Writers of splendid capacity, of undeniable originality and force, are not ashamed to add their curios to the group, either from sheer impatience of restraint, or, as I sometimes think, from a grim and perverted sense of humor, which is enlivened by noting how far they can venture beyond bounds. When Mr. George Meredith is pleased to tell us that one of his characters "neighed a laugh," that another "toll'd her naughty head," that a third "stamped; her aspect spat," and that a fourth was discovered "pluming a smile upon his succulent mouth," we cannot smother a dawning suspicion that he is diverting himself at our expense, and pluming a smile of his own, rather sapless than succulent, over the naive simplicity of the public. Perhaps it is a yearning after subtlety more than a spirit of uncurbed humor which prompts Vernon Lee to describe for us Carlo's "dark Renaissance face perplexed with an incipient laugh;" but really a very interesting and improving little paper might be written on the extraordinary laughs and smiles which cheer the somewhat saturnine pages of modern analytic fiction. "Correctness, that humble merit of prose," has been snubbed into a recognition of her insignificance. She is as tame as a woman with only one head and two arms amid her more striking and more richly endowed sisters in the museum.

"A language long employed by a delicate and critical society," says Mr. Walter Bagehot, "is a treasure of dexterous felicities;" and to awaken the literary conscience to its forgotten duty of guarding this treasure is the avowed vocation of Mr. Pater, and of another stylist, less understood and less appreciated, Mr. Oscar Wilde. Their labors are scantily rewarded in an age which has but little instinct for form, and which habitually allows itself the utmost license of phraseology. That "unblest freedom

from restraint," which to the clear-eyed Greeks appeared diametrically opposed to a wise and well-ordered liberty, and which finds its amplest expression in the poems of Walt Whitman, has dazzled us only to betray. The emancipation of the savage is sufficiently comprehensive, but his privileges are not always as valuable as they may at first sight appear. Mr. Brownell, in his admirable volume on French Traits, unhesitatingly defines Whitman's slang as "the riotous medium of the under-languaged;" and the reproach is not too harsh nor too severe. Even Mr. G. C. Macaulay, one of the most acute and enthusiastic of his English critics, admits sadly that it is "gutter slang," equally purposeless and indefensible. That a man who held within himself the elements of greatness should have deliberately lessened the force of his life's work by a willful misuse of his material is one of those bitter and irremediable errors which sanity forever deplores. We are inevitably repelled by the employment of trivial or vulgar words in serious poetry, and they become doubly offensive when brought into relation with the beauty and majesty of nature. It is neither pleasant nor profitable to hear the sun's rays described as

"scotching obliquely high and low."

It is still less satisfactory to have the universe addressed in this convivial and burlesque fashion:—

"Earth, you seem to look for something at my hands;

Say, old Topknot, what do you want?"

There is a kind of humourousness which a true sense of humor would render impossible; there is a species of originality from which the artist shrinks aghast; and worse than mere vulgarity is the constant employment of words indecorous in themselves, and irreverent in their application,—the smirching of clean and noble things with adjectives grossly unfitted for such use, and repellent to all the canons of good taste. This is

not the "gentle pressure" which Sophocles put upon common words to wring from them a fresh significance; it is a deliberate abuse of terms, and betrays a lack of that fine quality of self-repression which embraces the power of selection, and is the best characteristic of literary morality. "Oh for the style of honest men!" sighs Sainte-Beuve, sick of such unreserved disclosures; "of men who have revered everything worthy of respect, whose innate feelings have ever been governed by the principles of good taste. Oh for the polished, pure, and moderate writers!"

There is a pitiless French maxim, less popular with English and Americans than with our Gallic neighbors,—"*Le secret d'ennuyer est de tout dire.*" Mr. Pater indeed expresses the same thought in ampler English fashion (which but emphasizes the superiority of the French) when he says, "For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone." That the literary artist tests his skill by a masterly omission of all that is better left unsaid is a truth widely admitted and scantily utilized. Authors who have not taken the trouble *de faire leur toilette* admit us with painful frankness into their dressing-rooms, and suffer us to gaze more intimately than is agreeable to us upon the dubious mysteries of their *deshabille*. Authors who have the gift of continuity disregard with insistent generosity the limits of time and patience. What a noble poem was lost to myriads of readers when *The Ring* and *The Book* reached its twenty thousandth line! How inexorable is the tyranny of a great and powerful poet who will spare his readers nothing! Authors who are indifferent to the beauties of reserve charge down upon us with a dreadful

impetuosity from which there is no escape. The strength that lies in delicacy, "the chasteness of style which does not abandon itself to every impulse," are qualities ill understood by men who subordinate taste to fervor, and whose words, coarse, rank, or unctuous, betray the undisciplined intellect that mistakes passion for power. "The language of poets," says Shelley, "has always affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry;" and it is the sustained effort to secure this balanced harmony, this magnificent work within limits, which constitutes the achievement of the poet, and gives beauty and dignity to his art. "Where is the man who can flatter himself that he knows the language of prose, if he has not assiduously practiced himself in that of poetry?" asks M. Francisque Sarcey, whose requirements are needlessly exacting, but whose views would have been cordially indorsed by at least one great master of English. Dryden always maintained that the admirable quality of his prose was due to his long training in a somewhat mechanical verse. A more modern and diverting approximation of M. Sarcey's views may be found in the robust statement of Benjamin Franklin: "I approved, for my part, the amusing one's self now and then with poetry, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther." What a pity it is that people are not always born in the right generation! What a delicious picture is presented to our fancy of a nineteenth-century Franklin amusing himself and improving his language by an occasional study of Sor-dello!

The absolute mastery of words, which is the prerogative of genius, can never be acquired by painstaking or revealed to criticism. Mr. Lowell, pondering deeply on the subject, has devoted whole pages to a scholarly analysis of the causes which assisted Shakespeare to his unapproached and unapproachable vocabu-

lary. The English language was then, Mr. Lowell reminds us, a living thing, "hot from the hearts and brains of a people; not hardened yet, but moltenly ductile to new shapes of sharp and clear relief in the moulds of new thought. Shakespeare found words ready to his use, original and untarnished, types of thought whose edges were unworn by repeated impressions. . . . No arbitrary line had been drawn between high words and low; vulgar then meant simply what was common; poetry had not been alienated from the people by the establishment of an Upper House of vocables. The conception of the poet had no time to cool while he was debating the comparative respectability of this phrase or that; but he snatched what word his instinct prompted, and saw no indiscretion in making a king speak as his country nurse might have taught him."

It is a curious thing, however, that the more we try to account for the miracles of genius, the more miraculous they grow. We can never hope to understand the secret of Homer's style. It is best to agree simply with Mr. Pater: "Homer was always saying things in this manner." We can never know how Keats came to write,

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim," or those other lines, perhaps the most beautiful in our language,

"Magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

It is all a mystery, hidden from the uninspired, and Mr. Lowell's clean-built scaffolding, while it helps us to a comprehensive enjoyment of Shakespeare, leaves us dumb and amazed before the concentrated splendor of a single line,—

"In cradle of the rude, imperious surge."

There is only one way to fathom its conception. The great waves reared their foamy heads, and whispered him the words.

The richness of Elizabethan English, the freedom and delight with which men sounded and explored the charming

intricacies of a tongue that was expanding daily into fresh majesty and beauty, must have given to literature some of the allurements of navigation. Mariners sailed away upon stormy seas, on strange, half-hinted errands, haunted by the shadow of glory, dazzled by the lustre of wealth. Scholars ventured far upon the unknown ocean of letters, haunted by the seductions of prose, dazzled by the fairness of verse. They brought back curious spoils, gaudy, subtle, sumptuous, according to the taste or potency of the discoverer. Their words have often a mingled weight and sweetness, whether conveying briefly a single thought, like Burton's "touched with the loadstone of love," or adding strength and lustre to the ample delineations of Ben Jonson. "Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honors, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth." Bacon's admirable conciseness, in which nothing is disregarded, but where every word carries its proper value and expresses its exact significance, is equaled only by Cardinal Newman. "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and study an exact man," says Bacon; and this simple accuracy of definition reminds us inevitably of the lucid terseness with which every sentence of the *Apologia* reveals the thought it holds. "The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the wisest economy is to have no management; the best prudence is not to be a coward." As for the *naïveté* and the picturesqueness which lend such inexpressible charm to the earlier writers and atone for so many of their misdeeds, what can be more agreeable than to hear Sir Walter Raleigh remark with cheerful ingenuousness, "Some of our captaines garoused of wine till they were reasonable pleasant"! — a most engaging way of narrating a not altogether uncommon occurrence. And what can be more win-

ning to the ear than the simple grace with which Roger Ascham writes of familiar things: "In the whole year, Spring-time, Summer, Fall of the Leaf, and Winter; and in one day, Morning, Noon-time, Afternoon, and Eventide, altereth the course of the weather, the pith of the bow, the strength of the man"! It seems an easy thing to say "fall of the leaf" for fall, and "eventide" for evening, but in such easy things lies the subtle beauty of language; in the rejection of such nice distinctions lies the barrenness of common speech. We can hardly spare the time, in these hurried days, to speak of the fall of the leaf, to use four words where one would suffice, merely because the four words have a graceful significance, and the one word has none; and so, even in composition, this finely colored phrase, with its hint of russet, wind-swept woods, is lost to us forever. Yet compare with it the line which Lord Tennyson, that great master of beautiful words, puts into Marian's song: —

"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year;
But come, come!"

How tame and gray is the idiom which conveys a fact, which defines a season, but suggests nothing to our imaginations, by the side of the idiom which brings swiftly before our eyes the brilliant desolation of autumn!

The narrow vocabulary which is the conversational freehold of people whose education should have provided them a broader field admits of little that is picturesque or forcible, and of less that is finely graded or delicately conceived. Ordinary conversation appears to consist mainly of "ands," "buts," and "thes," with an occasional "well" to give a flavor of nationality, a "yes" or "no" to stand for individual sentiment, and a few wildly exaggerated terms to destroy value and perspective. Is this, one wonders, the "treasure of dexterous felicities" which Mr. Bagehot contemplated

with such delight, and which a critical society is destined to preserve flawless and uncontaminated? Is this the "heroic utterance," the great "mother tongue," possessing which we all become — or so Mr. Sydney Dobell assures us —

"Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,

Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as
Spenser's dream"?

Is this the element whose beauty excites Mr. Oscar Wilde to such rapturous and finely worded praise, — praise which awakens in us a noble emulation to prove what we can accomplish with a medium at once so sumptuous and so flexible? "For the material that painter or sculptor uses is meagre in comparison with language," says Mr. Wilde. "Words have not merely music as sweet as that of viol and lute, color as rich and vivid as any that makes lovely for us the canvas of the Venetian or the Spaniard, and plastic form no less sure and certain than that which reveals itself in marble or in bronze; but thought and passion and spirituality are theirs, also, are theirs indeed alone. If the Greeks had criticised nothing but language, they would still have been the great art critics of the world. To know the principles of the highest art is to know the principles of all the arts."

This is not claiming too much, for in truth Mr. Wilde is sufficiently well equipped to illustrate his claim. If his sentences are sometimes overloaded with ornament, the decorations are gold, not tinsel; if his vocabulary is gorgeous, it is never glaring; if his allusions are fanciful, they are controlled and subdued into moderation. Take, for instance, this really beautiful description of morning, noon, and night as they have been revealed to us in art, and mark how subtly the words correspond to the contrasting scenes they portray: "It is always dawn for St. Helena, as Veronese saw her at the window. Through the still morning

air the angels bring her the symbol of God's pain. The cool breezes lift the gold threads from her brow. On that little hill by the city of Florence, where the lovers of Giorgione are lying, it is always the solstice of noon, — of noon made so languorous by summer suns that hardly can the slim girl dip into the marble tank the round bubble of clear glass, and the long fingers of the lute-player rest idly upon the chords. It is twilight always for the dancing nymphs whom Corot set free among the silver poplars of France. In eternal twilight they move, those frail diaphanous figures, whose tremulous white feet seem not to touch the dew-drenched grass they tread on."

Even the inevitable and swiftly uttered reproach of "fine writing" cannot altogether blind us to the fact that these are beautiful words, — pearls and amethysts M. Gautier would call them, — aptly chosen, and fitted into place with the careful skill of a goldsmith. They are free, moreover, from that vice of unexpectedness which is part of fine writing, and which Mr. Saintsbury finds so prevalent among the literary workers of to-day; the desire to surprise us by some new and profoundly irrelevant application of a familiar word. The "veracity" of a bar of music, the finely executed "passage" of a marble chimney-piece, the "andante" of a sonnet, and the curious statement, commonly applied to Mr. Gladstone, that he is "part of the conscience of a nation," — these are the vagaries which to Mr. Saintsbury, and to every other student of words, appear so manifestly discouraging. Mr. James Payn tells a pleasant story of an æsthetic sideboard which was described to him as having a Chippendale feeling about it, before which touching conceit the ever famous "fringes of the north star" pale into insignificance. A recent editor of Shelley's letters and essays says with seeming seriousness, in his preface, that the Witch of Atlas is a "characteristic outcome," an "exquisite mouse of

fancy brought forth by what mountain of Shelleyan imagination"! Now, when a careful student and a truly appreciative reader can bring himself to speak of a poem as a "mouse of fancy," merely for the sake of forcing a conceit, and con-

fronting us with the perils of the unexpected, it is time we turned soberly back to first principles and to our dictionaries; it is time we listened anew to M. Gautier's advice, and studied the value of words.

Agnes Repplier.

AN ENGLISH FAMILY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MACAULAY'S "famous chapter" on the state of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century was written with the object of "placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." But able and entertaining as it is, it cannot be accepted as an adequate fulfillment of this purpose. No description of manners, customs, and ideas, dissociated from the personalities to which they adhered, will constitute a picture of life. When thus presented, they lack the vitalizing property which gave them their essential significance. They strike us as curiosities rather than as characteristics, for the underlying identity of human nature is left unrevealed. To get a vivid conception of the life of a people remote from us in time or space, we must have a full portrayal of some typical lives, — must see not only the conditions of existence, but its inner workings. Mere antiquarianism does nothing for us here. Nor can history, when it keeps within its proper limits, supply the need; for it deals with the play of world forces and dominating influences, with individuals in their public capacities, and with a people in its collective concerns and activities. Even imaginative literature fails to meet the exact requirements. It goes as much too far beyond the scope as history falls short of it. It masks the real with a fictitious world. It transfigures and embellishes. Its pictures, however true in essentials, are composed in accordance

with æsthetic principles, and have the gratification of the æsthetic sense as their ultimate object. It "palters with us in a double sense," giving to reality the effect of illusion, and to illusion the effect of reality. In a word, it is art, — "an art which does mend nature, change it rather;" and, for the purpose in view, we prefer, with Perdita, the products of "great creating Nature" in their rude simplicity. The one sufficient medium of the revelation we are seeking for is biography, or rather the material of biography, — the correspondence, the diaries, the authentic record in whatever form in which character betrays itself unconsciously, and its concomitants present themselves incidentally, neither being exhibited of set purpose or with any ulterior aim. This alone corresponds to and supplies the place of personal observation and experience in regard to the complex of activities and relations that constitutes life. Here there is no cicerone to distract us with his explanations, no allegorist to beguile us with his interpretations. We are left free to study and gain insight for ourselves. And how quickly do we become accustomed to these new surroundings; how soon is the sense of difference lost in the recognition of an essential identity! Strangeness, curiosity, repugnance, are succeeded by familiarity, comprehension, sympathy; and if the interest awakened be less intense, less exalted, than the drama or the novel is capable of inspiring, it has the

poignancy peculiar to emotions excited by immediate presence and contact.

Revelations of this kind are, unfortunately, rare. Accident alone has generally preserved such material as lack of appreciation consigned to destruction, — exactly the reverse of what has usually been the case with artistic productions. Posterity will apparently have little cause to complain of our course in this respect, except perhaps as over-zealous and indiscriminate in handing in our documents. But it was the eighteenth century, the age of dormant imagination and lively curiosity, which gave the first impetus in this direction. It was then that biography was first elaborated and raised to the dignity of a distinct branch of literature, and that contemporaneous private letters, journals, and ana were carefully husbanded and collected for publication. It was then, also, that the archives of earlier periods began to be ransacked with the same object, and that long-forgotten records leaped to life, and gave up secrets unsuspected or unvalued by previous explorers. The most important of these contributions to the knowledge of a bygone time were the Paston Letters, giving the self-delineation of a family circle and group of neighbors during the Wars of the Roses, made vivid by minute detail and unreserved utterance, and rendered more striking by the inclusion of some figures which history and Shakespeare had depicted under a semi-mythical aspect, in singular contrast with the realism of these inartistic disclosures. And now we have presented to us a similar collection relating to a later period of civil strife, — another little ark floating safely on the billows, and carrying a not less precious freight.¹ If the Paston Letters have a higher value from the historical point of view, this is only because the events of the fifteenth century are more

obscure than those of the seventeenth, so that all the side-lights thrown upon them are doubly welcome. The information of this kind given in the Verney papers is even more abundant, but it is less indispensable. Copious details of private life and manners are to be found in both collections; but the greater urbanity of the later period, the general superiority of the Verneys to the Pastons in the finer traits of character, and the deeper interest which attaches to the personal fortunes of several of them lend a charm to the story which is conspicuously lacking in the earlier publication. In the present case, it is true, we have only selections from an enormous mass of material, interwoven with an explanatory narrative; but they embody, apparently, all that was necessary to give both the lights and the shades of the picture, and they are reproduced in their original garb as far as regards the spelling, which, being in most instances purely phonetic, not only represents a vast variety of discarded forms, but affords information as to the prevalent modes of pronunciation. Lady Verney, who spent the last invalid years of her life in assorting, deciphering, and editing this correspondence, was fitted for the task by her studious and critical habit of mind and her proved literary ability not less than by her loving interest in the scenes and personages of what may be called a domestic episode in a great historical drama.

The manor house of Claydon, Buckinghamshire, the home of the Verneys during several centuries, has been so transmogrified by additions and alterations that only the form of the building erected in the reign of Henry VII. can now be traced. But thirty years ago, a portion of it, still intact, furnished a curious example of the ancient disregard or ignorance of what seem to us the

¹ *Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War.* Compiled from the Letters and illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House.

By FRANCES PARTHENOPE VERNEY. Two volumes. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

simplest and most obvious methods of arrangement in the construction of a dwelling-house. This central narrow part, joining two wider blocks, consisted of two rows of rooms back to back, with no passage except through each entire suite. "None of the walls were at right angles; the floors rose and fell again in the same room to a difference of three or four inches in the same level; it was like walking over a ridge in a ploughed field." The ampler wings may be supposed to have been more conveniently planned. There would seem, at all events, to have been no lack of the adjuncts and appurtenances rendered necessary by the conditions of housekeeping in ages when a large establishment was chiefly dependent on itself for all that it consumed, and concentrated in its buildings and grounds occupations that are now distributed over a wide population. "The mill-house, the slaughter-house, the blacksmiths', carpenters', and painters' shops, the malting and brew house, the wood-yard full of large and small timber, the sawpit, the outhouses full of all sorts of odds and ends of stone, iron, bits of marble, carved woodwork, and logs cut for burning, the riding-house, the laundry, the dairy with a large churn turned by a horse, the stalls and styes, . . . the apple and root chambers," the dovecotes and fish ponds, were as necessary complements of the fields, the pastures, and the woodlands as the barns, the cattle, and the farming implements. The weaving was carried on in the cottages of the village, but within the great house itself there were incessant spinning of wool and flax, embroidering, distilling, "preserving, conserving, candying, making syrups, jellies, beautifying washes, pomatum essences, and other such secrets," in addition to the more commonplace labor of the cooks, the seamstresses, and a host of man-servants and maid-servants. Storerooms and closets were filled with the accumulated products of household industry, and the gowns and other arti-

cles of female apparel, the sheets and bed furniture in general, were too costly and too durable lightly to be cast aside, and usually descended, by special bequest, from one generation to another. One may say, indeed, in general, that most of the earliest appliances of comfort were necessarily of the nature of luxury or ornament. Fur was worn before corduroy and velvet before cotton, and the walls of rooms were wainscoted or tapestried before the cheaper inventions of plastering and papering were applied to them. One feature, now entirely obsolete, of many old English mansions was discovered at Claydon, when repairs were making, thirty years ago. In the central chimney was a hiding-place, the existence of which, being known, as usual, only to the successive heirs of the property, had been in time forgotten. It was a dark chamber, capable of containing ten men standing upright, masked by a blind passage in the middle story, and communicating by a secret stairway and concealed door with the muniment room at the top of the house. The latter apartment, a wainscoted gallery forty feet long, was the receptacle of deeds, charters, rent-rolls, and similar documents, early editions of plays, copies of the manuscript "newes letters" which preceded the printed newspaper, and piles of correspondence which some unknown utilitarian investigator had labeled "private letters, of no value," but which a later and more discerning student was to appreciate more truly, and render a source of profit and pleasure to the world as well as to herself.

The genealogy of the Verneys goes back to the reign of King John, but first comes under distinct notice in the person of Sir Ralph Verney, the purchaser of Claydon, who was a merchant of London and lord mayor in 1465. This connection of the family with civic life and dignity seems, however, to have been merely temporary and accidental. Its normal position was that of the country

gentry, the class which, after the Wars of the Roses and the policy of the Tudors had thinned the ranks and crippled the power of the nobility, may be said to have constituted the backbone of the nation down to a recent period, and which nowhere shows to such advantage as in the history of the long struggle that ended in the overthrow of the Stuarts. The Verneys bore no conspicuous part in that contest; but it happens that in their case we have at once an excellent example of the typical qualities of their class, and a striking illustration of that conflict of sentiments and principles, of opposing claims and duties, which in every great crisis of this nature brings into play a cross-current, more trying to those who are caught in it, sometimes exciting a closer personal sympathy in those who watch the eddies it creates, than the broad and direct stream of influences and results. It is true that for the mass of the nation, and of the upper classes especially, a long experience of arbitrary encroachments was needed before the intense loyalty developed under the skillful rule and popular prestige of Elizabeth and her ministers gave way to a determined spirit of resistance. But those who took the lead in this revolt, the Eliots, Pymms, Hampdens, and others, had no such relations with the court as involved any wrench of personal affections or the solution of any questions of the private conscience before deciding on their course. Even among the ranks of the nobility there were not many who found themselves in this dilemma, and Falkland, who has been usually regarded as the most striking and pathetic example of the miseries of such a position, was the victim of the weakness of his nature rather than of the strength of his principles. A more typical and illustrative instance is to be found in the career of Sir Edmund Verney, knight marshal and standard bearer of Charles I., and from early youth one of his constant personal attendants, both at home and

abroad, but also the head of a house which, by all its affinities of station, kinship, and sentiment, seemed to be committed to the support of the parliamentary cause. In Sir Edmund's own character there was a mingling of the two strains which, viewed in the perspective of history, represent for us the totally opposite qualities and tendencies of Cavalier and Puritan, although their incompatibility did not become apparent until the actual rupture took place. Looking at him under one aspect, one might describe him briefly by the simple but emphatic old designation, "a gallant gentleman." Conspicuously brave, honorable, and warm-hearted, with a natural gayety of temperament, a sanguine disposition, and an inclination to profuse expenditure, not unbefitting his position, but tending to encumber his estate, he was popular both as a courtier and as a landlord, and beloved by his family, his friends, and his dependents. We find him constantly applied to for favors and good offices, while never soliciting any for himself. He does not petition the king for places or for emoluments, but, on the contrary, lends him a thousand pounds on very poor security. He is overwhelmed with commissions from his country neighbors. "The letters asking assistance of all kinds, from all sorts of men, fill whole portfolios." In particular, "friends of every degree appeal to him to find husbands and wives for their sons and daughters." He was no doubt ready and active in meeting all such demands, but his native goodness of heart is best evinced by his interest in the affairs of his cottagers and farmers, and his prompt attention to their needs and requests. In response to an application from one of them respecting some ash wood, he writes to his steward, "The poore old man offers to pay for it; tell him I cannot wright to him now, but that I have sent to you to lett him have that wood or any other wood to keepe him from coulede." All these traits were such as the spirit

of an older time, when presented in its ideals and its best examples, had fostered and developed. What had gone on in recent years was not a rooting up of the old stock, but a sedulous grafting upon it. A stricter code of morals, a simpler but sterner creed, a ritual from which all that was thought to savor of superstition and idolatry was banished, and the conviction that not only purity of life and of faith, but the independence of England and the liberties of her people, were bound up with the maintenance of the Protestant religion, — these formed an accumulated heritage of belief and practice, acquired by the valor and resolution of several generations, and still needing to be guarded against open or insidious aggressions. But courtly manners and festive celebrations, gay apparel, flowing hair, and joyful countenances, had not yet been discarded by those who held these principles, and the natural tendency of a peaceable development would have been towards a completer blending of what now appear to us irreconcilable characteristics of two different eras. There could be no better representative of the type of character formed under these influences before they were forced into opposite directions than the simple-hearted knight, Sir Edmund Verney, who is described in Lloyd's Memorials as "one of the strictness and piety of a Puritan, of the charity [that is, the free-handed almsgiving] of a Papist, of the civility of an Englishman; whose family the King his Master would say was the model he would propose to the gentlemen, whose carriage was such that he was called the only courtier that was not complained of."

So long as peace remained unbroken, such a man as this could pursue the even tenor of his way, giving his silent votes in the Commons in accordance with his honest convictions, while performing his functions in the ceremonials of the court, without misgivings as to his own consistency or the ultimate healing of the

breach between the Parliament and the king. Even a deeper vision might not have apprehended that the innovations or revivals of Laud — call them whichever we may, or think of them however we will — had driven a wedge into the social system which could not fail to split and rend it into discordant factions. In this, as in all such cases, the first clear perception of the situation came with the suddenness of a surprise to those who had been most active in bringing it about. Even the appeal to arms was made with almost equal confidence on each side that the bulk of the nation would rally to its support, and that the struggle would be short, and the victory speedy and complete. In this temper, the Parliament proceeded to organize an army by such methods as could be devised for the occasion, while Charles, following the precedents and traditions of feudal chivalry, prepared to "set up his standard," and summoned his knight marshal to bear his appropriate part in the ceremony. Here, then, was the great problem of the time pointing itself at poor Sir Edmund, and demanding an immediate solution. To disobey was to desert his king and master in the hour of need and peril, and to disown the obligations of his office. To comply was to abandon the friends to whom he was most attached; to separate himself from his eldest and best loved son, who had for years been his stay and support, the chief manager of his affairs, and his colleague in Parliament; worst of all, to draw his sword against a cause which he believed in his soul to be just and right. Never, surely, was an honest and guileless soul, with no motives of self-interest to throw into the scales, confronted with a crueler choice of alternatives. That he was, as described in a letter of this period, "a most sate man" we can well believe. But his decision was not long delayed, nor was it other than might have been expected. With such a nature, the point of honor must

perforce override all other considerations. In a conversation with Hyde, reported by the latter in his *Life*, he said, in answer to an exhortation to assume a more cheerful demeanor, "My condition is much worse than yours, and different, I believe, from any other man's, and will well justify the melancholick that I confess to you possesses me. You have satisfaction in your conscience that you are in the right; that the king ought not to grant what is required of him; and so you do your duty and your business together. But for my part, I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the king would yield and consent to what they desire; so that my conscience is only concerned in honour and gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; and choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to defend and preserve those things which are against my conscience to preserve and defend. For I will deal freely with you, I have no reverence for the Bishops, for whom this Quarrel subsists."

There was, in truth, as he well saw, but one escape from the false position in which he had become innocently or inadvertently entangled, — to do his *devoir* as became a true knight, and seek "deliverance" in the only way still open to him. His not to reason why, but only to do and die. The opportunity was not long in coming. Two months later, at Edgehill, he took his station in front of the centre of the royal army, and when the line was broken, and he was surrounded by assailants, refused to yield, holding the standard erect to the last, and leaving, it is reported, his lopped-off hand clinging tightly to the staff, when it was captured with his lifeless body.

His successor, Sir Ralph, known to students of history by his notes of the debates in the Long Parliament, was no unworthy scion of the stock. But while

generous, helpful, and affectionate, trustworthy in all his dealings, and almost painfully scrupulous in adherence to principle, he had a different temperament from his father's, — better balanced, perhaps, but less engaging. An excellent man of business and methodical in all his habits, he was naturally somewhat formal, and a little given to copious and ornate phraseology on occasions when one would have wished for the simplest and most direct utterance of emotions which were not the less evidently deep and sincere. Having taken his stand from the first on the side of the Parliament, with no counter engagements to violate in doing so, he might have been expected to go forward in happy freedom from any inward embarrassments or perplexities. But this was not to be. Within a year after his father's death he too found himself caught in the meshes of a case of conscience. The House of Commons having voted to adopt the Scottish Covenant, all the members were required to sign it, under penalty of the sequestration of their estates. Sir Ralph was one of the few who were unwilling to consent to the change in the form of church government which this measure involved. A short term of grace was allowed to those who absented themselves at the appointed time, and the arguments and persuasions employed in the interval were effectual with most of them. Nor is it probable that the ruin which threatened them in case of non-compliance was the chief motive in inducing their submission. A far stronger consideration was the anomalous and, as it might well seem, unworthy and unjustifiable position in which they would place themselves by separating from their party on grounds that did not allow of their passing over to the opposite camp, and thus remaining useless and idle at a time when it behooved every man to be active and earnest. Even in ordinary political contests we know how the man is looked upon who takes this course, open

desertion to the enemy being much less unfavorably viewed. In a crisis involving the safety of the country, the very existence of the common weal, such a position is tenfold more invidious. The case is well put in a letter to Sir Ralph from his cousin, Henry Parker: "In these publicke divisions, where religion and liberty are indangered, all men ought to adhere to that cause which is dictated to them to be y^e better and y^e more harmless by y^e light of nature and the most forcible indications of reason. No man can say that God has left him no part to act, nor no station to make good; and if some poor mechanick might plead himself to bee wholly unusefull and inconsiderable in these grand cases, yet you are apparently berrest of such excuses. You have an account to make to God, to y^e Country, to y^e Freinds, to y^e selfe, and y^e charge of that account wilbee high and valuable; and to thinke that you can exonerate all by saying you were dubious, and not satisfied in all particulars is most strange. Tis impossible y^t you should bee equilibrions in y^e maine or in y^e generality of y^e controversye, and if ether scale have but one od grayne in it to sway you, you are as much bounde to obey that sway as he is that has y^e strongest propension of judgment." But Sir Ralph, though he professed to entertain a very humble estimation of himself, and a strong desire to be guided by "better judgments," was the last man to yield to any reasoning which demanded the sacrifice of a single private scruple, and he came to the conclusion to escape from the pressure of solicitations and appeals which he could meet only with a formulated declaration of the claims of conscience. "I have resolved," he wrote, "to take a journey, and for a while to retire to some such place where I may have leasure enough to informe my judgment in such things wherein I am yet doubtinge." He had in fact determined to go into exile. Accordingly, having made such arrange-

ments as were feasible in regard to his affairs, and taking with him his wife and two of his children, he removed to France; settling first at Rouen, and afterwards at Blois, and passing many tedious years of inactivity and anxiety before he was permitted to return to his beloved home and familiar occupations.

Some brief mention must be made of Sir Edmund's other sons. The one who was named after his father had inherited his simple and gallant spirit, and, having already served in the army, responding with ardor and unquestioning loyalty to the call of his sovereign. When he learned that Ralph was taking the other side, he was as much shocked and grieved as if he had been wholly ignorant — which indeed is not unlikely to have been the case — of the causes of the war and the temper of the times. "I beseech you," he wrote, "consider that majesty is sacred; God sayth, 'Touch not myne anointed;' it troubled Davyd that he cutt but the lapp of Saul's garment." But when this letter and others remained unanswered, the fear that his brother was offended, and that their fraternal relations were in danger of being severed, led him to write again, in this nobler strain: "I beseech you let not our unfortunate silence breede the least distrust of each other's affections; although I would willingly loose my right hand that you had gone the other way, yet I will never consent that this dispute shall make a quarrell between us, there be too many to fight with besides ourselves. . . . Though I am tooth and nayle for the king's cause, and shall endure soe to the death whatsoever his fortune be, yet sweete brother let not this my opinion (for it is guyded by my conscience) nor any report which you can heare of me cause a diffidence of my true love to you." The fate of this fine young fellow is one of the saddest incidents in the family history. Most of his years of warfare were spent in Ireland, amid distractions

and miseries far exceeding those that befell England. There, almost at the outset of his career, he had fought against the rebels who were carrying slaughter and devastation throughout the country, and there he lost his life in the dreadful massacre at Drogheda, ordered by Cromwell in reprisal for those barbarities.

In strange contrast with these two brothers were Harry and Tom. The former did some scanty fighting for the king, with apparently equal willingness to do as much and as little for the Parliament, the only contests in which he took any strong personal interest being those of the race course. When Ralph was in his throes of conscience about the Covenant, Harry urged him, in the sporting phrase of the times, to "take the Pitt one way or other;" adding the wise assurance, which was true in a deeper sense than he conceived, that "non will be in soe sad a condition as those that stand newters." But a more conspicuous instance of the variety of character that distinguished the Verneys was Tom, the scapegrace of the family, and as amusing a specimen of the tribe as any that Thackeray or Trollope has depicted. In his own conception, he was a gifted and glorious creature, high-mettled and adventurous, yet profoundly sagacious and practical. He started in life with full confidence in his ability to win fortune and distinction in some enterprising career, if only the necessary equipment were provided. Many, in fact, were the outfits successively furnished, not with any belief in his vaunted powers of achievement, nor yet, as might be suspected, in the hope of getting rid of him forever; but whether as a planter in Virginia and Barbadoes, a soldier of fortune in France and Sweden, or in any other capacity and field of action, he gained nothing but experience, which, as in all such cases, proved an utterly valueless acquisition. The outbreak of the civil war might have been expected to give a decisive and corrective impulse to this bold but eccentric

spirit. It was not, however, till several months after the summons had gone forth that he made a pompous announcement to Ralph of his purpose to take the field. "My full resolution is to goe down to the king's army, about Wednesday next, and there to proffer my service to his Majesty, which I hope will not only be accepted of, but it may, if it shall pleas God to spare mee my life, be a fortune for me for ever. . . . Now I am noways able to goe unless you will be pleased either to lend me a hors or to give me a hors." Ralph would seem to have supplied the "hors" without any painful scruples about sending this reinforcement to the enemy's army, not expecting it, perhaps, to have any momentous results. If so, he judged rightly. A few weeks later, Tom had been brought back to London a prisoner, and was writing from the Fleet in his most magniloquent vein: "For what I have hitherto done, I will maintaine with my life that it is warrantable, . . . with this respect that I did alwayes maintaine that true Protestant religion which my father bred and brought me up in; next the king's prerogative, then the liberty of the subject, and last of all the just privileges of parliament." With so broad a "platform" of principles, a prowess so redoubtable, and an adherence to the "first law of nature" which was never at fault, Tom was pretty sure to steer his way victoriously through all the troubles of the time; and we are not surprised to hear that, despite the varied perils of his vagabond existence, including several marriages, he outlived all the rest of the large brood, dying triumphantly in 1707, at the age of ninety-two.

The women of the family, with one exception, are, it must be confessed, its least interesting members. Good Dame Margaret, Sir Edmund's wife, lived quietly at Claydon, bearing many children, superintending her household with patient care and diligence, and, happily

for herself, ending her days in 1641, unclouded by the shadow of fast-approaching calamities. Of her six daughters it is sufficient to say that they were all fairly successful in "making matches" suitable to their rank and means, and that even the youngest two or three, who, growing up in a double orphanage at Claydon while the place was in possession of the soldiery, contracted hoidenish manners and somewhat perverse dispositions, were thoroughly practical in their sentiments regarding the main object of feminine ambition. But the coarser features thus exhibited are far more than redeemed by the characteristics of another figure, which is brought out in fuller relief, with a charm which the bare outline that can here be given will at the best serve only to suggest. Mary Blacknall, left in childhood an orphan and an heiress, was privately married when only thirteen to Ralph Verney, then less than sixteen, with the view, apparently, on the part of her guardians, of saving her from the pursuit of rival fortune-hunters who were already becoming assiduous in their attentions. Two years later she became an inmate of Claydon, her youthful husband being then a student at Oxford, but making frequent visits to his girl bride, and winning a love the ardor and depth of which are among the strongest tributes to his own good qualities, while still better evidences of the finer and intenser nature from which they sprang. The sweetness of her disposition, the archness and fun which led to her being dubbed "Mischiefe" by those who most relished her playful vivacity, the disregard of self which caused her husband to remark that "she never remembered her own claims," and the ready and active sympathy on which every one could count, from Sir Edmund and Dame Margaret to Harry and Tom, endeared her to the whole household, with one or another of whom she is "sweetest comfort," "sweetest sister," or "deare heart" whenever she is mentioned. In the dark days

that ensued, her character shone forth, as was natural, with added force and lustre. It does not appear what her own views, if she had any, may have been in regard to the point on which her husband separated from his party and sacrificed his interests. It was sufficient for her that his course was dictated by his conscience, and she accepted it and all the consequences it entailed without a word of remonstrance or complaint. It was Ralph himself, as he afterwards confessed, who, amid the trials and discomforts of exile, gave vent to impatience and disgust, while "such was her goodnesse," he writes, "that when I was most Peevish she would be most Patient, and as if she meant to aire my frowardnesse and frequent follies by the company of her forbearance, studied nothing more than a sweet compliance." Their chief means of support at this period was the income from her own estate, which had been settled upon herself; and when he proposed to encroach upon this source, in order to meet some old claims on his father's property, she wrote, being then at a distance from him, "For my owne land I confess I should have been very glad to have kept enoughe of itt to have provided well for my toe yonger boyes and my gerll; but if that cannot bee, thou mayst as freely dispose of that as of myselfe."

Nor is it only by her sweetness of temper and her disinterested spirit that this remarkable woman wins our admiration. The fortitude and self-devotion which we are wont to regard as the utmost reach, or at least as the distinctive traits, of feminine heroism were equaled, in her case, by a practical ability and active energy which, in the very crisis of the family fortunes, saved them from threatened ruin. The sequestration of estates voted by the House of Commons could not take effect without the concurrence of the Lords, and the question whether the mere absence of a member from his parliamentary duties should be

held to constitute a case of "delinquency" had not been decided by the Upper House. This question was not brought to an issue till more than three years had passed, when it was resolved to take up Sir Ralph Verney's case as one by which it could be effectually tested. In anticipation of this step, Lady Verney went over to London in November, 1646, to endeavor, by enlisting the cooperation of friends, by securing legal assistance, and by solicitations in every quarter where the exertion of a favorable influence might be gained by address or purchased by gifts, to bring the affair to a fortunate conclusion. For this result two conditions were necessary: first, that the Commons should be induced to refer the matter to the joint committee of the two Houses, and then that the committee should decide in Sir Ralph's favor. No legislative "log-roller" ever labored more strenuously than did Lady Verney in this protracted business; but, as if its incessant toils and fatigues, with alternate encouragements and rebuffs, were not sufficient to tax her powers of endurance, she was herself besieged by applicants, old creditors of the estate whose interest was in default, and the brothers and sisters who had claims upon a portion of the revenues. In the midst of this multiplicity of duties and annoyances, she writes a long letter weekly to Ralph; and when he, ungrateful man, chides her for having failed to answer "all those severall perticulers" in regard to which he had sent her instructions or inquiries, adding, with the serene self-satisfaction of an ever exact and punctilious correspondent, "Had I but one letter to write a Weeke, I would not misse answering the least perticuler," she administers this gentle rebuke: "Truly I am confydent tis by chance if I miss ansering of every perticuler; for I allwayes lay thy letters before me when I wright; butt however, when thou considerest how much I wright and how ill a scribe I am, thou oughtest nott to

be angry with me for forgetting now and then a little."

But far heavier trials than these were in reserve. While the great object of her journey was still in suspense, in an indifferent London lodging, remote from all her family, with no attendant but a newly hired maid, she gave birth to another child. Her recovery was slow, but as soon as she was able to be about she sent the child to Claydon to be nursed, in order that she might again give all her time to her husband's affairs. A few months later, both this infant and her little girl in France sickened and died, and, without any preparation, she learned the two events simultaneously. The effect of this double bereavement was for the moment overwhelming. Her physician, who was also a kinsman and her ardent admirer, wrote that "she spake idly for two nights, and sometimes did not know her friends." Her own first mention of the loss is in a brief postscript to a previously written letter to her husband: "Since I writt this, I have receaved y^e sad nues of toe of our deare children's death, which affliction joyned with being absent from thee is — without God's great marcy to me — a heavier burthen than can be borne by thine owne unhappy M." Whereupon Ralph, in a sort of fantastic desperation, conceived the idea of taking himself off to Turkey or some other remote land, leaving his wife to recover and enjoy the estate, and trusting that his own speedy death might end all these troubles and afflictions. Her reply is the last citation which need be made from this correspondence: "I confess I did believe thou hadst hadd other thoughts of me then to think that I could brooke such a proposition. Noe, my harte, you must nott whilest I live have any such design withoute you resolve to take me along with you, and then live in whatt parte of the world you most faneeye. Itt is not the being intrusted with your estate can give me the least satisfaction.

. . . If itt be nott possible for me to finish your buseness I will leave itt to God's Blessing and the honest Dr's. care. . . Truly this very notion of yours hath gone soe neare me that I have scarce had one nights rest since I receaved your letter. I had enough upon me before, and I prayse my God that he hath kept my harte from breaking all this while. . . It cannot be for my good to be heare without thee, nor for your advantage or our toe dear children's to have our small famlye divided in fower severall places. . . To tell you truth I cannott be any longer from you, therefore I am resollved to stand or fall with you and I begg of thee nott to lett this desighn any more enter into your thoughts. . . I am nott able to say one word more but that at this time there is nott a sadder creature in the world then thine owne Deare M."

At last the clouds broke, and a gleam of joy visited these tortured hearts. Contrary to the expectation of all who had interested themselves in the matter, a motion to refer the case to the committee, brought in suddenly when the House was crowded in preparation for a debate on a more momentous affair, passed without opposition, and two weeks later, in July, 1647, the final decision was reached, and the sequestration annulled. There were still, however, so many arrangements to make at Claydon and elsewhere that it was not till the following April that Lady Verney was able to rejoin her husband, who judged it best to remain abroad until he should have saved enough to liquidate all the debts. When he at last returned, it was without the companion whose share of the common burden had been heavier than his own, while her courage and sweetness had sustained his spirit when it fretted under the load or was ready to succumb. Neither labors and privations nor anxieties and griefs could subdue her finer but firmer and more elastic nature, but her frailer physical powers

were less capable of resistance. In the year following her return to France she fell into a slow decline, and in May, 1650, she died, at the early age of thirty-four. Sir Ralph survived her forty-six years. The greater portion of his long widowhood was spent in the home which her energy and tact had rescued from forfeiture. He resumed his place as one of the principal landholders of his native county, and sat in the successive Parliaments of the later Stuarts. But it was not till after the "glorious revolution" that he saw the government established on the basis of those principles to which he had so long and so consistently adhered, a policy proclaimed which he was free to support, and a court set up at which he could seek favor and influence without tarnishing his good name. His descendants continued to reign at Claydon until early in the present century, when the line, ennobled in its later generations, became extinct.

Here, then (not, of course, in this meagre abstract, but in the letters and narrations from which it has been drawn), is a "true picture" of English life in the seventeenth century. It embraces many figures besides those that have been mentioned, and shows in full detail the peculiar features of the time to which it belongs; but it bears also the deeper impress of humanity common to all times. The persons are for the most part such as ordinary experience makes us familiar with, while some of them may revive our recollection of the forces by which qualities are tested and actions impelled when national convulsions derange the relations and subordinate the motives of the regular course of life. Were there not in Virginia, in 1861, men who, in an analogous position to that of Sir Edmund Verney, chose their part from a similar sentiment, and perhaps with as sad a forecast? Did not many a gallant youth, at the same period, give his life, like the younger Edmund, to a hopeless cause,

deeming it unimpeachable and sacred? As for the Harrys and the Toms, they, in quiet or disturbed times, are always with us. Sir Ralph is styled by his biographer "the very model of an English country gentleman," and no doubt he had the virtues of his class; but it is to be feared that many married ladies would be disposed to define him, without any abatement for his tender conscience, as merely a man and a husband, — just like the rest of them. But the central figure on the canvas cannot be so lightly described or so easily paralleled. The type is not profusely scattered, and seldom meets us in the pages of biography. Several women of the seventeenth century have been enshrined as among the brightest ornaments of their sex; but

neither Lucy Hutchinson, nor Rachel Russell, nor Margaret Godolphin, so far as known to us, showed the same combination of charm and strength as Mary Verney. Such characters are more likely to avoid than to attract the notice of the world, and the reader may be left to supply an instance from his private knowledge. If he be so unfortunate as to discover no example there, he must for this occasion acknowledge the ascendancy of imaginative creation, turn to the women of Shakespeare, real through a transcendent idealism and modern through their immortality, and find a similar union of delicate and noble qualities in the playful, mischievous, generous, tender, and impassioned, yet practical and politic Portia.

John Foster Kirk.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SONG.

SHE alone of Shepherdesses,
 With her blue disdayning eyes,
 Wo'd not hark a King that dresses
 All his lute in sighs:
 Yet to winne
 Katheryn
 I elect for mine Emprise.

None is like her, none above her,
 Who so lifts my youth in me,
 That a little more to love her
 Were to leave her free!
 But to winne
 Katheryn
 Is mine utmost love's degree.

Distaunce, cold, delay, and danger
 Build the four walls of her bower;
 She's noe Sweete for any stranger,
 She's noe valley-flower;
 And to winne
 Katheryn,
 To her height my heart can Tower!

Uppe to Beautie's promontory
 I will climb, nor loudlie call
 Perfect and escaped glory
 Folly, if I fall.
 Well to winne
 Katheryn!
 To be worth her is my all.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ANCESTRY OF GENIUS.

MANY books have been written about genius. Usually they have been constructed by heaping up anecdotes of more or less dubious authenticity; or else by bringing to the front those unhappy subjects of genius who, like Tasso and Rousseau and Cowper, have been the victims of insanity. Within the last few months, under the inspiring influence of Lombroso, a new step has been taken, and an attempt made to measure accurately the physical capacities of genius. A dozen or more Italian scientists and artists obligingly lent themselves to minute ophthalmoscopic and other investigations, without startling results; and later on, no doubt, the man of genius, like the criminal and the lunatic, will be systematically examined and measured.

Little attention has, however, been given to the interesting study of the elements that go to the making of genius, to what we may call its etiology, and which must be sought for mainly before birth. How did the shiftless Stratford tradesman come to be Shakespeare's father, and Micawber the father of Dickens? To what extent can the facts of the parentage of genius be reduced to law? That this question has not yet been seriously considered is due in part, no doubt, to its complexity, in

part to the extreme difficulty of obtaining reliable and precise information; insurmountable, indeed, in the case of an individual who lived several centuries ago. Even in fairly recent times, the most elementary facts regarding the mothers of many men of genius are quite unknown; and in estimating the race to which men of genius belong, it is not unusual to disregard the mother, although, it is scarcely necessary to say, modern investigations in heredity lead us to regard the mother's contribution of tendencies as of absolutely equal value with the father's. It is only by the patient collection of facts that we can hope to throw light on the causes that determine genius, and I propose to bring forward a portion of the results of investigations I have lately made into this subject. I select a small but interesting group of facts bearing upon a single aspect of the matter: the ancestry of some of the chief English poets and imaginative writers of recent years, with reference to the question of race.¹

Let us, first of all, take the five English poets whose supremacy during the last quarter of a century is universally acknowledged, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris. What is to be learned from an inquiry into the races, or combinations of races,

¹ The information on which this article is founded has in most cases been obtained from the writers in question. I am indebted to them for the readiness with which they have

answered my questions. Only in the case of Browning, among the English writers brought forward, have I been unable to add to the information already made public.

that have gone to the making of these men?

Tennyson was one of the most English of English poets. He came of a family long established in the most Scandinavian county, and that containing the fairest-featured people to be found south of the Humber; and the name itself (Tönnesen) remains to-day purely Scandinavian.

"The Tennysons," writes Lord Tennyson, "come from a Danish part of England, and I have no doubt, that you and others are right in giving them a Danish origin. An ancestor of my mother's, a M. Fauvel, or de Fauvel, one of the exiles at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, is French." He adds, "I have myself never made a study of my ancestry, but those who have tell me that through my great-grandmother, and through Jane Pitts, a still remoter grandmother, I am doubly descended from Plantagenets (Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and John of Lancaster), and this through branches of the Barons d'Eyncourt." These remoter interminglings are, however, of slight interest. Taken altogether, we see a predominantly Scandinavian stock of Tennysons mingling with the Fytches, Lincolnshire people, also, but with the foreign Huguenot strain.

Swinburne's ancestry, from the point of view of race, has, with some important differences, a general resemblance to Tennyson's. That is to say, the foundation is Scandinavian, but in this case the more emphatic and turbulent Scandinavian of the north country modified by distinct foreign Celtic and other influences. As Swinburne himself clearly expresses it, "The original root, of course, is purely Scandinavian, modified (possibly) by repeated exile in the cause of the Stuarts, and consequent French alliances." His great-grandfather, for instance, married a wife from the family of the Auvergnat Princes of Polignac. It is to this alliance that

there is allusion in the *Summer in Auvergne*, in the second series of *Poems and Ballads*, when the poet gazes on the ruin

"Of the old wild princes' lair
Whose blood in mine hath share.
Dead all their sins and days;
Yet in this red crime's rays
Some fiery memory stays
That scars their land."

With William Morris we reach a totally different district of England, and a new combination. He belongs to the Welsh border; and a border country, it may be noted in passing, is as favorable to the production of genius as it is to the production of crime. Both on the father's and the mother's side he belongs to Worcestershire, the home of a varied and well-compounded race, perhaps predominantly Saxon,¹ though Mr. Morris is predominantly Welsh. The paternal grandmother, however, came from the Anglo-Danish county of Nottingham. "My father's father was Welsh, I believe," Mr. Morris writes, "and my mother's mother, also. My name is very common all along the border. The name," he adds, "is undoubtedly Cymric." It is certainly remarkable that the poet who, of all English poets of the century, has most closely identified himself with the Scandinavian traditions of the race should have, apparently, so little blood relationship with the north.

It is equally remarkable that Rossetti, a poet whose imagination has appeared to many critics distinctly and intimately English in character, should be English only on the side of one grandparent; the English blood, that is, being numerically equivalent only to twenty-five per cent. Gabriele Rossetti, the father, came of a family which throughout the eighteenth century, at all events, had lived on the Abruzzi

¹ Dr. Beddoe says that the physical type in East Worcestershire "seems to be a cross between the Saxon and the Iberian."

coast, at Vasto. When an exile in London, Rossetti married the daughter of Gaetano Polidori, a Tuscan, who had married Anna Maria Pierce, who seems to have been of unmixed English blood, and who belonged to a family some of whose members attained to a certain amount of distinction. Her mother's name is believed to have been Arrow. It is worthy of note that the name Rossetti seems to indicate a fair and ruddy northern race. Gabriele Rossetti used to say that the original name of his race was Della Guardia (families of that name still live at Vasto), but that, ruddy hair and complexion having been brought into the family, the generation of Della Guardia children on whom it became impressed came to be known as the Rossetti, a name which stuck to that branch of the race, and became its actual surname. Two of Gabriele's brothers (to say nothing of himself) were counted as local celebrities. His mother's surname was Pietrocola.¹

In Browning's case we are able to go back a considerable distance, and to ascertain his component races with fair precision. The Brownings belonged to Dorset, and the poet's great-grandfather, Thomas Browning, was, as his name shows, of West Saxon stock, modified considerably, no doubt, by the old dark British blood which is plentiful in that neighborhood. Thomas Browning married a Morris. This union produced a Robert Browning, who came up to London, entered the Bank of England, and played a successful though not brilliant part in the world. He married Margaret Tittle, a Creole, born in the West Indies. The poet himself, it may be added, was in early life of "olive" complexion, and liable to be mistaken for an Italian. In after life he became lighter. Robert Browning, the poet's father, was a versatile and talented man, though not so able an official as his fa-

ther. He was a good draughtsman and a clever verse-writer. He married Sarianna Wiedemann, of Dundee. This was an entirely new departure, and united the dark southern stock to the fair northern race; for Sarianna Wiedemann's father was a German, said to belong to Hamburg, and her mother was Scotch. Browning's ancestry is very significant. If the Browning race had consciously conspired to make a cumulative series of trials in the effects of cross-breeding, they could not have chosen a more crucial series of experiments, and the final result certainly could not have been more successful. Browning himself was true to the instincts of his race when he carried the experiments one step farther, though on quite different lines, and married the chief English woman poet of his time.

When we turn from these five poets to contemporary writers whose claim to very high rank is not universally conceded, it is no longer easy to choose, and one is liable to the charge of admitting only those cases which seem to support a theory. I will bring forward a small but very varied group, containing the best known living English imaginative writers (beyond those already mentioned), of whose ancestry I have detailed knowledge. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the addition of other names of equal rank would alter the character of the results. The list includes Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Austin Dobson, the Hon. Roden Noel, Miss Olive Schreiner, Mr. Walter Pater, Mr. Baring Gould, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It will be observed that there are here several writers of prose, but these are in their best work essentially poets. The most questionable figure is Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose poetic and yet delicately realistic work serves as a transition from the work of writers like the authors of *Mehalah* and *The Story of an African Farm* to that of essentially prosaic writers, like the authors of *All Sorts and Conditions of*

¹ For much of the information given above I am indebted to Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

Men and A Mummer's Wife. Mr. Coventry Patmore is English on the father's side, Scotch on the mother's, and one of his great - great - grandfathers (Beckmann, the painter) was Prussian. Mr. Austin Dobson belongs to a Devonshire family on his mother's side, and his father was born in France, of a French mother. Mr. Roden Noel, who (as Lord Tennyson was also supposed to be) is descended from the Plantagenets, and who claims the Sidneys and Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton among his ancestors, inherits on both sides very various strains, recent and remote. These include an Irish (purely Celtic) element, Scotch Douglasses, and Dutch Bentincks. Miss Schreiner is German, English, and Jewish. On her mother's side she belongs to an English family of Lyndalls, and on her father's to a Würtemberg family in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. The German paternal element (associated with dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes) by no means necessarily involves a marked Teutonic strain. Würtemberg is the home of a brachycephalic race (very carefully studied from the anthropological standpoint by Von Hölder), which is much more closely related to the typical Celts than to the typical Teutons; and Swabia, unlike the genuinely Teutonic regions of northern and eastern Germany, which have produced few or no poets, has always been a land of song, the birthplace of Schiller and Victor von Scheffel, and the richest nest of singing birds that Germany has to show. The maternal Lyndalls came from Scandinavian parts of England, and the name is Scandinavian. But the physical characteristics of the Lyndalls are not Scandinavian; they have very dark hair, and large dark eyes which impress strangers as Jewish. It is somewhat remarkable that this strongly marked element which has been so persistent is rather remote, and was introduced in the person of a Jewess, who was a great-great-grandmother to Miss Schreiner.

Mr. Pater, as the name indicates, comes of a family that on the father's side was originally French. Mr. Pater believes that the family is that to which the painter, J. B. Pater, belonged; not, however, descended from the painter, who had no children. The Paters certainly came from the same neighborhood; that is, from Flanders, somewhere near Valenciennes. They were lace-makers and Catholics, and Mr. Pater's great-great - grandfather settled in the very Anglo-Danish neighborhood of Norwich. The family then took root in Buckinghamshire, where one branch of it, still Catholic, possesses considerable property. Watteau also belonged to Valenciennes, and it is curious to observe how faithfully Mr. Pater, with his subtle and delicate art, has preserved the instincts of his Belgic race.

Mr. Baring Gould's interesting account of his ancestry I will give in his own words: "My family have held property in Devon for three hundred years and more, and have intermarried almost wholly in the Devon families, till the heiress married Charles Baring, son of John Baring of Exeter, son of Dr. Franz Baring of Bremen. But Charles Baring's mother was an Exeter woman. The Barings were pure Saxons. Before that, among the Goulds, the hair was dark and the eyes were hazel, judging from their pictures; after that, fair hair and blue eyes. My mother was a Bond, a Cornish family; my grandmother, a Sabine, and partly Irish; that is, in seventeenth century in Ireland, after that settled in Herts." One traces here very clearly the influence of race and its effects on one of the most singularly brilliant and versatile writers of our time. Mr. Thomas Hardy belongs to a Dorset family, which has not, apparently, encouraged foreign alliances, although the Hardys at a remote period are believed to have been a French family who emigrated from Jersey. Of Mr. Hardy's four grandparents, all belonged to Dorset except one,

who came from Berkshire. His paternal great-grandmother, Mr. Hardy believes, was Irish. On the paternal side, also, a black-haired ancestor left very distinct traces, while on the mother's side the race was fairer, and closer to the ordinary Wessex-Saxon type.

From the examination of these two groups of imaginative writers, chosen without reference to the question of heredity, the interesting fact emerges that, of the twelve persons cited, not one can be said to be of pure English race, while only four or five are even predominantly English. A more extended investigation would bring out the same result still more clearly. England is at the present time rich in poets. A general knowledge of a considerable number of them enables me to say that very few indeed are of even fairly pure English blood; the majority are, largely or predominantly, of Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, or Cornish race, as a single glance, without any inquiry, is often enough to reveal.

If we turn to the rich and varied genius of France, we shall find similar results brought out in a way that is even more remarkable. In France, we meet with very various and distinct races, and we see the interaction of these races, as well as the commingling of remote foreign elements, from the negro blood which it is still easy to trace in the face of Alexandre Dumas, in certain respects, to the Iroquois blood in Flaubert. French genius, from the point of view of race, is a large and attractive subject; but as I am dealing with it elsewhere, I will leave it untouched here. However, it is worthy of notice that the two imaginative French writers of this century who have attained widest fame, and have exercised the most revolutionary influence on literature, Victor Hugo and Zola, are both marked examples of the influence of cross-breeding. Hugo belonged, on the father's side, to the tall, fair, powerful Germanic race of Lorraine, where

his ancestors cultivated the soil in the Vosges; on the mother's side, he belonged to the Breton race of the opposite end of France, a race with widely different physical and spiritual characteristics. Zola is the son of a distinguished Italian mathematician, born at Venice; his mother came from the central Beauce country of France: he has Italian, French, and Greek blood in his veins. The only living imaginative writer besides Zola who is exerting international revolutionary influence on literary art is Ibsen, another example of complex racial intermixture. His great-grandmother was Scotch, his paternal Scandinavian stock has received repeated infusions of German blood, and his mother was of German extraction.

In many of these complex combinations, we come upon the result not only of accretion of power due to cross-breeding, but of the fascination exerted by a startlingly new and unfamiliar personality. Ronsard, that brilliant child of the French Renaissance, whose name has scarcely yet lost its charm, though so few know his work, came of Hungarian or Bulgarian stock allied with the noblest families of France. St. Thomas, the one saint who for three hundred years charmed the cautious and sturdy English race, was the son of a French father, possibly also of a French mother. Pushkin, whose personality was as delightful to his contemporaries as his poetry, bore one of the proudest of Russian names, and in his veins ran the blood of an Abyssinian negro. A whole nation would never have gone joyfully to destruction under a leader they had themselves chosen, if that leader had not been Napoleon,—the result of the mixture of two very distinct races, the Tuscan and the Corsican,—who carried about him the charm of the unknown. Boulanger, who for a short time exerted an attraction that seemed so unaccountable, was the son of a Scotch lady, whom he was said to resemble, and to whom, doubtless, more

than to his father, the Breton notary at Rennes, he owed his power of fascination.

The evidence I have brought forward as to the frequency of racial mingling in men of imaginative genius has been confined to a few particular groups; it could easily be increased, and I have made no use of the materials in my possession concerning Spanish, Italian, and Russian poets. It is clear that the proportion of mixed and foreign blood in the groups dealt with is much greater than would be found in a similar group of average persons. Any one may test this by writing down at random the names of a like number of his acquaintance of average ability, and then investigating their race. In England, in such a group of seven ordinary persons, it is rare to find more than one of decidedly mixed race. But in the groups we have been considering the proportion of such individuals varies, at a moderate estimate, from fifty to seventy-five per cent, and the mingling is usually most distinct in the men of most distinguished genius.

I believe that if we take other groups of somewhat similar character, eminent painters, for example, we shall find the proportion smaller, though still marked. Among notable scientific men we should find the proportion of those with mixed blood lower still. Mr. Galton, who made a long list of contemporary British scientific men of ability, remarks that, "on an analysis of the scientific status of the men on my list, it appeared to me that their ability is higher, in proportion to their numbers, among those of pure race." The Border men come out exceedingly well, but the Anglo-Welsh and the Anglo-Irish would on the whole rank last. While we have found that among twelve eminent British imaginative writers no less than ten show more or less marked traces of foreign blood, and not one can be said to be pure English, Mr. Galton found that out of every ten distinguished British scientific men

five were pure English, and only one had foreign blood. Among successful politicians, again, mixture of race appears to be still less common. It is worth while, however, in this connection, to quote an utterance of the most distinguished of living English politicians. "Now, you must know that I am a Scotchman," said Mr. Gladstone to an interviewer, "pure Scotch. In fact, no family can be purer than ours, which never mixed with extraneous blood except once in the seventeenth century." As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone unites, on his father's side, the Saxon Lowlander of the south of Scotland with, on his mother's side, the typical Highlander of the north, two utterly distinct races, although by accident confined within the same country. We always have to guard against these fallacies, but as a rule, no doubt, politicians of ability are of comparatively pure race. It has generally been believed by those who have concerned themselves with the philosophy of art that poetry is the highest and most complex form of human expression, and the result indicated by the evidence before us seems in accordance with that conclusion.

Looking at the matter somewhat broadly, and omitting minor variations, it may be said that two vigorous but somewhat widely divergent races (or groups of races) now occupy Europe and the lands that have been peopled from Europe. The one race is tall, fair, and usually long-headed; the other, short, dark, and usually broad-headed. Since the dawn of European history, at least, and with special vigor about a thousand years ago, the tall, fair, energetic race has been shed as a seminal principle from the northeast of Europe over a great part of the continent held by a darker and perhaps more civilized race. The physical characteristics of Europe have been very favorable to the spread and fusion of these fine races, and the outcome has

been the strongest and most variously gifted breed of men that the world has seen. Wherever the races have remained comparatively pure we seldom find any high or energetic civilization, and never any fine flowering of genius. Sweden, where the tall, fair, long-headed race exists in its purest form, has produced no imaginative genius. Auvergne, where the dark, broad-headed race may be found in great purity, has, in like manner, produced a vigorous but an undistinguished breed of men. Corsica and the Pyrénées-Orientales, where a fairly unmixed race of dark, long-headed men live, have, unlike Sicily or Gard, produced no poets. Wherever, on the other hand, we find a land where two unlike races, each of fine quality, have become intermingled and are in process of fusion, there we find a breed of men who have left their mark on the world, and have given birth to great poets and artists. Such are the men of Sicily, a race compounded of the most various elements from east and south and north, which has produced, and is to-day producing, so large a share of the genius of the Italian peninsula. Such are the fair and tall but broad-headed men of Lorraine, a cross between Celt and Teuton. Such are the Lowland Scotch, on the border land between Gael and Saxon. Such well-tempered breeds have been yielded by Normandy and Tuscany and Swabia. We know little of the physical anthropology of the ancient Greek, but it is certain that one of his most characteristic types was the tall, fair man we know in the north; and the geographical and geological characteristics of Greece present in perfection the conditions which enable varying races to settle and develop in the closest proximity to one another.

Great Britain and Ireland were placed, by a happy chance, broadside on to the invasion of the fair race. The elongated islands thus presented the maximum of opportunity for intercourse between the two races. Even at the present time the process of fusion is still going on. The comparatively fair race extends along the east coasts of both islands, and the comparatively dark race along the west coasts. The islands form, therefore, a well-arranged pair of compact electric batteries for explosive fusion of the two elements. Both races are necessary for the production of imaginative genius, at all events, for it is a mistake to suppose that high imaginative genius is a characteristic of the unmixed dark races. In Dr. Beddow's map of the British Isles, showing what he terms the index of nigrescence, one solitary islet of the dark race only may be seen in England, east of the Welsh border, and apparently at one time joined to it. This islet is in Warwickshire; that is, in the county of Shakespeare. Milton's family belonged to a neighboring county, and Milton himself, we know, had Welsh blood in his veins. Out of the play of these two races has come all that is finest in English imaginative genius.

It need scarcely be said that this cross-breeding is not the only factor in the causation of genius. If that were so, genius would be much more common than it is, while it would be the rule, instead of a rare exception, to find it shared by brothers and sisters. There are other influences that tend to produce genius, and various conditions that promote its development. I have here simply tried to indicate one of the factors in the determination of imaginative genius.

Havelock Ellis.

A GREAT LADY OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

THE most careless reader of the annals of the French Revolution must be struck by the simple, unaffected heroism with which young girls, matrons, and aged women mounted the steps of the guillotine. Such heroism in the case of their fathers and husbands scarcely calls for notice. If the traditions of noble birth and warlike ancestry had often led the French patrician to regard with scornful indifference the welfare and rights of those beneath him, they would at least tend to make him endure with dignity the last outrages of the rabble he despised. But the high-born dames and demoiselles, who a few years before were seen flirting and dancing in the halls of Versailles, or masquerading in hooped petticoats and with gilt crooks as shepherdesses of Arcady in the Great and Little Trianon, all on pleasure bent, their minds so engrossed by gayety and enjoyment that we can hardly believe them swayed by a single serious thought, — where did they find the secret of demeaning themselves with such humble, trustful piety, such high and holy courage, when the awful hour was at hand?

The memoirs and autobiographies of the victims or witnesses enable us to solve the mystery. With every new publication which the pious hands of their descendants have given and are giving to the world, the spirit and principles which actuated and sustained them become clearer. We see that, behind all the frivolity and apparent absorption in worldly pleasure which are the most tangible characteristics of the women of the eighteenth century, there was something real, something which taught them to endure martyrdom nobly: it was the solid and thoroughly Christian training

which they had received from their mothers, and which they in turn were to hand down to their children.

The autobiography of the Duchess of Gontaut,¹ which has not yet, we think, been given an English dress, illustrates in a vivid and most fascinating fashion the sterling quality of the education that moulded so many women of her class in the latter half of the last century.

She was born in 1773, and both by her father, the Count of Montault, and her husband, one of the Birones, was connected with all the historical families of France. She was carefully brought up by a pious and accomplished mother, and had also the advantage of attending the lessons of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, in company with the young Orleans princes, when she was eight years old. The glimpses she gives us of that able but eccentric woman, who, as Napoleon said, "spoke of virtue as if it were her own discovery," are very amusing and lifelike. Madame de Genlis, although always professing herself a Catholic, was tinctured with the philosophy of the time, and the education of her pupils was conducted in accordance with the humanitarianism, partly sincere, partly sham, of Rousseau's *Émile*. She was very careful to impress upon her young charge, the Duke of Chartres, the obligation of showing consideration for humble people; but he was to do so rather ostentatiously, and with a view to that popularity which was afterwards to make him king.

"I went with the young princes," says Madame de Gontaut, "to attend the funeral service of Marshal Biron. The narrow streets leading to the cathedral made it hard for the huge carriage, accompagné d'un Portrait en Héliogravure. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1891.

¹ *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut, Gouvernante des Enfants de France pendant la Restauration. (1773-1836.) Ouvrage*

drawn by six horses, to approach. Madame de Genlis was constantly calling on the Duke of Chartres to 'shout out to the coachman every ten minutes that he must take great care of the people, and above all avoid trampling on any one.' The duke obeyed her, but with much indifference and coldness. At last she lost patience, and said crossly, 'Will you never learn how to speak to the people, Monseigneur? Are you always to be an awkward boor? Will you never have any spirit?' I exposed myself to a good scolding in my turn by saying, 'Come, now, Monseigneur, do have some spirit; it is so easy.' 'It's not so easy for you to hold your tongue,' grumbled our governess. At this they all laughed, and I with them, although the fun was at my expense."

Madame de Genlis's pupils were to have a playmate whose name is connected with one of the saddest incidents in Irish history. They were informed, one morning, that the Duke of Orleans's master of the horse had been dispatched to England in search of "the most beautiful little girl in the world," who did not speak a word of French. There was great joy among the young people on her arrival. "We overwhelmed her with caresses and bonbons. We asked her name. It was Pamela, which appeared to us quite too commonplace for such a wonder. But we were not satisfied, and insisted she must have a family name, also. That of Seymour was selected and approved. However, the ambitious little thing would not be content except we called her also 'my lady.' This pride in a child eight years old amused every one, and we called her 'milady' in sport."

As there is little doubt that Pamela was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, her desire to be addressed as "lady" may be explained without perceiving in it a symptom of precocious vanity. According to the ideas prevalent in England at that time, the daughter of a

royal prince, although illegitimate, would naturally be addressed by this title in the family that reared her. Madame de Gontaut describes Pamela as a good and charming creature in her childhood and girlhood, but says that she afterward adopted most revolutionary sentiments, and even wore the *bonnet rouge* at the celebration of her marriage with Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The mother of Madame de Gontaut was not long without suspecting that the society of Madame de Genlis and the Orleans princes was not the best for her daughter. She had her taught at home; and she had her reward in a daughter who, when she met dangers and encountered vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, was to display always firmness of character and elevation of soul.

The Revolution was approaching with rapid strides. The town house of the Montauts, in the Rue Royale, was in the centre of the most disturbed part of Paris. Madame de Gontaut gives many vivid experiences of the dangers to which a family of rank was exposed even in the earlier stages of the outburst.

"The next day was horrible. We saw the French guards flocking pell-mell with the people from the boulevards into the Rue Royale, screaming, dancing, and dragging on their arms abandoned women disguised as nuns, and with them men hauling along by force other poor innocent women, and shouting and singing, 'Aristocrates à la lanterne!' etc. The crowd stopped opposite our house, and broke into the royal armory in search of arms. After an hour's pillage, priests and women, soldiers and nuns, came out loaded with booty, and in a frightful state of intoxication and excitement. We believed ourselves lost. My father had barricaded the doors and windows, and was determined to defend us to the last. Coaches were piled up at the carriage entrance, and our servants were armed to the teeth and mad with rage. My father took his station

in front of me, on the top of the staircase, with a pistol in each hand, prepared to sell our lives dearly. I was frightened, I can assure you!"

But the mob, intimidated by the resistance it was likely to encounter, left for the time.

After the death of her father, and a variety of adventures, some amusing and some very nearly tragic, the future Duchess of Gontaut and her mother became *émigrées*, and joined the other noble ladies of that class at the headquarters of the Prince of Condé, on the frontier. There, in company with her fellow-exiles, she encountered every kind of wretchedness and calamity with the cheerfulness and the desire to make the best of things which seem never to desert the Frenchman or Frenchwoman in extremity. When the army of the princes was beaten, it was the women who were the greatest sufferers. Mademoiselle de Montault and her mother had to travel long distances on foot, as all the carriages were not sufficient for the accommodation of the wounded. After one of those wearisome journeys, they were glad enough to come upon a barn and find a little straw to rest on. If they saw a steeple in the distance, their hopes ran high, for it showed that a town was not far off which might afford them an asylum. The enchantment, however, which distance lent to the view, in their case was apt to vanish on a nearer approach. The Germans were evidently getting tired of their visitors, and the latter were likely to see a notice posted on the gates of the capital of some petty German state: "Every one may enter here except a Jew or an *émigré*."

Madame de Gontaut had always a keen eye for the humorous aspects of a situation. Little episodes were constantly occurring, like the following, which appealed to her French gaiety. Not every one, however, would find in them a compensation for very real hardships.

"We found a spacious barn, with

plenty of fresh straw, and expected to pass a very comfortable night in it. The Duchess of Guiche, Mesdames de Poulpry and de Lage, my mother and myself, with several others, stretched ourselves along the walls. A *chasseur* of the Duchess of Guiche, sword in hand, was entrusted with the charge of watching over us. In the middle of the night, we were roused out of our slumbers by a furious knocking and a woman's voice demanding admission. 'Open! open at once! It is I.' The door was opened, and there stood Madame de Calonne, the wife of the famous minister, painted, powdered, frizzed, dressed in the height of fashion, with long train, hoops, high-heeled shoes, etc. 'Where are the apartments?' she exclaimed. She entered, and looked around her with terror. 'But what is this I see before me? Why, this is a hospital! Women on straw! A man armed! Ho, there! Where are my lackeys? Some lights! Torches at once!' The lackeys ran up. The barn was illuminated. Then her screams became louder and louder. 'Where am I? What is that in front of me? Dead men hanging along the wall!' Whereupon we looked up, and we also saw a score of — sheep, skinned and hanging from hooks, ready to be sent to market the next morning. At last she recognized us, as we did her, with a roar of laughter. This was the poor lady's first experience of our disasters. She learned from our situation what she must resign herself to, and, like ourselves, she soon did so courageously."

After a thousand difficulties and privations of all sorts, Mademoiselle de Montault escaped with her mother to England, where she shortly afterward married M. de Gontaut-Biron. She appears to have been received at once with open arms by the English aristocracy, many of whom had been intimate with her own and her husband's family in their days of prosperity. She was a close observer, and most, indeed all, of her anecdotes

of Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, George III., the prince regent, and other social and political personages are new and historically interesting. She came to feel an intense love and admiration for the English people, sentiments to which she was true during her long life of eighty-four years. Many offers of help were made to her as delicately as possible, but a prudent self-respect deterred her from accepting them; and when the resources of the family became exhausted, the accomplishments learned in days of prosperity served to supply their modest needs. She painted miniatures, her husband burlesque subjects, her mother worked at embroidery, and their productions were disposed of at a fair in London, opened by the government for the purpose, where the French émigrés could sell their wares without being forced to give their names.

At last the welcome news reached them that Robespierre had fallen. There was a large amount of money in the Bank of England due the Gontaut family, which could not be obtained without the production of certain papers still in the possession of friends at Paris. It would be death for M. de Gontaut to enter France while his name was on the list of proscription. His wife determined to brave the danger, notwithstanding the refusal of her family to consent to her departure. She procured a pass belonging to a Madame François, a Hamburg milliner, dressed up to the character, and started for Calais.

No anxiety or danger could repress Madame de Gontaut's sense of the ludicrous. She turned from a future anything but reassuring to divert herself with the oddities of some of the characters on board the vessel which bore her to the shores of France. The important airs of a certain Madame "Roussin" (as we might say Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Hodge) excited the amusement of the *grande dame*.

"A lady, not in any way remark-

able, was dreadfully alarmed lest her arrival in Calais should be noticed. For oh, her name was so well known and highly thought of; and oh, she had been so often in Calais that she must have attracted universal attention there. And then she had been in England; why, she was even something of an émigrée! 'Faith,' she said, 'it is no joke for me to venture to return. If I could only change my name, what a godsend it would be!' A lady near her offered to do her this favor. 'Let us exchange names, madame,' she said. 'Mine is at your service. Have the kindness to tell me yours.' 'Roussin, madame, a name well known, as perhaps you are aware.' 'Well known! I should say it is,' replied the lady. 'But as I have never been in Calais, I shall not incur any danger by using it.' Madame Roussin was charmed, and exchanged passports. She read that of Citoyenne Coigny aloud. 'Couny, Couny! Oh, such an unimportant name as that is not likely to compromise me. But there is one thing that ruffles me a little. There is — well, a brilliancy about my eyes which is, I think, noticed in the description on the passport, and which yours have not.' 'Oh, that does n't matter,' returned the 'Citoyenne' Coigny. 'I shall take care to wink like mad whenever any one looks at me.' And so the Marchioness of Coigny escaped the sharp-eyed detectives of the Committee of Public Safety at Calais with ease, while poor Madame Roussin had a hard time of it to convince them that she was not a vile aristocrat."

But Madame François was soon to be in greater trouble than either of her shipboard companions. There was another lady of high rank, wife of a Knight of the Holy Ghost, on board the vessel, for whom she was mistaken, and she was in as much danger as if she had come in her own real character. The ship had no sooner entered the port than she was visited by soldiers and police-

men, who ordered her to drag her valise after her up the ladder to the jetty, and conducted her, followed by a curious crowd, before the Committee of Public Safety.

"The very name of that tribunal sent a shudder through me. Nothing could be more frightful than the aspect of the persons in whose presence I stood, and who appeared to be judges; they filled me with terror. At last, one of them, the chief seemingly, with a tricolor scarf and feathers in his hat *à la Henri Quatre*, said, 'Approach, citoyenne.' Then my examination began.

" 'Who gave you this passport?'

" 'My husband.'

" 'What is your name?'

" 'Madame François, lace-woman, going to Paris on business.'

" 'That may be. But where does your passport come from?'

" 'I know nothing about that.'

" 'Explain yourself in a loud and intelligible voice.'

" 'I was at Dover, and wanted to leave it as soon as possible. My husband learned very early in the morning that a vessel was about to sail for Calais. The weather was favorable, my preparations were soon made, and I set out with the passport he gave me without thinking even of opening it.'

" 'Citoyenne, what is your husband doing in Dover?'

" 'He is waiting for me.'

" 'Citoyenne, this is a serious business for you. You are suspected of being an émigrée.'

" 'I am too young, and cannot be on any list of proscription.'

" 'But it is said you are a great lady, a rich émigrée, and the wife of a *ci-devant* Knight of the Holy Ghost.'

" 'I give you my word of honor, I am neither a rich émigrée nor the wife of a Knight of the Holy Ghost. Look at my valise,' I added, smiling; 'that's my fortune.'

" 'There was a laugh at this, and

monsieur of the ostrich plume repeated, 'This is a serious business for you. You cannot leave. Your passport is false; the date is false; the person supposed to have signed it at Hamburg was at the very time in Calais, as we are going to prove to you.'

The game was all up with poor Madame de Gontaut. Madame Grandsire, a hotel keeper, proved that the genuine Madame François was staying with her on the date mentioned in the passport, and the fictitious one was given in charge of a keeper who was to be answerable for her safe custody. On her entreaty to be placed under the surveillance of Madame Grandsire, she was permitted to live in the hotel, but with a peephole in the door of her room, and an Argus-eyed policeman constantly on the watch, who, she says, drove her nearly wild. She was not, however, entirely friendless. She had been able to render some little services as an interpreter, during the passage from Dover, to a gentleman she took to be an Englishman, but who was really the famous American inventor, Fulton. A member of the Contributors' Club¹ has already told the amusing story of Fulton's reckless proposal to save her from her fate by marrying her. Madame de Gontaut found a less violent means of release; but she was indebted to Mr. Fulton for a piece of information which filled her with the greatest hopes. English commissioners were about to arrive at Calais, harbingers of the short-lived peace of Amiens; and they were all her intimate friends, — Lord Malmesbury, Lord Granville, and Lord Cowley. She hoped to have news of her husband, as they must have met him at Dover. Madame Grandsire, her jailer, and also staunch friend, offered to take a letter to Lord Malmesbury, and afterwards even to bring about an interview between them, on condition that neither in the letter nor in the inter-

¹ See Fulton in Love, Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly, August, 1891.

view should she appear other than Madame François.

"Lord Malmesbury, on receiving my note, which was worded rather mysteriously, and gave him no clue to the identity of his fair correspondent, had a moment of folly, and confided to his attachés that he had an appointment with a pretty woman, and they must be good enough to keep out of the way for the time. They promised, but took a mutual and solemn oath that they would not fail to witness the raptures of the mature and lovelorn swain.

"Meanwhile, Madame Grandsire, although well knowing the great danger her kindness was exposing her to, did not falter, but took precautions to render the interview as secret as possible. She muffled me up in her husband's overcoat, wig, and hat; you can fancy what a fright I looked! She gave me her arm, and I passed by my horrible Argus unnoticed. Lord Malmesbury was, or thought he was, alone. I entered a spacious hall, dimly lighted. Madame Grandsire, who had promised not to leave me, sprang forward, and said, 'My lord, this is my prisoner!' My singular appearance was assuredly rather different from that of the fair lady he had expected to see, and he recoiled from me in terror. The attachés burst into a roar of laughter, and came forth from their hiding-place. I threw off hat, coat, and wig, and shook hands with my friends, asking them for news of my people. Alas! my disappointment was cruel. They had spent the night in Dover, but saw nothing of my husband. When I explained my position, they became most anxious for my safety, and suggested several plans of escape. As none of them seemed practicable, they proposed hiding me in one of the mission carriages, and getting me out of the city in that fashion. 'And what will you do with me then?' I said."

Madame de Gontaut thought the only chance of salvation was to trust to the

good nature of the Hamburg consul at Paris, on whom she was about to practice an innocent deception, and begged that Lord Malmesbury would forward a letter she would write to him as Madame François; intending to explain the matter when she met him. The result was that the consul claimed her, and she was sent to Paris. She entered his presence in fear and trembling, and confessed everything. But she met a generous-hearted gentleman, full of sympathy for her troubles, and eager to help her in every way. He advised her to go to a certain hotel, and call on him whenever she required his aid. When she reached the hotel, she found she had just five francs. But this did not matter so much if she could discover her relatives. So she hired the cheapest room in the house, and sat down to write a letter to her brother-in-law, the Marquis of Gontaut, telling him that Josephine, now Madame François, had come to Paris on business, and wished to see him. After waiting for the answer, which seemed to take an age in arriving, she received the messenger only to learn that he had given the letter to a gentleman, who appeared very angry after reading it, and told him he knew no Madame François. She had prepared another letter for her grandmother, and addressed it to her father's house in the Rue Royale, — then the Rue de la Révolution, — and awaited the reply with renewed agitation. The messenger returned with the news that all the people who had formerly lived in that house had been guillotined, and the person to whom she wrote was unknown there. She was heart-broken, and even the loss of the two francs she had to give the messenger added to her troubles. "I wanted to be alone. I shut the door, and threw myself on my knees, asking God for courage to endure the trials that had become so painful. What was going to become of me? To whom could I address myself? Who would take pity

on me? Without other resources than my three francs, what was I to do?"

Strange to say, she fell into a profound and refreshing slumber upon her knees, from which she was aroused in the middle of the night by her brother-in-law, who was at first astounded and indignant at her imprudence in venturing into Paris. He and his wife had been for nearly a year in prison, and were about to take their place in the fatal tumbrel the very morning that Robespierre was guillotined. But when he learned the object of her visit, he was kind, and eager to serve her. He advised her to resume her family name of Montault, which she could do with comparative safety. He conducted her to her grandmother, whom she longed to see and console.

"My grandmother had known, and in part witnessed, the horrors of the time; and then the arrest of her brother, her son torn from her arms, with no possibility of learning their fate! She could only scan, with the keenness of agonizing love, the tumbrils that conducted the condemned to the scaffold, in search of those dear to her. To see that they were not there was for this hapless sister and mother a hope that another day had been granted them. But at last the cruel hour arrives, and the dull rumbling of these carriages of horror, the hideous noise she knows so well, is heard in the distance; she shudders, and gazes eagerly into the carts. They are there! They see her, also. She utters a piercing shriek. When she reached this point (poor mother!) she could say no more, and her faithful attendant told me they heard, or thought they heard, the crunch of the fatal knife that ended the lives of her brother and her son on Place Louis XV. She did not become mad, but she believed and hoped she would die. Then this angel of resignation and sanctity found, after a time, relief for her anguish in prayer. She even found a consolation in thinking of the Christian heroism of the martyrs. 'The conduct of the priests,' she said to

me, 'was sublime beyond expression; all, rather than renounce their faith, preferred death. It was impossible to weary their patient endurance.'"

When Madame de Gontaut received the precious documents that were to insure the comfort of her family, she determined to leave at once for England. It was nearly time. The 18th Fructidor (September 4, 1797) had occurred. There was every evidence of the approach of a new Reign of Terror, and France for some time was little likely to be a safe resting-place for the wife of an émigré. She started in a post chaise, and reached Calais, not without meeting some adventures by the way.

Shortly after her arrival in England, led by her irrepressible devotion to the royal family of France, she traveled from Dover to Edinburgh, in order to be near the Count of Artois. She rode in a little one-horse phaeton, in which were packed herself, her maid, her husband, and two children. The journey lasted over a fortnight, and must have been uncomfortable to ordinary people. But Madame de Gontaut was the heartiest of optimists, and we suspect there was a spice of the gypsy in the patrician. She looked on the whole expedition as altogether delightful.

It is hopeless for us to try to analyze, or even understand, the devotion which led thousands of the loftiest and purest of men cheerfully to sacrifice their lives for the Stuarts or the Bourbons. The sentiment that produced it is as alien to our mode of thinking as some inexplicable rite of the Hittites or Ugrians would be. The emotion of Madame de Gontaut at the condescension of the Count of Artois in crossing the quadrangle of Holyrood Palace to meet her, who had traveled six hundred miles to meet him, would be ludicrous, if it were not almost pathetically genuine. "He advanced, with his frank and noble graciousness, to thank me for coming. I was tempted to fall on my knees, in presence of such grand

and serene resignation." Yet the prince who provoked such adoration had few princely qualities, except a noble bearing and the capacity of looking young and handsome even when over seventy. "Charles X.," says Lamartine, "never had a wrinkle on his countenance. Thought makes wrinkles, and Charles X. never thought."

There were circumstances in Madame de Gontaut's relations with this prince that might, one would think, have damped the ardor of her loyalty. The Marchioness of Polastron, the victim of this middle-aged Lothario, — in her fall and in her repentance the Louise de la Vallière of the last Bourbon king, — was her near relative. Madame de Gontaut's account of the remorse and death of this poor woman is one of the most affecting in the entire work. It is much fuller, more vivid and interesting, than anything on the same subject in the Restoration of Lamartine, or in the much-padded volumes of Saint-Amand. Yet the fact remains that, while Madame de Gontaut was principally instrumental in leading her cousin to the goal of humble and heart-felt repentance, it would appear never to have entered the thoughts of this model wife and saintly woman to blame the greater sinner of the two! Truly, for Madame de Gontaut, "the divinity that doth hedge a king" was an impenetrable and an unapproachable mystery. We may remark in passing that the Count of Artois took a solemn vow at the death-bed of Madame de Polastron which he kept up to his death. However foolish he was to show himself as a king, as a man he was thenceforward blameless.

After a year the little French colony in Edinburgh broke up, and Madame de Gontaut returned to London. We wish our space would allow us to transcribe her long interview with George III., which is of considerable historical value. Speaking of the French Revolution, the stubborn monarch said, "It went against

the grain to be forced to recognize one republic. Be sure that strange things must happen when I recognize two of them." He informed her that England was greatly indebted to Marshal Biron, the granduncle of Madame de Gontaut's daughters; for nothing less, indeed, than the release of Lord Rodney, admiral of the American fleet, who was arrested for debt on his way through Paris to join his command. Marshal Biron, from a chivalrous motive, paid the debt and released him from prison. He feared it might be said that the arrest of the English admiral was caused by the alarm the French government felt at the thought of an encounter between his fleet and theirs. However, Madame de Gontaut found her advantage in the transaction. The king recommended Parliament to grant her daughters a pension, and so she was no longer in dread of the *res angusta domi*.

She carefully gave her children the same wise training her mother had given herself, and was at the same time a welcome guest in society, enjoying it heartily. Her first meeting with the Duke of Wellington, at Cheltenham, was sufficiently amusing. She was staying with Lady Templeton and her sister, Miss Upton, who were so fond of her that they wished to have her entirely to themselves, and made her very uncomfortable by their jealousy of her other friends.

"One morning I received a letter from Lady Mornington, asking me to show some attention to her brother-in-law, Arthur Wellesley, who had returned from India covered with glory, and was about to seek repose under his laurels at Cheltenham. 'He knows no one there,' wrote Lady Mornington. 'It will be a charity to take care of him.' He would arrive, she said, on that very day, and would look me up. He would also do himself the honor of making the acquaintance of Lady Templeton and Miss Upton. For nothing in the world would I have neglected to comply with such a request, and

I declared I should at once set out to find the person entrusted to my good offices; a member of a family for every one of which I had a sincere attachment.

"My companions were far from sharing my enthusiasm. The indolence of Lady Templeton took alarm; the jealousy of Miss Upton was inflamed. Both 'were awfully bored at the idea of having the man on their hands, of whom they knew absolutely nothing; it would be, oh dear! such a terrible bore, don't you know?' And so, lo and behold, discord invaded our tranquil realm, which reminded me of the fable of my childhood, — 'The hens were living peacefully until the cock arrived,' etc. Without paying any attention to these murmurs, I started for the pump-room in search of the new-comer. I had the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon Miss Upton to be my companion. I ran over the list of arrivals, found the name Wellesley, and read it aloud, so that Miss Upton should hear it. She listened with the grim composure of her nation. A stranger beside me was also reading the same list. He put his finger on a name, and said, regarding me with a smile, 'Madame de Gontaut?' Was it not charming? We had never met, and here we knew each other at once! Miss Upton would have liked to escape, but I took good care she should not have the chance. I set Arthur Wellesley at his ease by proposing to conduct him to Lady Templeton, and presented him to Miss Upton. But my shy companion said not a word. We started homeward, Sir Arthur offering me his arm, which I accepted. In the midst of our journey a terrible catastrophe! My garter got loosened, and fell at the feet of Wellesley! To drop one's garter there in full noonday, — in England, of all places in the world! It was terrible. I confess I blushed. He picked it up, and, with a graceful and well-bred smile, said, 'Now is the time or never to say, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.' 'Lucky for you,' Miss Upton whispered in my

ear, 'it was clean.' I answered, 'Just what I was thinking.'"

Sir Arthur Wellesley made many confidences to Madame de Gontaut during their long promenades, among which the following is not the least interesting: —

"One evening he told me of a trouble that disturbed him much. 'In a few days,' he said, 'I must leave Cheltenham for Ireland, on a business that may influence my whole future. In very early youth I became attached to Miss Pakenham, a sweet girl, pretty and good. We were betrothed. She was very young, and so was I. I had a passionate desire to enter the army, and we parted, but with the hope of meeting again some day. Years passed. Miss Pakenham took the smallpox. She wrote to me that, while she put me in mind of my promise, she must warn me she was no longer pretty. It would seem the smallpox, in injuring her beauty, had not impaired her memory.' He said this in a way peculiar to himself, and I could not help laughing. 'The promise is there, and I am bound in honor to keep it; and it was noble in her to write to me with such simplicity and truth. I am, then, leaving for Ireland. Perhaps I may pass through here on my return, alone or with her.'"

He did return, and with his bride.

Madame de Gontaut exclaims, with not unnatural complacency, "My *protégé* at Cheltenham became the Duke of Wellington, and my father's at the *École Militaire* of Paris was — the Emperor Napoleon!"

Her return to London took place in the height of the season, and she was not at all disinclined to be a participator, though never sacrificing duty to pleasure, in the hurly-burly of Vanity Fair. She even attended masquerades, but warns her grandchildren, for whom she wrote these memoirs in her eighty-first year, and who might naturally be scandalized at the escapades of their venerable relative, that a masquerade in London was

a very innocent affair, and did not at all resemble its dubious namesake of Paris. At one of these entertainments she met the notorious Lady Hester Stanhope.

"There was a festival of this sort given in a magnificent garden by a lady whose name I cannot for the life of me recall. Every one noticeable in society was present, and I went there in the company of Lady Clarendon, her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, etc. We were disguised as fortune-tellers. Mrs. Wilmot sustained her character with much spirit, but she had the unlucky idea to bring a donkey with her, a real donkey with panniers, and it was the centre of our party; and lo, in the middle of the music the ass became frightened, and commenced braying with such persistence that Mrs. Wilmot could not utter a single word of the sentences she had prepared. Every one crowded round us, roaring with laughter, and we had to do our best to conceal our agony of shame under a brazen exterior. This was not all. At the moment we were retiring to hide our diminished heads, Mr. Pitt brought his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, to Mrs. Pole, with the request that she would chaperon the young lady, as this was her first entrance into society. This was not so easy. Lady Hester was in a decidedly bad temper. She evidently did not care to be patronized by her uncle or anybody else. She recognized, however, the necessity of joining us. She was dressed in a garb in which there was nothing feminine except the mask. This was the first time I met her. She struck me as being very tall, very lean, very decided, and very independent. When she saw our donkey speaking, and ourselves as silent as the grave, she said aloud, with the utmost coolness and contempt, 'You are all a good deal more *bêtes* than your ass!'

"Lady Clarendon, who was anxious to chaperon her, followed her in every direction, but could never reach her. When

Lady Hester happened to pass near us, she would cry out, 'Don't bother yourselves about me! I am independent.' The after life of this lady among the wild tribes of Mount Lebanon is known to the world."

Madame de Gontaut, as was to be expected, was one of the most important personages at the court of the Bourbons after the Restoration. She held high rank in the royal household, and when she was appointed governess of the children of France she had the most exalted office a subject could fill. Her observations on men and events are very keen and brilliant, and make the latter portion of her Memoirs perhaps the most valuable part of the book. As an instance of how "coming events cast their shadows before," the following incident is significant. The king, Charles X., was opening Parliament in the Louvre.

"The dais prepared for the royal family was the same as that used on similar occasions by the late sovereign. Through inadvertence, a little piece of wood had been left on it, against which the king, not observing, struck his foot. He staggered a little, and the movement caused him to drop his hat, which he held under his arm. The Duke of Orleans picked it up. The Duchess of Orleans said to me, 'See! the king was near falling, but my husband saved him.' 'No, madame,' I answered, 'Monseigneur did not save his Majesty; he only picked up his hat.' At that moment the dauphiness turned round and looked at me. We did not speak of this till six years later, but neither of us had forgotten it."

The system employed by the Duchess of Gontaut in the education of the royal children might be well worthy of study even in the present time, when the mind is bewildered amid the multiplicity and complexity of pedagogic methods. We cannot enter fully on the subject here. She was particularly anxious to arm her youthful charges against the poison of flattery, a baneful plague to which young

princes must certainly, in the nature of things, be more susceptible than any other class of human beings.

"One morning the prince and princess were playing. It was their hour of recreation. I was informed that a party of ladies and gentlemen requested to see them for a few minutes. As I had already been induced to make a sort of promise, I could not refuse. Although the prince and princess were usually gentle and obliging, they were made a little peevish by having to give up their game. Still, I could see that the absurd compliments paid by their visitors were telling on them. Their beauty was admired, and even their hair was spoken of as something divine; but what pleased them particularly was the admiration expressed for their charming sweetness. I was disgusted with such gross, exaggerated compliments, and soon put an end to the interview. I saw that my pupils, naturally frank and upright, were half pleased and half embarrassed by praises so little deserved. At this very moment, fortunately, a half-open door gave them an opportunity of hearing the strangers as they were leaving.

"Well, indeed, it was not worth while to come so far and see so little!" grumbled an old lady, evidently very much ruffled. "Oh, for that matter, they were as dumb as snails," remarked a fat youth. "They could hardly find two words to thank papa and mamma for all the fine things they said about them. Did n't I find it hard to keep from laughing, papa, when you said, 'What lovely complexions! What beautiful hair!'?" Why, she is as pale as an egg, and cropped like a boy!" "Very true what you say, my lad," returned the old lady. "Doctor, it would n't be a bad thing for her if she took a little of your medicine. And then what puny little shrimps they are for their age!" "Did you notice the governess?" continued the fat youth. "Was n't she in a temper when you spoke of their sweet

dispositions! But the little fools were as proud of it all as peacocks." The rest of the conversation was lost in the distance, but the prince and princess had heard enough. They remained rooted to the spot. "Oh, what bad people!" cried the Duke of Bordeaux. "They are simply a few of the flatterers you are sometimes fond of hearing," I said. "After never stopping praising us for a moment, and saying a hundred times and more that they thought us charming, and how beautiful we were!" said Mademoiselle. "And I heard them say, the nasty things, that they would like to give me medicine, because I am so ugly and ill looking! Did any one ever hear the like! I know now what you mean by flattery. It is to say what is n't the truth. Why, it is a sin! I will always remember that." The lesson was providential. They felt instinctively a truth I could never have so well impressed on their minds of myself."

Although Madame de Gontaut carefully abstained from meddling with public affairs not connected with her office, her passionate devotion to her sovereign led her to transgress this rule when the king expressed his intention of appointing Prince de Polignac prime minister, and also when he was about to issue the fatal *ordonnances*. She had a more vivid perception of the dangers that surrounded him than his ministers and courtiers. Her eloquent and indeed statesmanlike protests against both measures were vain. The royal line which the gods had doomed was not to be saved by a woman.

She accompanied her sovereign into exile, following him into Scotland and Bohemia. But she was destined to be another witness to the fact that the intrigues and jealousies of a mock court are generally more intense and bitter than those of a real one. Those who were wedded to the idea of a French monarchy such as it was before the Revolution feared that her influence

over her young pupils might weaken in their minds the rigid allegiance to the principle of right divine in which they would have them trained. So, happily for herself, after a few years of banishment she was forced to return to her family. Her daughters had married into two of the noblest houses in France: one was the wife of the Prince de Léon, and the other of Count Bourbon-Busset, the heir of a younger branch of the royal line. Their married life would appear to have been ideally happy, and their mother, after a checkered career, spent a peaceful and pleasant old age in the midst of her children and grandchildren, who admired and almost worshiped her. She must have been a very happy and lively old woman indeed to take up her pen at the end of fourscore years, and write such a bright, gossipy work as she has written, simply to please her grand-

daughters, never expecting it would meet the eyes of the public.

The words with which she concludes her *Memoirs* may well end this brief study of the career of a remarkable woman:—

"It only remains for me, then, to render thanks to God for all that he has already granted me on this earth. The love of my children and the esteem of all have amply rewarded a life filled with sacrifices. I have walked through the world in the full light of day, holding the hands of the illustrious pupils who have ever been my glory, the thought of whom supports and beautifies the few years that may be left to me. May the recollections I have just traced afford some interest to my children, and long remind them of a mother who has always kept the first place in her heart for them!"

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN ROME.

IN *Pagan and Christian Rome*,¹ Signor Lanciani, the engineer and antiquarian, whose lectures in this country will be remembered with pleasure by many, has given to English readers another volume of Roman antiquities strung upon a slender thread of general subject. As it is a long way from the farmer's plough to the table of the citizen, so the distance is very great from the spade of the antiquarian to the mind of the reading public. Signor Lanciani essays to communicate directly with the reader, without having recourse to any middleman.

This method has its distinct advantages as well as its compensating drawbacks. No knowledge is so interesting

as that which comes to us with the suggestion that it is absolutely new to others as well as to ourselves. No matter how dry a subject may be, or how ill presented, it cannot help being attractive when we find it out ourselves, or participate in the anxiety of the search and the satisfaction of the discovery; and we do so participate by sympathy whenever information is given fresh from the inventor's brain, with a narrative of the search. It is almost as if we had done the thing with him. And however thirsty men's minds are for knowledge in general, it is after all the chase that pleases far more than the game. To seek, whether one finds or not, is the natural attitude of the human intellect. It is sometimes said that "there is no culture in facts;" but certainly in the search for facts is all the culture there

¹ *Pagan and Christian Rome.* By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

is or can be. So, dealing directly with the investigator is second only to being an investigator one's self.

On the other hand, the mental attitude of the investigator is rarely the one most suitable for the presentation of knowledge in an organized, well-digested form. The preparation of a monograph requires a very different kind of mental effort from that employed in setting forth a large subject completely and lucidly, with all its parts in logical order, each in its due proportion and proper perspective. The microscopic myopia necessary for the discovery of new truths nowadays is at least a hindrance to a broad general view of a subject, and a series of monographs and *notizie dei secoli* does not constitute an effective treatise.

Thus, Signor Lanciani's book is not merely an account of the great discoveries which he has himself made, and with which he has been connected, discoveries whose value is recognized by all students of classic literature, of art, and of religion, nor is it strictly an account of the changes from Pagan to Christian Rome. Such a narrative would require a dozen volumes like his, and, despite the wealth of material already discovered, is not yet ready to be written. His book is in some manner an attempt to combine the two. It is distinctly a popular book, and in its handsome binding and fine workmanship a "holiday" volume. It gives a running account of recent discoveries in the field and in the archives in which the author has been concerned, interspersed with much other material, illustrative and explanatory, for those who have little or no previous knowledge of the subject. As these discoveries bring to light important links between the two great civilizations, the book may well enough be called by the title which the author has given it. But almost inevitably some things are introduced which are not directly connected with his theme, and hence there is an occasional

aspect of scrappiness, an occasional cicerone style, which is perhaps unavoidable.

It is doubtful, however, whether the author could have found any more effective form of presentation for the general reader than that which he has chosen. The compromise between a scientific and a popular method has been on the whole very well managed. He is a picturesque and an enthusiastic writer, and gives a very vivid if not always exact impression of whatever he wishes to convey. We share in his delight at important discoveries, and feel a sense of proprietorship in them, so contagious is his enthusiasm. The whole gets a freshness that could not be given to a formal treatise on the subject, however eloquent. The zeal of the actual discoverer shines through the statement even of things which have been known to investigators for many years. For along with the new discoveries there is a great deal of old matter, which either gets or gives new significance when taken in connection with the later discoveries; and most of what is given is hidden in scientific publications and in foreign languages.

Besides the actual facts recorded, there are many suggestions of points of view which, though not new to archæologists, are quite strange to most American readers. Few persons, for instance, have any adequate idea of the nature and action of the forces which effected the union of the Pagan and Christian civilizations. Our natural divisions of history tend to make us consider the dates B. C. and those A. D. as far apart as the epochs of Chinese and American history. Our sense of a Christian inheritance makes us think that Paganism and Christianity were mutually irreconcilable forces, waging a war of extermination; and this is especially true in this country, where the intellectual and ethical sides of religion are more prominent than sides which manifest themselves in the sensuous cults of the Old World.

The first chapter of this book suggests an entirely different point of view. It gives some idea of the gradual fungus-like growth of the new sect, beginning with Jewish slaves, and propagating itself until it had permeated the whole structure of society, so that when the time came for the state establishment of Christianity under Constantine it was already established. It also gives a hint at the ease with which Pagan usages were bodily transferred and incorporated, or were utilized and absorbed, into the new system. One begins to think that Christian and Pagan are not such contradictory terms, after all.

The second chapter, on Pagan Shrines and Temples, even in its somewhat rambling form, will give many persons new ideas of the simplicity and godly sincerity of the Roman religion. Particularly the accounts of *ex voto* offerings and the details of sacrifices suggest how intimately the ancient religions entered into all the affairs of life. The shrine of Diana Nemorensis could not have differed much from that of Our Lady of Lourdes or of La Bonne Ste. Anne, either in its use or its efficacy; and the state of mind of Tullia Superiana, who put up a tablet to Minerva showing her gratitude for the restitution of her hair, must have been much the same as that of a modern Catholic devotee or of Mr. Moody on the Spree.

All persons interested in the history of religion, who are not antiquarian specialists, will find much food for thought in the whole of this chapter. Perhaps the most interesting detail is the account of the discoveries relating to the Secular Games, — that great festival of Augustus, which is inseparably associated with the name of Horace. This account has appeared before in *The Atlantic Monthly*, but it well deserves preservation in a more permanent but still popular form. By the way, the inscription printed at the end of the book is a blunder for which, we are told, Signor

Lanciani is in no way responsible. Possibly he ought to have given it for publication in a correct form, but the incorrect transcription is not his work at all. This error might be easily remedied.

The relief representing a Roman family "going to church," so to speak, on page 83, is a lesson in Roman private life worth a score of treatises on ancient religious feeling. We are familiar with state sacrifices, and are accustomed to regard them as perfunctory ceremonials, at which the officials winked at one another whenever they could do so unnoticed by the ignorant crowd; but the private devotions even of princes and potentates are rarely brought to our attention. The reliefs of which the one given is a specimen have long been known, it is true, but in this connection, and in the more enlightened state of the public on the subject of religion, they acquire new significance.

The final settlement of the location of the Capitol is interesting to travelers and classical students, categories which must include all readers of *The Atlantic*. The discoveries described by the author are not strictly new, but they are certainly not well known, and the facts told in regard to the use made of this great temple, as well as others, belong to very recent lore.

The account of the discovery of the temple of Isis and Serapis, a discovery which really uncovers a period of more than five hundred years, shows the peculiar position of foreign cults in the Roman religion, and throws light on the status of the Jewish and Christian cults. In fact, throughout the book there are many suggestions bearing upon the obscure history of Christianity in the first two centuries.

The third chapter, Christian Churches, though containing much that is interesting, does not seem to us so good as the preceding chapters. In fact, much of it seems, in its general tendency, to be misleading. The statement of the origin of

the Christian house of worship is, to our thinking, especially wrong. The theory advanced, not, to be sure, as certain, but as the only one worth mentioning, is clearly incorrect. It is very likely that the private house suggested the appropriateness of the form later adopted, but the Christian basilica cannot possibly be separated from the Roman basilica, a secular edifice, which was itself borrowed from Greece long before Christianity was thought of. Again, the account of the origin of the two great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul contains much that is extremely doubtful. Still, after all, there are so many things that are certain and almost entirely unknown to Protestant readers that we may well be glad to have the whole in so interesting a form, particularly when the uncertainties are in matters which to Protestants are unimportant. Whether St. Peter or St. Paul was buried exactly in one spot or another concerns only pilgrims (but who is not one to the Eternal City, in some sense?) and devotees. At any rate, as the old story goes, "Abram *was* thar, or tharabouts." But the evolution of the basilica is a more important matter.

The fourth and fifth chapters have rather more of the guidebook quality than is observable in the others. In them there is hardly any notice of modern discoveries, or of any facts not to be found in various sources of information; but the matter is in itself very interesting and extremely well told. The popular accounts of the Monumentum Ancyranum and of the manner of its preservation, of the obsequies of Augustus and his mausoleum, of the ruins on the Via Quirinale and Venti Settembre, of the later imperial tombs, all written from the point of view of the investigator, although the remains were discovered long ago, have an interest which no learned disquisition could possibly have, even if such were easily accessible to the public. The reader feels like taking his spade and digging in his own

back yard for relics of the Norsemen or the Indians, and rewriting a chapter or two of American history. There is a peculiar sensation from the idea of living on a soil that consists of innumerable strata of past civilizations, and treading, like the Italian, on the certain relics and possible treasures of departed potentates. Think of going to a circus (as we did once) in the mausoleum of the great Augustus, or of picking up a missing page in the world's history while mending your drain!

The notice of the papal tombs, in the fifth chapter, is less redolent of antiquity, but is perhaps not less effective upon the imagination. The whole chapter, though a list of relics, is written in the spirit of the discoverer, and not of the showman, and, interspersed as it is with bits of ecclesiastical and Italian history, becomes so interesting that one forgets to inquire whether he is reading a guidebook of Rome or a history of the Popes.

The two chapters on Pagan and Christian Cemeteries are among the most interesting in the book. Nothing is so human as death, so that tombstones and burial rites always have a most pathetic interest; and the Romans seem to have been more simple and natural in their "mortuary utterances," if we may venture on such an expression, than almost any other people. Their very lack of inventive genius tended to give a special realism to the records thus preserved. The tombs furnish also some of the best preserved specimens of works of art in all its various forms. Paintings, stucco, sculpture, gem-cutting, and metal work are all represented in the tombs lately discovered by the author, or mentioned in connection with them.

The account of "the marvelous boy," Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, on page 281, is as good as an American "short story." It is a pity that the artists among them should have made such a botch of his statue as the reproduction opposite page 282. The objects found in the grave of

Creperia Tryphæna, represented opposite page 302, make a whole chapter of girl life. So, again, we find the record of Helius the shoemaker, who left in stone his portrait and the insignia of his trade, and of the Christian, Alexander the dentist, whose tomb is a suggestive memorial of that now honored profession. In fact, throughout the book there are constant hints at the continuity of civilization and the "solidarity" of human nature, which will appeal to the public much more strongly, perhaps, from the somewhat disjointed manner in which they are introduced.

The discovery of a marble statue of Christ, a few years ago, prompts Signor Lanciani to a most interesting excursus on Christian art in the catacombs, and particularly the types of the figure of Christ in art. This part is made more valuable by frequent citations of authorities. An illustration taken from the catacombs, given on page 357, will perhaps suggest new ideas to many as to the early celebration of the Lord's Supper. Our modern symbolism has become much etherealized since the time when "*Irene da calda*" and "*Agape misce mi*" could be regarded as religious mottoes.

On the whole, in spite of many statements which, if not untrue, are at least "premature," the book is a valuable one. Signor Lanciani is, as it were, a "romantic" archæologist. It is probable that he owes his success in great part to this quality. His constructive imagination often enables him to scent a conclusion where other less active minds are at fault, and his conclusions turn out, in the main, sound; but occasionally a *salto mortale* over a gap where the stepping-stones are faint or insecure takes him in the wrong

direction. Thus, on page 4, the tombstone assigned to Marcus Acilius Glabrio, consul A. D. 91, cannot possibly be his, nor is there the slightest convincing evidence that he was a Christian. We might almost as well infer from the aquatic exploits of the "Adams boys" that John Adams was a yachtsman. There is no doubt that Christianity, coming in at the back door, so to speak, did make some progress in the salon and win over some of the great. The indications which Signor Lanciani gives point clearly in that direction; but when it comes to proving the Christianity of particular individuals, it is a much more difficult matter. Even in the case of St. Petronilla it is uncertain what her relation was to the Petronilla who was the favorite (*delicata*) of Flavius Clemens. How early any members of the Flavian family were won over to Christianity is uncertain. It was in the nature of things that the new religion should work its way silently, and leave slight records of its onward advance.

The style of the book is marvelous for a foreigner. We have found hardly an error in the application of words. One, however, on page 22, is misleading. The word "uncompromising" is used where the author evidently means "non-committal." A hasty reading might wholly obscure the sense of the passage.

The mechanical execution of the book is admirable, except the one picture mentioned above. In fine, if one reads the book through, from one scarlet cover to the other, he cannot fail to be continually interested and edified; and nobody but a reviewer could ask that the book should be other than what it purports to be and is.

SYMONDS'S LIFE OF MICHELANGELO.

MR. SYMONDS'S *Life of Michelangelo*¹ is the fourth exhaustive biography of the great master which has been issued in the past thirty years. This is a remarkable fact, not to be paralleled in the case of any other artist, nor, so far as we recall, of any other of the world's great men. Three centuries and more after his death, historians are busying themselves with Michelangelo almost as if his life were of contemporary interest; and in addition to the four biographies we have mentioned, many smaller treatises have been devoted to a discussion of his work. Why is this? That Michelangelo was one of the few supreme men, and therefore that he is of perpetual significance, will hardly account for all the attention he has recently received. The dominant explanation is that it is only within the past generation that materials for an adequate biography have been set free. In 1858, his house, with its archives, was bequeathed to the city of Florence, and in the following year the British Museum bought a large batch of his letters. The celebration, in 1865, of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth further stimulated research; the result being that all the biographies which had been written previous to 1860 — we except, of course, the lives by Condivi and Vasari, which appeared during his lifetime — have been permanently superseded.

The earliest biographer to avail himself of this new material was the German, Grimm, whose diffuse volumes still enjoy an exaggerated vogue. Grimm had the advantage of first occupying the field, which always counts for much, and by using Michelangelo's career as a thread on which to string much discursive infor-

mation about the history of Italy from the time of Pius II. to the Council of Trent, and many reflections on the fine arts, from Cimabue to Cornelius, he produced an entertaining book. Thirty years ago the Renaissance was less familiar to English readers than it is now, and they were willing to hear what Grimm chose to tell about it while he was incidentally narrating the life of his hero. We need not now insist that this method does justice neither to Michelangelo nor to the Renaissance. He was not a great political figure; he was only indirectly affected by many of the political events to which Grimm devotes much space. With equal relevance might a biographer of Shakespeare deem it incumbent upon him to write the history of England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Therefore, as we have now books in which we can study the Renaissance in proper historical perspective, it seems likely that Grimm's work, which already shows signs of flagging, will not much longer hold its popularity.

Still, by borrowing from Michelangelo's letters at the British Museum, Grimm was able here and there to reveal many lifelike personal traits, an achievement in which he was surpassed by Gotti, the second of the recent biographers. Gotti had access to the Buonarroti archives, and also to the artist's complete correspondence. He restricted himself to the writing of a life instead of a history, and though his style is dull, marked by that tendency to adjectives and the superlative which Italian writers on art and history have not yet overcome, his biography is still the best. Heath Wilson, a patient and discriminating if not

¹ *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti. Based on Studies in the Archives of the Buonarroti Family at Florence. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. With Etched Portrait and Fifty Re-*

productions from the Works of the Master. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

an original student of art, proposed to translate Gotti's book into English; but he soon began to paraphrase and to add, until in the end he produced a work which he could fairly call his own. Paying more attention to Michelangelo's art than to his personality, and investigating with much perseverance the remaining frescoes, statues, and drawings, Heath Wilson's is a valuable contribution to a technical understanding of the subject; but his translations from the Italian, whether of Gotti's text or of Michelangelo's letters, display an ignorance of the rudiments of that language which none but an Englishman, with John Bull's hereditary contempt for foreigners and their speech, would have been willing to display.

These being the most important modern lives of Michelangelo, Mr. John Addington Symonds now publishes a fourth. His qualifications for such a task are well known. His voluminous history of the Italian Renaissance, not less than many detached essays, showed him to be familiar with this period not only in its broader phases, but in most of its less explored crannies. He had treated with equal luminousness subjects so different as the philosophy of Giordano Bruno, the rollicking songs of the Goliardi, and the crimes of the fifteenth-century despots. We have come to look for the careful collation of much material, and the straightforward presentation of it, in whatever he writes. He assimilates readily, and often forgets that he did not originate the views he has absorbed. In a word, he is the type of a scholar of remarkable breadth and insatiate curiosity, who has at the same time a faculty of fluent expression uncommon to most scholars. Richter somewhere says that in literature there are two classes: one, of those who, like a great ship, bring a rich cargo from far-off lands; and the other, of those who, like barges or lighters, unload and distribute that cargo. We have no hesitation in assigning Mr.

Symonds to the latter class; many are the rich galleons he has helped to unload.

But this lack of originality would not necessarily preclude Mr. Symonds from being an excellent biographer. Lewes, in the last generation, did, in different fields, work similar to that which Symonds has been doing in our time, and Lewes certainly produced an excellent life of Goethe. Mr. Symonds's defects lie deeper. He is essentially an essayist and critic rather than a narrator; and we hold that whoever would write good history or biography, which is merely history in detail, must have the storyteller's gift. This he has not, and no amount of erudition can compensate for its absence. Despite accumulated details and lucid explanations, he never makes us feel that the men and time he describes are quite alive; at most they are galvanized into a semblance of life.

Having spoken in these general terms in order to show that we have applied the highest tests to Mr. Symonds's new work, we are aware that generalizations are often partial, and that many books which fall below the highest yet merit consideration, and even great esteem, and this we can truly say of his *Life of Michelangelo*. He has not been led into Grimm's error of submerging the artist's career in the flood of public events in which he was only partly concerned; he has more literary skill than Gotti; he is not so technical as Heath Wilson. He has endeavored to bring out Michelangelo's personality in deep relief, without, however, slighting his works, and he has furnished a sufficient but not too extensive account of political happenings; and yet his book has stretched to nearly nine hundred pages, more than twice the length of Gotti's volume of biography. Part of this expansion is due to legitimate causes, — to the insertion of new material, and of copious translations from the letters and from Condivi; but the larger part must be charged to the

diffuseness of his style, which, though always lucid, is never terse. He has incorporated what are really essays on the fine arts wherever a pause in the narrative gives an excuse for so doing. His intellectual conscience seems to impose upon him the obligation of expressing an opinion about every minute topic which comes in his way, and this, coupled with incapacity for being emphatic, swells his chapters beyond necessary bounds. We shall always remember four or five pages of Ruskin, whether we agree with them or not; but after a few days, only by a strong effort of memory do opinions which Mr. Symonds expresses at ten times that length emerge from a clinging haze.

Nevertheless, Mr. Symonds has done patiently all that it was in his power to do. You feel respect for the pains he has been at to ferret into the obscure places in Michelangelo's career, and you find carefully set down details gathered from many sources. We are not aware, for instance, that any other biographer has given so precisely the long "tragedy of the tomb" of Julius II.; taking up the various contracts by which Michelangelo was harassed for nearly forty years, describing each plan, and tracing the fate of each fragment of the colossal monument. Equally minute is his description of the Medicean chapel, or of the Sistine frescoes, or of Michelangelo's relations with his fellows. He has swept away, we hope permanently, several of the stock legends; as that Michelangelo worked in morose solitude at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, envious of the popularity of genial, easy-going Raphael. He has shown anew the absurdity of the common belief that Michelangelo, at past threescore, was romantically in love with Vittoria Colonna, a widow of five and forty, with an absorbing preference for the cloistered life. Since no vehement love affair could be attributed to the master, early biographers and gossips made the most of this Platonic friend-

ship. It is time that the rather cheap romance they fabricated were discarded. Mr. Symonds has also put the sonnets in their proper light, as it is natural that he who long ago made a special study of them should do. But we are astonished that he should blemish a work of this kind by raking up and trying afresh the vile scandals which, if true, could not be proved now, and ought therefore not to be unearthed. To dignify that arch-ruffian, Pietro Aretino, by translating in full the letter in which he vilifies Michelangelo by innuendoes is to show slight respect for decency and a total lack of historical perspective. If all biographers imitated Mr. Symonds in perpetuating the calumnies which blackguards have uttered about great men, we should ask to have the writing of biographies made a penal offense.

It is not our purpose to traverse the main points in Mr. Symonds's criticism of Michelangelo's art. He agrees with the verdict reached by contemporaries three and a half centuries ago, that the quality of *terribleness* distinguishes Michelangelo's paintings and statues from all others. He recognizes in part the validity of Ruskin's strictures, but he maintains that to see only "anatomical diagrams" in the Sistine frescoes is to see less than they contain. He separates, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, the artist's development into several periods, laying less stress than usual on the effect the newly discovered antique statues are supposed to have produced on Michelangelo's style, and he assumes that an unrecorded early visit to Orvieto revealed to him in Signorelli's frescoes a pattern for his own. Mr. Symonds's elaborate word pictures of the sculptures and paintings confirm the opinion we had previously formed as to the futility of attempting to convey by language any adequate notion of the quality of a work of art. A description of the artist's subject may well enough be given, but when the critic digresses into technical disser-

tations on values, and lights and shades, and modeling, — much more, when he gives rein to his fancy or his sentiment, and tells what impression the work produced on him, — he indulges in loquacity of little profit to any student who has not the given work before his eyes. By restraining this tendency, Mr. Symonds could have lessened the bulk of his book without in the least impairing its worth.

But the first question we ask, and the last, is, What manner of man was this Michelangelo? The mighty products of his genius remain. For well-nigh four centuries they have aroused the wonder of men. One school of æsthetic criticism after another has said its say about them. Every traveler in Rome or Florence has lavished his store of adjectives upon them, and then has turned from the contemplation of the works to speculate upon the character of their maker. His genius we all acknowledge, but what of the man, — what of his daily life, his virtues and defects, his power to cope with the vicissitudes of fortune, his personal, mortal part? All this it is the business of the biographer to answer, if he can, in order that we may learn what sort of an instrument Providence chose for these particular revelations.

Mr. Symonds has endeavored to satisfy this legitimate curiosity, and has not failed to make copious use of well known passages in *Condivi* and *Vasari* and in the less known letters. These last, indeed, strike us as the most interesting parts of the book. Their characteristic intensity, their evident sincerity, their vigor of thought even when the language is not terse, make Mr. Symonds's style seem sometimes almost pedestrian by contrast. Certainly, if nothing but the following note remained from Michelangelo's correspondence, we could infer much about his character: "Most blessed father, I have been turned out of the palace to-day by your orders; wherefore I give you notice that from this time forward, if you want me, you must look

for me elsewhere than at Rome." Remember that the man who wrote this was then a young sculptor of thirty-one, and that the Pope who received it was Julius II., and you will not be surprised that the writer subsequently modeled the Moses and painted the Last Judgment. On the whole, the more we learn of Michelangelo's character, — his "psychology," as Mr. Symonds is fond of calling it, — the more we are disposed to respect it. The sordidness of his habits, in which he reminds us of Turner, and his ambition to be ranked with the best families of Florence — as if any patent of nobility could have ennobled him — were foibles on the surface. In the depths there were virtues which no mean spirit can harbor: loyal support of his kindred, even when they were ungrateful; candor in an age of overweening despots and truckling courtiers; real religiousness in an age when most men sneered at the religion to which, for prudence' sake, they outwardly conformed; and an unswerving fidelity to the ideals of his art. Mr. Symonds errs, we think, in condescending to refute Lombroso and Parlagreco, two psychologists who have recently classed Michelangelo among the unsane men of genius, alleging as proofs his irritability, his love of solitude, his insensibility to women, his timorousness, and similar evidence. What are the facts? Michelangelo started poor, and though usually ill paid, and though he gave much of his substance to his family and received no compensation at all for very important work, he died passing rich. Do practical men of affairs, whose sanity is taken for granted, achieve more than that? Michelangelo, consecrating his life to his ideal, renounced luxury, curbed his passions, and shunned whatever might interfere with the freest expression of his genius. Are these to be regarded as indications of lack of mental balance? At twenty-four he executed the *Pietà*, at twenty-seven the *David*; at thirty he began work on the tomb of

Julius; at thirty-one he drew the cartoon for the Battle of Pisa; at thirty-seven he finished the vault of the Sistine Chapel; at forty he was set to work upon the Church of San Lorenzo; at fifty he was occupied with the Medicean monuments; at fifty-four he superintended the fortifications of Florence; at sixty-six he completed the fresco of the Last Judgment; at seventy-one he was appointed architect of St. Peter's, and worked with unabated vigor till his death in his eighty-ninth year. These are but the foremost of his achievements, any one of which would suffice for the fame of a lesser man, and yet we are bidden to look upon him as morbid, as a neurotic subject! How many average men, who, by their commonplaceness, run no risk of falling under this suspicion, pursue their vocation to the age of eighty-nine? We

suspect that Mr. Symonds would have done well to have paid no attention to "psychology" of this kind.

In conclusion, we can assure any one who takes up these volumes that he will find in them all the important facts that have hitherto been published concerning Michelangelo. Of Mr. Symonds's methods, which are those of the essayist rather than of the historian, we have sufficiently indicated the limitations. We feel that the materials are here for a first-rate biography, but the ideal biographer, to do justice to the subject, must possess, besides Mr. Symonds's scholarship, a vigor and grasp and sense of vitality such as characterize Carlyle at his best.

No praise is needed for the many illustrations, well selected and generally well executed, which enrich the work.

PAUL HEYSE.

THE appearance of Herr Paul Heyse's *Merlin*,¹ in the sixtieth year of the author's age, recalls the fact that this is the age Goethe had reached when he wrote *Die Wahlverwandschaften*; and just as Goethe went back, in the latter novel, to the idea that had given origin to *Werther*, so, by a further singular coincidence, does *Merlin* revive the moral that underlies *Kinder der Welt*. In Goethe's case, what is depicted is the conflict that arises when the passions of the individual run counter to the conventions of society. In Herr Paul Heyse's two romances, *Kinder der Welt* and *Merlin*, the Faustus creed is preached, that men may work out their own salvation without the conventional props of either society or religion. The hero of *Kinder der Welt*, who is wanting in all concern

for social laws and regard for orthodoxy, is represented as being none the less happy and successful, inasmuch as he progresses steadily along the pathway of art. His duplicate, George, in *Merlin*, fails so to progress because he commits a fault, gives himself up to inactivity and remorse,—to remorse, which is retrospection, the very reverse of progress,—and ends, in consequence, most miserably.

The substance of the philosophy of the early romance is maintained intact, but *Merlin* adds to its pagan, masculine creed a provisional clause,—the clause, namely, that man may work out his own salvation, provided only he works. From the moral standpoint, this clause is, therefore, the new element which the book offers. And the fact that the spirit of the provision is qualifying reminds one again of Goethe and *Die Wahlverwandt-*

¹ *Merlin*. Roman. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin: Verlag Wm. Hertz. 1892.

schaffen; for what is the mortal resignation of the baron, in Goethe's later novel, but a modification of the mortal despair of Werther, the hero of the poet's younger days? Indeed, authors seldom lose altogether the insights of their youth, but, as we see, they broaden them. In old age the outer eye is farsighted. The inner eye, on the contrary, sees distant extremes in youth, — sees perfect success or Werther-like despairs. Betimes the spiritual eye takes note of averages and exceptions. And just as society makes laws first, then equity, so do poets first write books, then publish addenda; Merlin being such an addendum, — an addendum made by the author, in the decline of life, to the foregoing works of his early manhood.

At the opening of the tale, the hero, George, is standing in the market place of a provincial city. At a little distance, on the opposite side of the Platz, there is a lank young fellow, in ill-fitting clothes, who wanders among the various groups of market wives. Sometimes he is in the full light of the early morning sunshine; then he disappears under the shadow of one of the umbrellas that are planted like colossal mushrooms in the stone pavement of the square. In one hand he carries a violin case; in the other he holds a bunch of fresh pink radishes. Presently he slips into a dark, open doorway of a house, and opens the case. Within lie enconced a piece of raw red meat, a heap of white eggs, and some small yellow carrots. He is about adding the radishes surreptitiously to the pretty bit of still life, when George claps him on the shoulder. Philip Flaut is his bosom friend, his faithful, doglike admirer, the most simple-hearted, most gifted Bohemian that ever settled in a conservative town, and had the agonizing happiness of falling in love with the daughter of its conservative rector. At present this daughter is a resident of Philip's *châteaux en Espagne*, so Philip keeps house alone, cooking his

own frugal meals. George looks around the den, and declares he wants one exactly like it. Flaut laughs aloud. Let him go to the deuce with his nonsense, not come to him with it. It is quite true, however, and George explains that he has finished his course in law, has traveled, and has taken his degrees, all to please his father. Now, however, that the next step to be taken is one into a permanent profession, he has quarreled with his father, and has entered the profession of his own choice, — authorship, that is. Here he is with seventy-five cents and a manuscript in his pocket, and that is his whole fortune.

Philip, the hungry but happy idealist, blesses him. He loves him more than ever now that he is poor. The father of George's betrothed, however, whom George visits next, politely and timidly invites him, as if he were a stranger, a madman indeed, to please quit the house for good and all. He, Herr Wittekind, the foremost banker of —, has no notion of letting his financial friends fancy that there is a weak spot in his discreet, well-kept, and pomaded head by finding him doing such a thing as countenancing a voluntary beggar. No, indeed. Precisely of the same mind, too, is the book publisher of the town; for George, who goes to him this time with the purpose of selling poems instead of buying them, meets with a cordial reception until he makes his business known, and then he gets a frigid adieu.

Unabashed, however, by either the money man or the book man, he wends his way to the theatre. The director has a tragedy of his entitled *Rosamunda*; and there is a *tragédienne* in the troupe, Hannah Fork by name, of imposing height and native grandeur of mien, just the right person for acting the part of his Longobard princess. Does the director not think so himself? At present she is kept in an unnaturally strained state of mind through the presence of an officer to whom she is engaged. But

once upon the stage, in a congenial rôle, she would transport the audience. Not an audience nowadays in such a piece, answers the director brusquely. An audience nowadays does not care for the acting, but for the tendency of a play. Nor does it want dramas the scenes of which are laid in times before the Thirty Years' War. Such dramas may be read; they are not looked at. What the public wants is something real, something relating to the burning questions of the day. Rosamunda will not do; it is too literary. If he had only made it modern in scene, now, and written it in prose!

"All right," George says dryly. "I will. I'll do it to-morrow. I'll make it anti-Jewish in tendency, and write it in prose. I'll kill poetry for you."

The director agrees. It is his care to see that his business is not killed, and he urges a little actress who is present to encourage the author really to work out the scheme of a new Rosamunda.

Oh, he will, George assures him, he will. The realists of the day are constantly boasting of their art as if it were difficult. He will give them a proof of the fact that if idealists do not write like them, it is because they will not, not because they cannot. As for the little actress, Esther, George keeps out of her way. His senses are fascinated by the creature, but his soul loathes her as it does mere cleverness in writing.

What is his surprise, on coming into his lodging, later, to find an invitation to dinner at Herr Wittekind's; at the very house out of which he had but just been turned! George conceives that Lili is behind the matter. Nor is his surmise wrong. Yet Herr Wittekind, under the cheering influence of his excellent champagne, fancies suddenly that the invitation was the result of his own second thought. He sees now that it will increase his financial credit to marry his daughter to George. By Jove! the man must be thought pretty rich who can afford a son-in-law who is a poet. On the spot

he asks the company at his table if the scheme is not a capital business trick; and he drinks a toast to George, which George replies to by vowing to himself to relinquish Lili until he has a competency of his own, and by publicly assuring Herr Wittekind that never will he accept a single farthing of his money.

He leaves town afterwards for a farmhouse in the country. Here the only persons whom he sees are his landlord, a very sick man, who is abhorred by his heartless young wife; Abel, the doctor of the factory in a neighboring village; and the hired man. The last steals into the woods with his mistress by night, and George, who sees them from his window, thinks, with a smile of contempt, that a realist in his place would use the pair as material for a romance.

There is a scene in which the actress Esther appears in his lodging, her white, full arms and bosom clothed in a transparent lace, her insidious errand being to request for herself the chief rôle in the revised Rosamunda. George tells her the part has been promised to Hannah Fork. As for the drama itself, which he had rewritten in four weeks, yet which had been accepted by the director and praised by his troupe, George expresses his opinion of that when he tells Abel that society used to take tobacco snuff; now it takes the intellectual stuff manufactured by the man of Bayreuth and the men of the *quartier Latin*.

For himself, he clings with every fibre of his mind to Aristotle and his doctrine of uplifting terror as the true effect of tragedy. So he returns with a sense of deep relief from his anti-Jewish play to the completion of a drama that has the heroic Madame Roland as its central figure. When it is done, at the close of a half-year, he reads it aloud to his friends. They are every one profoundly impressed. All the same, they doubt if he will find a manager in the land to put it upon the stage; and a friendly journalist tells him that Germans will not stand a French

character that is magnanimous. Frenchmen must be represented as either immoral or silly, or be wholly ignored.

Philip Flaut determines to compose an overture to the drama; the only thing against it, in his mind, being Abel's liking for it. This doctor, he jealously thinks, is altogether too much attracted towards Dora, the rector's daughter. He tells her so, too. Dora bursts into laughter, and for a reply begs that he will march straight to her father. She cannot stand finding bits of cabbage leaves in her music-master's violin case any longer. She will have to marry him, or he will ruin that case. But alas! the austere rector cares nothing for the domestic disorder of the bashful musician's house. From his point of view, Philip's soul is in a far worse state than his habitation. Hence he advises him sternly to become a Christian before thinking of becoming his son-in-law,—advice that strikes honest Flaut like a doom, as indeed it does the reader, also, considering what insights he has been given into the innate paganism of the Bohemian's mind.

With the episode of Philip's wooing the middle of the romance is reached. The threads of the story are in a state of utmost complication. From here on, therefore, they begin either to untangle, or to tighten further into fateful, inextricable knots. For Philip, matters set themselves to rights. The rector dies, and he marries Dora; Heaven's fiat putting that of the deceased to naught. So also does the father of George die, leaving so large a fortune that George becomes independent, and weds Lili. But the social knot, as it proves, is not the Gordian one in the destiny of the hero of the tale. That tangle, characteristic enough, is literary. George is represented as putting his foot into its meshes when he consents at last to write a play for the coquettish Esther,—to put off writing heroic tragedies, like his unsuccessful Spartacus, in order to compose

a taking piece on Merlin. The step is from the ideal plane of historical drama to that of melodrama, and is a step downward in his art. The consequence of taking it is an almost immediate moral misstep, likewise; for George, like a second Merlin, gives way, in Berlin, on the night of the *première*, to the seductive charms of his temptress.

At home, later, where Lili had succumbed to a contagious disease, caught from their children during his absence, George, as we have said, surrenders himself wholly to sentiments of self-disgust and remorse. His literary work is allowed to remain fragmentary. He neglects his health so that the physical forces degenerate; then his mind grows ill. Esther reappears, and the unexpected sight of her is the cause of an outbreak of insanity, and poor Flaut takes him to an insane asylum. Here George reads through the palings of his ward to Hannah Fork in the adjoining ward,—for Hannah's wrath with him she loved has wrought at last a real madness in her brain,—and from talking with her of tragedy he comes in time to writing a drama. This is founded on the Biblical account of John the Baptist, and George gains permission to enact it in the hall of the asylum, he playing John to Hannah's Herodias. With mad cunning, he concocts a scheme that he keeps secret in his own morbid mind until the opening night. Then Hannah, in her rôle as Herodias, lifts the cloth from the blood-stained platter, to be met with the sight of genuine blood and an actual human head,—George's own!

There can hardly be imagined, we should say, a scene and moment more original. Upon one side is the raised platform, and on it the crack-brained, tall tragédienne, in complete poise of soul and with grisly, quiet deportment; upon the other is the dark room below, its spectators all stiffening with one harrowing apprehension.

Herr Heyse might well have made

use of the inspiration as an effective close to the madhouse scenes and his hero's life. But evidently the desire not to let an opportunity pass for showing that the true idealist adopts the current sensational methods of realistic writers only when he has become diseased was too urgent and strong for the author. George's daring, therefore, is represented as being a trick; for, although the face in the platter is real, the lips that Hannah kisses are warm, and the eyes that droop for the audience are moved by vital muscles, not by mechanism, beneath the bottomless platter the head is still joined firmly to George's shoulders. The reader has many pages more to peruse ere a suicidal hand is at last turned in earnest against that head.

The story, only the moral and general outlines of which are given here, covers in the original nine hundred pages. That the author should have been able to write it, as he declares he did, in the six weeks of the summer of 1891 is a fact that can be explained only by learning that the main contents of the romance are the ripened fruit of previous years of reflection: the writing was a gathering in rather than a sowing of ideas; a harvest, not a new creation. All the chief incidents of the plot were ready drawn twenty years ago or more, those of the earlier chapters being founded upon events in his own life. The experiences which he underwent when he resigned the prospects offered by a lucrative profession in Berlin, in order to pursue literature in Munich, against the will of the elder (Professor) Heyse, had supplied him with the material necessary for the introductory narrative of the novel, and the picturesque market of *der Thal*, that had caught his eye on entering Munich, afforded a good scene for the opening description. Then, as for the store of sentiments needful in working up a portraiture of George's character as that of a man of proud independence, Heyse found himself in

possession of that in 1868, when King Ludwig II. withdrew the pension of the poet Geibel. It was done as a punishment for Geibel's liberalism in politics, in a despotic manner, and Heyse, out of disgust, for the sake of the dignity of the profession of poetry, threw up his own pension. Similarly, too, with the experiences that he went through in respect to his early drama, *Francesca di Rimini*: the realism of that piece and the criticism which it met with suggested all that he needed for describing what his hero lived through in regard to his drama *Rosamunda*. The very reasons that made Heyse repudiate *Francesca di Rimini* serve as grounds why George disavows his revised *Rosamunda*. In like manner are the experiences that the publication of the *Goddess of Reason* called forth in 1881 used in the episode of *Madame Roland*, and those which accompanied the production of *Alcibiades* in the account of George's drama *Spartacus*.

Merlin, in short, was for many years the author's mental diary; and unless his present intention not to write his memoirs be given up, the literary student will hardly come into possession of a better guide through certain circumstances of Herr Heyse's literary life than this romance affords. It fills a place among his books corresponding to that which *The Mill on the Floss* fills among the writings of George Eliot; there are more personal reminiscences, or rather more analogies of personal reminiscences, in Merlin's pages than have been confided to any other book. The complete author is here, even in such details as his methods and habits of work. For, like his hero, Herr Heyse writes only in the morning, as a rule, while capable, under the pressure of inspiration, of working from twelve to fourteen hours a day. His facility of expression is remarkable; and although he rewrites his dramas several times, all his short stories have been composed in two or three

sittings, and been published just as they were penned at the first writing. The personages of his tales, too, like those of his hero's, are creations of imagination; never does he model them (at least consciously) after his acquaintances in actual life. Just as George closes the window of his chamber that he may not see the peasant's wife as she sneaks at evening into the woods with her paramour, so does Heyse exclude from his poetic vision the gross figures of Labor and vile Lust. The factory in Merlin is kept characteristically in the background of the tale, whereas an open-air sermon of the factory doctor's is allowed to rise by force of innate grandeur into memorable prominence. George Falkner's scorn of fashion in literature, finally, and the front that he starts out to maintain against it, answer, in this symbolical and disguised biography, to the author's own literary attitude.

The motto which, like a bugle note of defiance, opens the tale of Merlin —

“Ich hab ein Werk mir ausersehen,
Nicht soll 's der Welt zulieb geschehen” —

could accompany nearly all of Heyse's works; his latest volume of short stories, *Aus den Vorgebirgen*, as well as his new drama, *Wahrheit*.

The style in Merlin is broad throughout, and is the same for narrations, descriptive paragraphs, and conversations. A closer likeness to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and *Elective Affinities*, in this particular, has not been produced of late years. Like these books, moreover, Merlin abounds with matter superfluous, with Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, in the form of poems, aphorisms, and fragments of tragedies: it is, in short, a genuine poet's *vade mecum*, or precisely that which nearly every notable German romance of the elder novelists has been for three generations past. M. Brunetière describes “*vade mecum*” as the *roman teutonique*. The same type of novel was in vogue in France, but died out with the followers of Lamartine. Why does it survive in the Fatherland? M. Brunetière thinks it is because the geographical boundaries of Germany are “*sans contours arrêtés, et l'esprit allemand, naturellement informé, se meut à l'aise.*” But if this be true, how has it come to pass that America should have evolved the opposite type of novel, the concise short story? — a type as peculiar for its exaggerated exclusion of as much as possible as is the *vade mecum* of the Germans in its inclusion of as much as possible.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Theology. The Bible, the Church, and the Reason, the Three Great Fountains of Divine Authority, by C. A. Briggs. (Scribners.) Whatever the outcome of the ecclesiastical trial of Dr. Briggs, the real trial is by thinking people at large, and this book is one of the chief occasions of the trial. The fearlessness, the reverence, and the positive character of this tract — for it is a tract of three hundred pages — make it a most valuable solvent of men's doubts. When men are disturbed in their minds, it is not the man who is carefully looking af-

ter his defenses, but the one who is a leader in faith, to whom they listen most readily. — Creation of the Bible, by Myron Adams. (Houghton.) A popular work which aims to coördinate the results of the higher criticism into a systematic account of the evolution of the Bible. One may think the writer a little too ready to accept as final the judgments of scholars like Kuenen, and too eager to find a parallel between the growth of the Bible and the development of nature according to the hypothesis of evolution; but the author's candor and his sincere love

of truth make one ready to accept the book as a contribution toward a reasonable faith. — The second volume of Dr. Wendt's *The Teaching of Jesus* (Scribners) is occupied mainly with the important section of *The Testimony of Jesus to his Messiahship*, and further illustrates the writer's principal contention that there is a magnificent inner unity in the teaching of Jesus, and that the synoptic and Johannine gospels offer parallel indications of it. The freedom and intelligence with which Dr. Wendt uses his material are marked also by that high reverence which makes him not scrupulous of mere decorum, but earnest in his pursuit of the fullest truth. The entire work is a very interesting contribution to New Testament criticism. — *Christian Ethics*, by Newman Smyth. (Scribners.) A volume in the *International Theological Library*. Dr. Smyth writes in a refreshingly clear, manly manner. He seeks to follow the historical method, but he is constantly driven back by necessity from Christianity to Christ, recognizing in the words of Jesus not only the germ, but the test of organized Christianity. The work is divided into *The Christian Ideal*, in which the revelation of that ideal, its nature and its progressive realization, are set forth, and *Christian Duties*, in which the personal and social exercise of those duties, and finally their exercise in direct relation to God, are considered. The final chapter, on *The Christian Moral Motive Power*, brief as it is, shows how instinctively a Christian ethical philosopher goes straight to the impact of a personal Christ for his most complete and his profoundest explanation. — *The Love of the World*, a *Book of Religious Meditation*, by Mary Emily Case. (The Century Co.) A little volume devoted, in thirty brief chapters, to the meditative illustration of the thesis that there is nothing irreligious but sin. There is no such audacity in the treatment as one hearing this statement might fancy, but a gentle insistence on the religiousness of whatsoever things are lovely, of good report, etc. Occasionally a bright remark is made, but the book is reasonable and thoughtful rather than incisive and epigrammatic. — *The Genesis and Growth of Religion*, by S. H. Kellogg. (Macmillan.) A series of eight lectures given before Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. Kellogg, after an acute examination of the

current definitions of religion, makes a good one of his own, and then proceeds, after a study of naturalistic theories of the origin of religion, to scrutinize in particular the positions of Herbert Spencer and Max Müller. Having cleared the ground, he contends for a subjective and objective factor in the genesis of religion, treats of the development of religion with a criticism of Réville, examines the historic facts bearing on the subject, and closes with a special study of Shemitic monotheism. Within the narrow compass of his book Mr. Kellogg has given his theme a particular as well as a general critique. — *Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena*, by J. M. Buckley. (The Century Co.) Dr. Buckley's object is to furnish facts in regard to the subjects named in the title of his book, and under the head of *Kindred Phenomena* he treats of events connected with *Astrology, Divination, Coincidences, Dreams, and Witchcraft*. Many anecdotes are introduced, sometimes only alluded to, without much attempt at deduction or comparison. The statement of facts which have set so many minds agog is somewhat like a question half answered, and no doubt some readers will use Dr. Buckley's material in a way to lead to conclusions opposite those reached by him.

Economics. The *Tariff Controversy in the United States, 1789-1833*, with a Summary of the Period before the Adoption of the Constitution, by Orrin Leslie Elliott. (Leland Stanford, Jr. University, Palo Alto, California.) The first number of a series of *Historic and Economic Monographs*. The most interesting portion is that which details the entanglement of the subject with the political heresy of nullification. The work shows industry, research, and a commendable desire to treat the topic in an historical spirit. — *The Old English Manor, a Study in English Economic History*, by Charles McLean Andrews. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) The introduction to this carefully written study has a special interest as marking the decline, at the centre of its greatest activity in America, of the exclusive theory of village communities as historically antecedent and necessary to the development of Teutonic freedom. The body of the book is devoted to an examination of manorial rights, laws, and customs among the Anglo-Saxons, the

date taken being that of about the year 1000. — The Economy of High Wages, an Inquiry into the Cause of High Wages, and their Effect on Methods and Cost of Production, by J. Schoenhof. (Putnams.) Mr. Schoenhof's contention in the former half of this tract is that high wages result from the demand made upon laborers by a rapidly expanding civilization, and that the prosperity of the United States is due to the widely distributed ownership of land and the freedom of educated employment. In the second part, his contention is that the effect of high wages is to improve production, and he goes into detail in a variety of industries to maintain his proposition. He believes that legislative enactments have little to do with this prosperity, but in another breath he deprecates the effort made to encourage high wages by protective tariff. The great variety and particularity of his facts save his book from being the mere illustration of a theory. — Echoes of the Sunset Club, comprising a Number of the Papers read and Addresses delivered before the Sunset Club of Chicago, during the past two years. Compiled by W. W. Catlin. (Howard, Bartels & Co., Chicago.) The subjects discussed are largely those of a sociological and economical character, and the form is practically that of a debate by two or three speakers. The debate does not necessarily suppose two opposite sides, but sometimes two points of view. One might profitably be a member of such a vigorous club. If he prefers reading, or perhaps if he has no choice, since all cannot live in Chicago, he will find pointed, forcible discussion of Land Taxation, Municipal Control of Heat, Light, etc., Party Allegiance, The Sunday Question, Our Jury System, Our Public School System, and similar topics, in this energetic volume. — The Case against Bimetallism, by Robert Giffen. (Macmillan.) A collection of Mr. Giffen's papers, in which he treats both the general theory and the specific illustrations provided by Laveleye and by American advocates. In his plea for monometallism, he maintains that the subordinate coin would perform its functions more naturally and more obediently to law than if the attempt were made to adjust by law the relation of the two metals to each other.

Domestic Economy. Letters to a Young Housekeeper, by Marie Hansen-Taylor.

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(Scribners.) Mrs. Taylor has achieved a success. She has entered a field which seemed fully occupied, and has made a place for herself in it. Her method is so orderly, her instructions are so clear and definite, and her sense of the needs of young housekeepers in the provision for their families is so intelligent that the result is seen in a singularly useful handbook. — Common Sense in the Household, by Marion Harland. Majority Edition. (Scribners.) The coming of age of this widely popular manual has been celebrated by the publication of a new and revised edition of it, — a fit compliment to a book which still continues to hold its own against later and well-equipped comers in the same field. — The Little Dinner, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Scribners.) In this attractive little volume, Mrs. Herrick again proves good her inherited right to act as an intelligent and competent household guide. She does her best to solve the not altogether easy problem of dinner-giving by mistresses of small establishments, who are forced to combine an abundance of good taste with strictly limited incomes. For her suggestions in regard to the little dinner, which she follows through its whole course, from Laying the Table to Something about Sweets, giving a number of well-approved receipts by the way, she will doubtless earn the gratitude of many perplexed or inexperienced hostesses.

Fiction. The Medicine Lady, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell.) An English novel of strong characteristics. The writer has conceived a woman of impulses, and set her in a position where the mingled good and evil of her nature have full play to the end. In doing this, she has been faithful to life, even though her invention takes her along some slightly improbable avenues. There is a good deal of irregularity in the telling of the story, but there is a story, and at times a very forcible one. The book lies outside the range of commonplace fiction, though the crudeness of the execution scarcely permits one to give it a very high place as a piece of art. — The Woodman, by Jules de Glouvet; translated by Mrs. John Simpson. (Harpers.) An admirable translation of a notable book. M. Guernay de Beaurepaire, who has of late years made his own name famous as that of the most fearless of French magistrates, is also, as the novelist "Jules

de Glouvet," a leader of the Idealists in their contest with the dominant school in French fiction; *Le Forestier* being one of the earliest protests, so to speak, against the prevailing cult. If this shall prove other than a temporary revolt, and the New School have the fortune to produce many works comparable in quality to the story of *Jean Renaud the Poacher*, the battle need not be a hopeless one. — *Fifty Pounds for a Wife*, by A. L. Glyn. (Holt.) Starting with a highly improbable incident, in which a young man buys for fifty pounds a theatrical manager's so-called daughter whom he is misusing, this story goes on heedlessly through a series of equally improbable incidents, until the reader finds he has been occupying himself with a cheap piece of fiction, even though the characters are supposed to be gentlemen and ladies. — *Vesty of the Basins*, by Sarah P. McLean Greene. (Harpers.) An odd mixture of real humor, fantastic sentimentality, and allusive story-telling. The exaggeration in which the author deals cannot wholly conceal her genuine appreciation of humorous situations, but it is hard luck for the reader when he has to scrape off such an accumulation of artificiality to get at the real nature in the book. — *The Reputation of George Saxon, and Other Stories*, by Morley Roberts. (Casell.) A collection of eleven single-number stories, not without subtlety and some power, but bearing a somewhat amateurish and artificial character, as if the writer were a clever man of taste, who tried his hand at work of this sort much as he might amuse himself with wood-carving or water-color painting. — *Beggars All*, by L. Dougall. (Longmans.) The reader of this novel will be a little puzzled by the comings and goings of the characters, for the author, having conceived a certain mysterious central design in the structure of the story, has, wittingly or not, allowed the mystery to spread by a kind of contagion; but an interest in the characters is readily formed, and from being puzzled one comes to be thoroughly engaged in the movement. It is a story out of the common run. — *Christmas Stories from French and Spanish Writers*, by Antoinette Ogden. (McClurg.) A little volume of holiday aspect, containing translations from a dozen different writers. On the whole, the stories are well selected, and so as to give sufficient variety to the collec-

tion. The reader is impressed more by the unlikeness than by the likeness to Christmas tales of English and German origin; but in at least one respect there is a strong resemblance, falling snow being apparently as necessary an accompaniment to the great festival in French and Spanish stories as in those of more northern climes. — From A. C. McClurg & Co. come two attractive little books of the series of six *Tales from Foreign Lands*. England is represented by Mrs. Gaskell's *Cousin Phyllis, a Story of English Love*. *Mariela, a Story of Spanish Love*, translated by Helen W. Lester from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, is the touching story of a poor little misformed girl who served as guide to a blind youth, expounding all things by him unseen in accordance with her quaint beautiful notions. Her great unhappiness was fear that he should discover her real ugliness and lose his avowed love for her, — which indeed happened when sight was restored to him. — In the new and revised edition of William Black's novels, a recent number is *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* (Harpers), in which the author amiably, but with wise caution, sets his characters on foot in America.

Education and Textbooks. — Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, edited by Vida D. Scudder (Heath), contains the text, preceded by an Introduction, which is in substance the papers on the subject published by the editor in *The Atlantic*, and followed by notes, extracts from criticisms, and a bibliography. There is also an interesting paper of Suggestions towards a Comparison of the *Prometheus Unbound* with the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, by Miss Lucy H. Smith. Altogether, the book is a treatment of an English piece of literary art more upon the lines of an edition of a Greek classic than we often meet. — *Free-Hand Drawing; Light and Shade and Free-Hand Perspective. For the Use of Art Students and Teachers.* By Anson K. Cross. (The Author, Normal Art School, Boston.) This little book is in effect the notes used by the author in his classes at the Normal Art School. Many of the points brought out were suggested by inquiries of the pupils. Thirty-two plates illustrate Mr. Cross's methods. It is a book which teachers can use better than students. — It was a capital notion to bring together for school use

Wordsworth's Prefaces and Essays on Poetry with his Letter to Lady Beaumont. This has been done by A. J. George (Heath), who has already shown himself a close student of the poet. These prefaces, besides being very helpful to the reader of Wordsworth, constitute a most valuable aid to the intelligent study of all poetry. — Goethe's Faust, edited by Calvin Thomas. (Heath.) The first part only is given in this volume. Mr. Thomas furnishes an interesting preface, in which, we are glad to see, he does not worry himself much over the Faust legend. The text is in clear, clean type, and the book is not overloaded with notes. — A Primary French Translation Book, by W. S. Lyon and G. de H. Larpent. (Heath.) An ingenious system of retranslation is adopted, by which a French exercise has a corresponding English exercise; not a direct translation, but a fresh statement using the words found in the French. — The Bible and English Prose Style, Selections and Comments, edited, with an Introduction, by Albert S. Cook. (Heath.) An interesting little book, though we could have spared some of the comments, by a variety of authors, if we could have had more representative selections. It is singular, indeed, that Mr. Cook should have drawn nothing from the book of Job, perhaps the most consummate piece of English in the Bible, and nothing, either, from the parables. — Outlines of English Grammar, with Continuous Selections for Practice, by Harriet Mathews. (Heath.) The writer of this textbook has reduced to form the practice which she has followed, and the form is in the main simple and intelligible; but we think it possible that some teachers not taught by her would be puzzled over a few of her directions. The main idea of giving continuous passages rather than brief sentences for the application of the rules and definitions seems a sensible one.

Books for the Young. The two bound volumes of St. Nicholas for 1892, covering the twelve months from November, 1891 (The Century Co.), show a goodly range, from nonsense verses to biographical sketches, scientific studies, and sketches of travel. By rights, story-telling holds chief sway, and an effort is made to treat the young of the human race as pretty equally divided into male and female. — The End of a Rainbow, by Rossiter Johnson. (Scribners.)

Mr. Johnson calls his story, on the title-page, An American Story, and the characters and scenes are native, even to a somewhat free and independent use of the English language. But it is a little hard to believe in the laborious self-delusion of the first chapter, and these American young people resemble more the denizens of Mr. Stockton's solemn world. If one can part with his critical faculty, however, he can get a good deal of honest entertainment out of this lively book. — Condemned as a Nihilist, a Story of Escape from Siberia, by G. A. Henty; illustrated by Walter Paget. (Scribners.) Mr. Henty is a practiced story-teller, and it makes little difference to him whether his scenes are laid in England or Colorado or Russia or India, in this century or in a remote antiquity. All he asks is scope for adventure, and he has no lack of material in modern Russia. His hero is of course a boy, though no chick, and he passes him through all the possible contingencies of a suspected Nihilist. It is a manufactured story, but skillfully manufactured. — A Rosebud Garden of Girls, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) A half dozen stories of girl life, each with its slight sub-cellar stocked with lessons in good manners and minor morals. Miss Perry writes with a strong sympathy for the class to whom her characters belong, and the manifest qualities of young maidenhood are emphasized. Perhaps, in her desire to set forth these figures, she has unconsciously been betrayed, in her descriptions and narrative, into something of a young girl's extravagance of manner. — Stories from the Greek Comedians, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. (Macmillan.) Mr. Church has been exceedingly successful in the difficult task he set himself in this volume. He has put into narrative form nine of the comedies of Aristophanes, and six of the new comedies which we know only from the versions of Terence and Plautus, occasionally introducing snatches of the dialogue, as well as some of the beautiful verses to be found in the older dramatist. He acknowledges his indebtedness to several eminent translators, especially to Mr. Hookham Frere; but he has used these authorities with great freedom, and has again shown his excellent judgment and good taste in selection, arrangement, and condensation. While the book is intended for

young readers, we suspect that it will prove even more attractive to their elders. — Tom Paulding, the *Story of a Search for Buried Treasure in the Streets of New York*, by Brander Matthews. (The Century Co.) A capital story for boys, full of bright invention, good humor, and boyish sport. The young people have enough reality to save them from the fate of most story-book boys and girls, but the reality is not secured at the cost of good manners and decent English. — *The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by M. Louise Putnam. (McClurg.) Miss Putnam writes with sincere veneration for her hero, and gives the accredited acts of his life in orderly sequence. We could wish she had enriched her narrative with more of the characteristic anecdotes of the President, since they serve to make his personality vivid; and we suspect that children old enough to read a biography of Lincoln will resent, perhaps silently, the extreme simplicity of some of the phraseology and the direct address, which Miss Putnam uses somewhat freely. — *Axel Ebersen, the Graduate of Upsala*, by André Laurie. (Lippincott.) A Swedish tale, illustrative mainly of the advantage gained by manual training in a boy's education. The story is, besides, quaintly descriptive of scenes in Swedish life. — *The Wild Pigs, a Story for Little People*, by Gerald Young. (Macmillan.) A story of pigs and their adventures, of dogs, and of one or two human creatures. The forced gayety of this narrative does not delude one, and we think children, as well as their elders, will justly demand that the animal kingdom be exhausted before pigs are made *dramatis personæ*.

The Literature of Childhood. Five Hundred Books for the Young, a Graded and Annotated List, prepared by George E. Hardy. (Scribners.) Mr. Hardy has accomplished well a difficult task, for he has aimed at classifying and arranging in successive grades the most available and desirable books for the young. Available, we say, since he has introduced a number whose special value is in their cleanliness and their capacity for expelling meaner literature appealing to a like taste for excitement and adventure. He has made a list, not of what children ought to read, but of what the great rank and file may be won to read with no great difficulty. Ten years from now, we

think it not unlikely that a similarly planned list would have even a higher standard. — *Children's Rights, a Book of Nursery Logic*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin's enthusiastic interest in kindergarten work has given her exceptional opportunity for the sympathetic study of childhood as it is at large, not of some selected favorites of fortune; and she has taken up the subjects of playthings, books, the relation of the kindergarten to the public schools and to social reform, and similar matters, treating them with no less good sense that she treats them with lightness and humor. — *Children, their Models and Critics*, by Auretta Roys Aldrich. (Harpers.) An admirable book, written by a true mother, on *Early Influences, Discipline, and Kindergarten*, the advice pointed with apt examples, and always wise; as good for those of us who have not children, and are all the more disposed to reflect how wisely we could bring them up if we had them, as for the parents themselves, who need a great deal of teaching.

History and Biography. Thomas Carlyle, by John Nichol. (Harpers.) In the *English Men of Letters* series, and a praiseworthy addition. Dr. Nichol writes as a Scotsman tamed by English association. He never parts with his right to judge and to state roughly his own conclusions, but he seems to make a desperate effort to be cosmopolitan, and not to treat his hero on too limited a scale. His analysis of Carlyle is shrewd and effective, though assessments of this sort have an irritating power, and especially does one crave simplicity and evenness in a summary of a man whose own explosive style furnishes all the condiment of quotation required. — *The Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, which Mr. Charles Francis Adams details at length in two volumes (Houghton), are *The Settlement of Boston Bay*, *The Antinomian Controversy*, and *A Study of Church and Town Government*; the last being based on the town of Quincy, as indeed the whole work is an examination of the New England life which there had its exposition. By concentration of his subject Mr. Adams allows himself all the more room for expansion of treatment, and we have thus a minute display of facts ordered and generalized and set in relations with so much precision and largeness of temper that we are

enabled to trace the personality of the town as a microcosm of New England life, social, political, and religious. The thoroughness of the survey is most satisfying, and the vividness which results from the imaginative force of a hard-headed business man of history is most captivating to the reader insatiate of details. — *History of the Nineteenth Century in the United States and Europe. Period I. During the Triumphs of Napoleon's Empire.* By Henry Boynton. (Press Co., Augusta, Maine.) Mr. Boynton has written a book which is in part annalistic, in part personal judgment; for in spite of his assumption that the history of the period has been written heretofore in a partisan spirit, it is not impossible to discover Mr. Boynton's own likes and dislikes. To the willing reader this history is a queer jumble of facts whose relation to one another is not immediately apparent. — *The Battles of Frederick the Great, abstracted from Thomas Carlyle's Biography of Frederick the Great,* edited by Cyril Ransome, M. A. (Scribners.) There may be differences of opinion as to the desirability of "abstracted" books in general, but in this case there will be but one in regard to the intelligence, good taste, and we may add modesty, with which the editor has done his work. In his brief introduction he clearly traces the causes leading to the War of the Austrian Succession, and then gives Carlyle's spirited and vivid descriptions of the battles of that conflict and of the later Seven Years' War, — omitting much matter not strictly relevant to the object in view, but scrupulously adhering to his author in what remains. Concise introductory notes to each chapter make a connected narrative of the whole. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and the book is well supplied with maps and plans. — *Mr. Whitelaw Reid in France, 1889-1892. The Farewell Dinner to the United States Minister.* (Brentano's, Paris.) A comely pamphlet of sixty pages, in which is gathered the series of complimentary speeches made to and by Mr. Reid. One reads with special interest M. Ribot's speech. — *Cæsar, a History of the Art of War among the Romans down to the End of the Roman Empire, with a Detailed Account of the Campaign of Caius Julius Cæsar; with 258 Charts, Maps, Plans of Battles and Tactical Manœuvres, Cuts of Armor, Weapons,*

and Engines. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton.) The third in Colonel Dodge's important series of Great Captains. Even more, perhaps, than was the case with the other volumes is this a military history. Although written for mature readers, the style is so clear and the arrangement so orderly that a schoolboy spelling out Cæsar's Commentaries would find this book more serviceable and more enjoyable than any amount of ordinary textbook notes, and we commend it for this particular use. — *Writings of Christopher Columbus, descriptive of the Discovery and Occupation of the New World, edited, with an Introduction, by Paul Leicester Ford.* (Webster.) A convenient little collection of the letters, will, and other documents which are constantly cited by critics of Columbus. The faithful reader will get closer to the navigator by means of these papers than his admirers or judges will always permit.

Poetry and the Drama. Songs of Sunrise Lands, by Clinton Scollard. (Houghton.) Mr. Scollard has done well to bring into one group the poems which have been suggested by Oriental travel. He is not the first, as he certainly will not be the last poet from the West to be strongly affected by contact with Eastern life. In his case, a thoughtful, careful, observant nature has been inflamed by the color, the richness, the luxury of the eye, which one may encounter in this new experience, and the result is seen in a flowering forth not into mere extravagance, but into imaginative beauty of a lawful sort. We may fairly expect that, having thus gathered the store of his Eastern experience, Mr. Scollard's fine poetic taste will be equally enriched when he deals with nearer themes. — *Alaskana, or Alaska in Descriptive and Legendary Poems,* by Bushrod W. James. (Porter & Coates.) The writer has turned his visit to Alaska into this metrical form. One would think that a diligent reading of *Hiawatha* would give one who had any rhythmical faculty the power to reproduce its general effect, yet this author has made his verses look like *Hiawatha* to the eye, but not sound like it in the ear. — *The End of Time, a Poem of the Future,* by L. D. Barbour. (Putnams.) Scenes in heaven contrast with earthly scenes of warfare and religious discussion. The long metre of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is used to uphold the solemn parts, while

shorter measure is brought in frequently to relieve it. Hell and the Devil are disappointingly prominent at the finale, and get plenty of booty. Though the poem does not offer much religious satisfaction, it raises many questions of controversy. — Three Plays, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson (Scribners), have little in common except vigor of treatment. Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life, is the first, and follows the notion of a person who is a carpenter and most estimable man by day, and a burglar by night. Thackeray once used a similar situation in an amusing fashion. Beau Austin, the second, has its scene laid at Tunbridge Wells in 1820; and Admiral Guinea, in which our old friend David Pew figures, works up the bold scheme of a blind man planning and executing a burglary. There is no lack of plot and characters in these masculine productions.

Travel and Chorography. An American Missionary in Japan, by Rev. M. L. Gordon, M. D. (Houghton.) The candor and simplicity of Dr. Gordon's narrative will win many readers who might be indifferent to a more studied and formal treatise. The author, who has been long resident in Japan, tells with the familiarity almost of conversation the experience which a missionary is likely to meet in his work in Japan. He does not minimize difficulties, and he certainly does not exaggerate the value of the work. His sense of humor is a saving quality, and the genuineness of his testimony is apparent. The book affords a true glimpse of missionary life. — Paddles and Politics down the Danube, by Poultney Bigelow. (Webster.) Given a canoeist who has had exceptional opportunities for forming independent opinions on the people among whom his route lies, let him travel leisurely, stop when he will, make acquaintances, have light adventures, and then make a book of the journey, and you have material for an interesting sketch; but if to this be added a really clever faculty for writing, and a good nature which keeps one on the alert, you may have an exceptionally readable book, and that is what one gets in this lively production of Mr. Bigelow's. — Harper's Chicago and the World's Fair, by Julian Ralph. (Harpers.) Mr. Ralph contributed a series of papers on Chicago to the Harper periodicals, and has collected them, together with notes on the Fair as

it could be assessed in the summer. He is a picturesque writer, quick to note salient features, and with a clever touch in description. His book is more satisfactory as a lively exhibit of the city than as a precursor of the Fair, since his notes on that are fragmentary, and the result of hearsay rather than observation.

Literature and the Library. Twelve English Authoresses, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) The pleasurable anticipations with which one naturally begins this book will be apt to end in the disappointment of readers at all exacting. The dozen studies here collected are slight and commonplace. An admonitory tone which occasionally appears in them leads us to think that, as originally published, they may have been intended for young persons. If this is the case, the want of careful revision is the more to be regretted. For instance, in the sketch of Jane Taylor, one of the best in the book, and evidently written *con amore*, the place of honor in that author's Original Poems is given to The Spider and the Fly, which is somewhat unfair to a still more admirable writer for children. Though the question of Mrs. Browning's birthday has been definitely settled, the incorrect date, 1809, is here given; but we are also told that she was exactly twenty-one in 1825, and in her thirty-ninth year in 1846, all of which is rather confusing. Mrs. Walford, in these studies, seldom leaves the beaten path, but when she does so the result is sometimes not particularly happy. She speaks of Jane Austen and Mary Russell Mitford as having been in all probability playfellows in childhood; oblivious of the fact that there was eleven years' difference in their ages, and that the death of Dr. Russell and the removal of his widow and daughter from the neighborhood of Steventon brought all intercourse between the two families to an end several years before Miss Mitford's birth. The impression left by the book throughout is that of hasty and perfunctory work. — *Essays in Miniature*, by Agnes Repplier. (Webster.) Readers of The Atlantic have a friendly acquaintance with Miss Repplier, and they will find in this little book some of the papers which they have already enjoyed; they will not mind reading them over again, and making, too, the happy discovery of the authorship of some delectable contributions to the Con-

tributors' Club. Miss Repplier's generous love of good literature is contagious, and her routing of shams is one of the most refreshing literary adventures we have nowadays. — The volume of *The Century* from May, 1892, to October, 1892 (*The Century Co.*), is a good index to the subjects uppermost in the minds of readers during that period : as *Columbus*, which is treated rhetorically by Emilio Castelar, and liberally illustrated with portrait, pictures, and poem ; *The Columbian Exposition* (unnecessary adoption into the English tongue with a new meaning, when we had a first-rate accredited word in "Exhibition"), with Mr. Van Brunt's admirable studies and their helpful illustrations. Besides these and the

dignified series of Mr. Stedman's papers on Poetry, the most notable points in the volume are the strong full-page designs, with or without accompanying text. The *Century* is also very hospitable to the poets. — Mr. Andrew Lang has taken advantage of a new edition of his small treatise, *The Library* (Macmillan), to add a new preface, and to have Mr. Dobson's chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books extended. A few new illustrations are given, but the book remains substantially what it was when first published a dozen years ago, an agreeable, not too learned *compagnon de voyage* of the book-hunter. Any one who collects books can read it with pleasure, and some will read it with profit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Painter's Saug Corner. If there is any one who needs to be convinced that picturesqueness and dirt have no necessary and inherent connection, he should make a pilgrimage to little seaside Newlyn, whose fame is now fast being spread abroad by the colony of clever artists who have adopted it as their home. At Newlyn, one may fairly sate one's eyes on uninterrupted and undiluted picturesqueness, and at the same time learn to know how dear cleanliness may be to the makers of the picturesque, if they have had the good fortune to be born on Cornish soil, and reared in the good old traditions of the remote Cornish peninsula. For Newlyn is not a score of miles distant from the Land's End itself. Its granite bluffs are washed by the sounding tides of the English Channel. As yet it is happily innocent of a railway station. Penzance, its near neighbor on Mount's Bay, has the railway and the hotels, and the other ugly adjuncts of a watering-place, leaving Newlyn to the undisturbed possession of its fisher folk and its artists.

How intimately and unitedly its fisher folk and its artists have learned to live is the first surprise that Newlyn has for the sentimental traveler. Here is a mite of a cottage, clinging close to the ground, as the Cornish cottage loves to cling. Under its beetling roof of thatch, it looks almost too

tiny to harbor the broad-chested, yellow-bearded fisherman whose home it is. Your eyes wander from one to another of its quaint details, and lo, in the midst of the weather-beaten thatch there is a large glass skylight. It is in these primitive quarters that an artist has found a nook for his studio. Only a few yards higher up the stony zigzag that makes a Newlyn thoroughfare, you come upon a minute gray dwelling, built of incongruously huge blocks of stone. A grapevine drapes the low front, which stands at a defiant angle to the fronts of all its neighbors. You peer around its side, and another glass light proclaims the workroom of another of the picture-making brotherhood.

No matter how steep the ascent is, the little flower-filled gardens, the trimly kept interiors seen in glimpses through the low doorways, the apple-cheeked children at the thresholds, the constant succession of subjects for a sketchbook, still tempt you upward. At the corner of a second precipitous zigzag, a board bearing the words "*Rue des Beaux Arts*" reminds you afresh that it is a metropolis of art, and not a mere fishing-village, you are straying through. Presently the sight of an open meadow, overgrown with tall ripe grasses, lures you through a stone gateway, and you find yourself in a veritable artists' paradise.

The meadow, which slopes no less steeply than the village, is dotted at irregular intervals with studios, each adorned at its threshold with the bloom of midsummer flowers. The most complete of these field-built haunts of art belongs to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, well known on the walls of London exhibitions, and *facile princeps* among the Newlynites. A small cottage, built of the beautiful blocks of granite that are one of nature's gifts to Cornwall, adjoins the glass-covered studio. It has a low lattice over the doorway, and upon the lattice clammers a vine whose huge leaves flaunt themselves with an almost conscious perfection of ornamentation. Sunflowers, sweet peas, and marigolds fill the foreground of this idyl within an idyl.

If by chance, or the friendly guidance of a native, you find your way into one of the studios hidden among the houses in the heart of the village, and, after climbing up the ladder-like staircase that is its sole approach, you are fortunate enough to have a chat with the artist who has discovered its possibilities, he will tell you several things about the art of the Newlynites. In the first place, he will disclaim the idea that they are Impressionists. The Impressionists, he will tell you, paint with their eyes shut. The school of Newlyn, on the contrary, endeavors to keep its eyes very wide open. Its chief end and aim is to paint things as they actually look. "No, we are not Impressionists; we are Realists," your artist will reiterate, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his white flannel trousers, and glancing alternately at you and the picture in progress on his easel. The model for the picture, a gray-haired tar, will in the mean time have retired as far as the limits of the low four-windowed room will permit. But after looking at him, and at his counterfeit presentment on the easel, it is quite certain that you will not wish to leave Newlyn without some speech with his brethren of the dark blue jersey jacket.

There they stand in a line, leaning over the iron rail on the stone embankment, and looking with sagacious eyes over the glancing blue surface before them. Sundown is the time when they go out in their red-sailed "trollers" and "drifters," to come back in the early dawn with the night's haul of fishes. Until then they are ready for a friendly chat with a stranger. Their

own discourse will be of the things the stranger loves to hear about: of the finding of pilchards in the dark, twenty feet below the surface of the water; of the mackerel that are caught at the top; and of the soles and plaice that must be trolled for many fathoms deep. A fine scorn will creep into the old salt's manner when he tells you of the difference between the ice-packed fish that finds its way to London and the freshly caught mess that graces his own board. Then, turning adroitly from the discussion of his craft to the beauties of his coast, he will look across the shimmering bay to St. Michael's Mount in the distance, and tell you, in his rich Cornish dialect, that it is a fine view.

So, too, the artists seem to think, to judge by their manner of gathering on the beach at sunset, when the western front of the castle on the summit of St. Michael's Mount gleams like marble above its rocky foundations, and sedulously transferring to canvas as much of the beauty before them as their skill can compass. If the Newlynites do not become a famous school of colorists, it will not be because nature has not unfolded before them a combination of color as rich and rare as even southern lands can boast. The sea that washes the time-stained granite cliffs is unrivaled in the depths of its blue, and in the clearness of its emerald hues in shallow pools and inlets. There is the high square gray tower of the Penzance parish church to give character to the shallow white curve that the town makes around the bay, and there is the inimitable beauty of the famous Mount "that guards the western coast." With a love of the picturesque that binds them to a primitive fishing-village, it will not be strange if the artist colony give to Newlyn and its surroundings the fame that another group of artists have given to Barbizon and Fontainebleau.

—Slang is the foe and the friend of the English language.

Broadly defined, it is the using of a word or a phrase differently from the common acceptation. Its object may be to intensify meaning, or to hide the lack of meaning. This happens whenever one's own vocabulary falls short of the demands of one's thought. This is also the case when a writer or speaker quotes from a foreign tongue.

That is an implied confession that the native language is inadequate. It is like the bank check which one offers in payment when the pocket is empty. It is open to the same hazard as the check, that the account may be overdrawn, or the taker cannot be identified when presenting it. But on its face every check is a call upon the abundant wealth in the bank vaults, and every quotation from another language is a demand upon the thought stored up in that language. The only question is whether the quoter has the right to draw, and whether the hearer can make use of it. But many native slang phrases are like the irredeemable paper money of a bankrupt state, which for a time circulates because of convenience. It is in itself worthless, and there is nothing behind it. Other phrases and words are as the gold dust of Californian or Australian diggings. They are uncoined, but pass by weight and measure at coin rates till they reach the mint, and reappear as eagles or sovereigns. Now it is indisputable that a large part of any civilized tongue, and of the English speech in particular, is made up of just such additions. Every new discovery in art and science is like a placer, in this respect; it is a fresh yield of ideas which at once obtain currency in language, and ere long are stamped with the image and superscription of authority. The phrase "to coin a word" expresses this fact. The most of the technical vocabulary of our language thus came into being.

The distinctive test of good slang from bad is that it has a real meaning. Bad slang has no meaning; it is simply a succession of sounds which, because they come trippingly from the tongue, impose on the ignorant imagination of the hearer. When the mathematical professor silenced the fishwife by calling her a "scalene triangle," a "paralleloped," and an "hypothenuse," he used this weapon. As a rule, the slang of the very low classes, the thieves' Latin, the "argot," the "flash language," is not inexpressive. Not only is its meaning clear enough to the initiated, but there is apt to be a vigorous and picturesque felicity in its terms when once their history is disclosed. For instance, the word "soddollager," once quite current, was manifestly an uneducated man's transposition of "doxologer," which was the familiar New England rendering of

"doxology." This was the Puritan term for the verse of ascription used at the conclusion of every hymn, like the "gloria" at the end of a chanted psalm. Everybody knew the words of this by heart, and on doctrinal grounds it was proper for the whole congregation to join in the singing, so that it became a triumphant winding up of the whole act of worship. Now a "soddollager" was the term for anything which left nothing else to follow, a knock-down blow, a decisive, overwhelming finish, to which no reply was possible.

There is a slang of great cities which owes its whole life to senseless repetition. Its phrases are like the unsavory missiles caught up from the gutter, dead rats, old shoes, battered tins, which street Arabs throw at one another. To this order belong most party and national nicknames, class appellations; and such slang may be described as the quintessence of vulgarity. They have their brief run in a city, get a place in the leaders of a daily journal or two, where they appear in quotation marks, as a pickpocket in irons before the court of police, and then disappear forever. Such terms as "in the soup," "boodle," "the bar'l," "fat-frying," etc., belong to the more recent unsavory imbecilities of politics.

Good slang is idiomatically expressive, and has a narrow escape sometimes from being poetical. An English traveler had a quarrel with the mate of a Mississippi steamboat, and the case came into court. The counsel for the plaintiff, in his opening address to the jury, thus stated his cause of action: "The first officer of the Bella Richards addressed my client in most violent and peremptory terms, and threatened him that if he did not immediately remove his personal effects from the entrance-way of the steamer he would precipitate him into the raging flood below." The evidence of the bystanders as to the mate's words was as follows: "Look here, stranger, if you don't tote your plunder off that gang-plank right smart, I'll spill you in the drink."

It is to be hoped that these few lines will help to illustrate the distinction between the admissible and the objectionable, or, wider yet, between the desirable and the intolerable. Every new word which has a new meaning of its own, and is not a vain du-

plicate or pedantic substitute for a sufficient old one, enriches the language. Every metaphor which turns a new facet of diamantine thought to the light is a gain. Much of the slang which is religious, professional, mercantile, or political is made up of terms which have failed, chrysalids which have never broken through their limitations. But they might have done so, and soared aloft on butterfly wings as broad as any in Brazilian meadows. No one can say of a new word, on its first using, that it has come to stay, while the humblest term which lands on the shore of time may, like the unnoticed emigrant, have the future of a Stewart or an Astor awaiting it. He who first formed the word "electricity" from the Greek name of amber little thought what a family tree was to bourgeon therefrom in the ages after. So, again, a new word with the brightest of prospects, with the blue blood of the oldest American families, with every appearance of fitness, dies in the cradle of its primal proof-sheet, and is seen no more. The word "gerrymander," born of an epigrammatic retort, has endured, while others as apt and euphonious have not even a headstone on the historic page. When I was a small boy, I lived in a town divided by a broad river from another smaller and less wealthy town. We called the boys from the opposite village "Coskies;" why, we did not know, but it was a word of obloquy, to be resented with fists and stone-throwing. I have since found out the reason. In the days of James Madison the town on the western shore was patriotically Federalist. The town opposite was bigotedly Democratic Republican. Hence its inhabitants were worshipers of Bonaparte, and were only fit to be called "Corsicans," which title of scorn the Boston Centinel (the proof-reader will kindly preserve the orthodox and ancient spelling) bestowed upon the radical and sans-culottic Democrats. Therefore the name which James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, proudly wore in his hat at the Shakespeare Stratford Jubilee became, in my schooldays, a term of reviling and bitterness, albeit we were utterly ignorant why it should be. Long ago it went to its misspelt grave, and I, like Old Mortality, clean the moss from its headstone.

There is a moral to this desultoriness. (I came near writing "a moral pocket hand-

kerchief," but remembered just in time that this might be regarded as slang, even if spoken by Sam Weller, the immortal.) And this moral is that slang is to be eschewed. But another side of this moral is that one must make sure that what is rejected is slang, and not the protoplasm of legitimate and classic English. Protoplasmic germs look uncommonly alike. And as a postscript moral, let me add that "idioms," that is "slang," current in one language will not always bear literal translation into another. Unless the proper equivalent exists, the result is apt to be misleading. My friend Brown was disputing with a Swiss guide the tariff of the guide's services. "Spalten wir den Unterschied!" (Let us split the difference), cried Brown. "Was? Wie meinen Sie?" answered the perplexed Helvetian. "Wie kann man einen Unterschied spalten?"

Hexametrical — The stanchest lover of Horace would perhaps be the most prompt to declare that he is essentially untranslatable. Indeed, as to the favorite poet of each of us, we are quite sure to feel, above all else, the charm, the aroma as it were, of a familiar and intimate personality. One instinctively resents any attempt of a third person to repeat, in other tones, the utterances of the beloved voice. And Horace,

"To men grown old, or who are growing old,"

is in a peculiar sense such a well-tryed and ever-welcome comrade on the sloping path trodden of all men. Of course the sterner critic of the idealist school will say that the Horatian thought is never either inspiring or novel, and that translation only reveals the naked poverty of the commonplace.

And having thus agreed, from points of view as diverse as may be, that our genial Augustan diner-out, amateur farmer, and versifier is inimitable, we thereupon, with hardly less unanimity and truly human consistency, set about our several versions. For surely every college-bred man or woman in the Club has before this begun trying to recall that dingy fly-leaf on which was scribbled, not the professor's careful remark upon the peculiar shade of contingency in the subjunctive, and the reference to Andrews and Stoddard, § 242, 6, n. 4 a), but rather some jingling rhyme,

much erased, interlined, and corrected, to the effect that

Soracte's heights are white with snow,
The burdened pines are bending low,
The ice-bound brooks are still,

with the eminently relevant appeal to Thaliarchus to

Heap high the logs, drive out the cold,
And from the Sabine vintage old
A generous beaker fill.

How the dear old class-room in University, long since remodeled and forgotten, the boyish faces, row on row, — now scattered and deep-lined and bearded, if yet they are, — flashed across the imagination, one placid summer day of travel, when Soracte's unmistakable sweeping curve suddenly shaped itself in green against the Sabine sky! And now that, too, is a far-off memory

"Of a land beyond the sea."

But to repine at the lapse of the inevitable years is to expose ourselves to the sharpest thrust of Horatian reproof.

At our time of life, it is chiefly the tolerant wisdom of the gentler satires and the mellow epistles that keeps its hold on our regard. To our boyish enthusiasm for the fiercest of the odes we look back somewhat as the poet himself did on the cruder follies of his own youth.

I to whom delicate robes and anointed hair were becoming,
Who, though with empty hands, was to Cinara dear, the rapacious,
I who the flowing Falernian quaffed so early as mid-day,
Now love a simple repast, and a nap on the grass at the brookside;
Not of my follies ashamed, but a shame 't were still to indulge them.

Under our grimmer skies, the siesta, long ere we come to forty year, is best transferred to the study lounge; but Ponkapog is not the valley of the Vicenza.

My fellow-members will have discovered by this time that my own project is to try how Horace, grown staid and middle-aged, sounds to an English ear in his own rhythm. There is no insufferable audacity in the attempt, at any rate, for two reasons. The hexameter was only less artificial and foreign to the Roman poet than to Kingsley or Clough; and, moreover, Horace did not himself take it too seriously, and indeed earnestly disclaims any lofty poetic purpose or form.

First, from the number to whom the name of poet is granted,
I would except myself; for merely to keep to the metre
Surely you deem not enough; and if one scribbles, as I do,
Things far nearer to prose, you must not account him a poet.

And again, still alluding to the homely diction of satire, contrasting it with the mouth-filling words and phrases of Ennius' heroic lines: —

If from the verses that I, now,
Or from those Lucilius made of old, you discever
Merely the metre and rhythm, restoring our words to their order,
. . . You will deny not even the limbs of a poet dismembered.

Every constant reader of *Maga*, — and we of the Club surely never leave each others' leaves uncut, — every lover of literature, I say, remembers Miss Preston's visit to the site of Horace's farm. We do not dare take down the bound volume to see if she transcribed there (perchance in the smooth-sliding free iambs that had anglicized the *Georgics* so gracefully) the glowing description of the Sabine farm from the sixteenth epistle; for we hope the remorseless shears — the allusion is not a classical one, but merely a timorous glance at the editorial table — will not forbid us to give the lines here in our own fashion. Sir Theodore Martin, the most indefatigable of us all, remarks that this passage is "so vivid that it has been the chief means of identifying the locality."

Lest you may question me whether my farm, most excellent Quintinius,
Feeds its master with grain, or makes him rich with its olives,
Or with its orchards and pastures, or vines that cover the elm-trees,
I, in colloquial fashion, will tell you its shape and position.

Only my shadowy valley indents the continuous mountains,
Lying so that the sun at his coming looks on the right side,
Then, with retreating chariot, warning the left as he leaves it.
Surely the temperature you would praise; and what if the bushes
Bear in profusion scarlet berries, the oak and the ilex
Plentiful food for the herd provide, and shade for the master?
You would say, with its verdure, Tarentum was hither transported.
There is a fountain, deserving to give its name to a streamlet.
Not more pure nor cooler in Thrace runs winding the Hebrus.
Helpful it is to an aching head or a stomach exhausted.

Such is my ingle; sweet, and, if you believe me, delightful;
Keeping me sound and safe for you even in days of September.

There are other bits laid aside in our portfolio for this little mosaic, which we reluctantly leave unoccupied. But one complete epistle, not long, but rising to a somewhat more earnest tone than usual, will serve to test, quite severely enough, no doubt, this special method of "perversion" ("*traduttore traditore!*"), which is, so far as we are aware, as untried as it is obvious.

"Honesty is the best policy," says the business man to his son; "I have tried both ways." And even so it is, after we are ourselves sated with the sight of foreign skies and year-long familiarity with the sounds of alien speech, that we begin to preach persuasively the blessedness of home-keeping contentment. Only our saintly Whittier, of all the rhyming craft, could be consistent as well as wise. His unrepining confession,

"I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go,"

makes more comforting, if not convincing, his assurance,

"He who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees."

But Horace was like Longfellow, and indeed like us all, gifted or not to sing. We give the best years of youth eagerly, if we may, to hear

"The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The beach at Elsinore,"

and then earnestly advise mankind, and particularly womankind, to rest content at the home fireside, and

"turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes."

Horace had himself roamed in Asia, either in students' vacations from Athens, or later, gathering recruits as Brutus' lieutenant for that brief and luckless campaign, his only martial experience. The restlessness he reproves in his friend was not unfamiliar to his own soul, as many a burst of frankness reveals. Indeed, perhaps even here Bullatius is in a literal sense the poet's alter ego. Of Lebedos we know less even than Horace did, but it is evidently an obscure and nearly deserted Asiatic sea-

port. Ulubrae apparently stood supreme even among the decaying Latian towns for its dullness and loneliness. The epistle is notable above all as containing the line proudly inscribed in an Italian autograph book by "Johannes Miltonius, Anglus,"

"Cælum non animum muto dum trans mare curro."

But the whole is as true and as helpful now as ever, since *ennui* and discontent are not Roman nor Anglo-Saxon alone.

Horace. What did you think, my friend, of far-famed Lesbos and Chios?

How about Samos the dainty, and Cressus' capital, Sardis?

Colophon, too, and Smyrna? Above their fame, or beneath it?

Tiber's stream and the Campus excel them far, do you tell me?

Have you been praying for one of Attalus' cities, I wonder?

Lebedos is it you praise, of the sea and your journeyings wearied?

Bullatius. Yes! You know what Lebedos is: more dead than Fidenæ,

Ay, or than Gabii; yet I would gladly abide there, forgetting

Those I have loved, and, expecting that they in their turn will forget me.

There I would dwell, and gaze from the shore on the furious waters.

Horace. If a man travel, in mud and in rain, from Capua Romeward,

Drenched though he be, he will choose not to tarry for life in the tavern.

Even when chilled to the bones, we praise not the bath and the furnace,

Truly believing that they would make life full and successful:

Nor, if impetuous Auster has tossed you about on the billow,

Would you for that get rid of your vessel beyond the Ægean.

If you are perfectly sound, then Rhodes and fair Mitylene

Help you no more than a cloak in the dogdays, trunks in midwinter,

Or in December a plunge in the Tiber, a furnace in August.

Now that you may, and the face of Fortune is smiling upon you,

Here at Rome praise far-off Rhodes, and Chios, and Samos.

This one hour, that a god has bestowed upon you in his bounty,

Take, with a grateful hand, nor plan next year to be happy:

So that wherever your life may be spent you will say you enjoyed it.

For if anxieties only by reason and foresight are banished,—

Not by a spot that commands some outlook wide on the waters,—

Never our nature, but only the sky, do we change as we travel.

Toilsome idleness wears us out. On wagon and ship-board

Comfort it is that we seek: yet that which you seek, it is with you,

Even in Ulubrae, if you lack not contentment of spirit.

The Pathos
and Humor
of the Defi-
nite Article.

—Within the narrow bounds which inclose child life there is little choice of nomenclature, for of objects of the same kind but a single sample is presented. For instance, to the boy of twelve years there is but one minister, — the one who officiated at his baptism, and who in due time will preside at his marriage, at his burial, or such other scenes as shall require the sacerdotal presence. In all the broad land there is for him but one doctor, — the one who shakes out the powder that tastes so bitter, the one who vaccinates and scarifies and does manifold cruel things that good may come. Here no creed, no 'pathy, is involved, — nothing but the designation *the*, which is equivalent to saying *our* parson, *our* doctor. Within the charmed circle of the household the same designation prevails, adapted to the humblest members thereof, being applied to the cat, *the* dog, *the* horse, as well as to *the* "man" (referring, of course, to the stubby foreigner who presides over stables and gardens). It is only in the household's inner circle, the *sanctum sanctorum*, that a stronger word is required, — *our* father, *our* mother, *our* governess; in short, the proprietary word is made to refer to all who rule us by affection. Once without that inner circle, and the definite article is used, to refer to "*the* President of the United States and all others in authority," and is fraught with an indefinable fragrance of fond possession. Any one who has been a *the* to childhood will always thereafter be recalled as part of that blessed institution of home; and years thence, away in foreign lands, our eyelids will quiver, and perhaps our lips writhe emotionally, at the thought of any person who once wore this childish prefix, be he what the Indians call the "Great Father," or simply the village schoolmaster trudging home in the tired twilight.

Another prefix, a family relative of *the*, is quite as significant, though in a somewhat less agreeable way; it is the word *that*. Here the usage ascends from childhood to mature womanhood. Gracious and tender beings, who are utterly incapable of "strong expressions," do not hesitate to denounce the object of their antipathy as *that*. This, like many other feminine epithets, doth indeed cover a multitude of sins half suggested; and if history could be written by the

aid of a mildly echoing phonograph attached to the voice of some good woman, we would find the obnoxious characters in the world's continued story comprehensively described and analyzed as "*that* Judas Iscariot," "*that* Nero," "*that* Louis XI.," to say nothing of "*that* Benedict Arnold." Much that is deliciously indefinite and incomprehensibly comprehensive in woman's dear phrases and epithets is simply the terse verbiage of childhood grown to maturer form. *That* may be regarded as little *The*, who has attained to the years of womanhood and of charming coquetry.

It may be added that the definite article does not limit its service to sentimental or to æsthetic purposes. The bold advertiser sees in its distinctive brevity his opportunity; many specialists of trade and the professions, too, — not omitting the learned professions, — so far from disdaining the pungent conjecture aroused by this brief verbal character, have sent it upon its illuminating way with a compacted emphasis that no other part of speech can be made to sustain. Therefore, as we run we may read such legends as the following, to this effect: Sniggin's is "*the* tonic remedy of the hour," and will "*remove that* tired feeling."

Hunger.

—The pathology of hunger has some peculiar attendant phenomena which I have not seen mentioned. It is for this reason that I venture to think the following episode of my own war-time reminiscences may be found of interest by the Club.

It was on our return home, after an experience which the Scripture-reading and serious youth of our command likened to the alternatives presented to the children of Israel: seven years of famine, a three months' driving before the enemy, or a three days' pestilence. It seemed to our fevered memories as though we had experienced all three, varying only in degree; for we had had three months of famine, we had been driven two months before the enemy, and we had suffered many weeks of pestilence as a natural result of our hardships. Many had died of starvation, and the frenzied look of a famished dog was in the eyes of almost all.

At last we reached the Ohio River, and were borne down on the broad, raftlike transports of that stream to the vicinity of

Parkersburg, where we landed at Blennerhassett Island. Thence a forced march brought us to Williamsport, where we crossed the river and were in Maryland. We were followed by our unsparing foe to the banks of the river, and even cannonaded after we were across. Then came another, and the last, forced march of the raid; but this time we were not forced on by a *vis a tergo* enemy, but beckoned forward by *vis a fronte* shelter and food and rest. These were all awaiting us at Harper's Ferry, whence we had started three months before; and as our wearied men fell into line and drifted staggeringly over the highways, they must have presented a sorry aspect, — ragged, famished, and distressed; for the rain had been pouring for a week. The bad weather, however, elicited one statement never to be forgotten: "All's damp now, all save the indomitable heart of General Crook." This was indeed true. Seated upon his horse, our general looked defiance at the elements, as he had, during our bitter trial, shown it to the enemy.

As our weary band waded through mud and water and soggy grass, the steam from their moist bodies hovered in a cloud along the line of march. The day wore on; the roads became better, and our spirits rose, because, halting though we were, our faces were turned homeward; so, when evening came, there was little or no grumbling at the information that we would continue marching through the night. But hundreds walked, sound asleep, sustained by comrades on either side. I learned that many took turns in the use of this peripatetic couch, just as they had often before taken turns on guard or picket, relieving one another at intervals. As the night deepened, although there was no moon, the stars vouchsafed a quality of light which made all objects appear unusually distinct, especially those at a considerable distance.

Soothed by the rocking motion of my horse, I fell asleep, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to keep awake. Soon my hunger-haunted brain found rest and refreshment in such dreams as came. I dreamed of food. Through the weary raid we had all of us dreamed of little else; and we woke to find the unsatisfied longing still persistent, and that the hopes popular tradition had held out to us — that our hunger

might be blurred with sickness — were not to be realized.

I had supposed that a famished man, in the prime of youth, abandoned wholly to his imaginings, "his helm of reason lost," as Young says, would revel in a dreamland flowing with milk and honey; he might even be pardoned for repeating in thought such robust feasting as that wherewith the Saxons ushered in the morn at Hastings. But no; it would seem as though a peculiar sense of loneliness pervaded our hunger-stricken bodies as well as our minds; for our dreams were usually of home and kindred, of cheerful firesides and most frugal suppers. I do not recall eating, in these Barmecide feasts, anything more substantial than the smoked beef and flapjacks of a New England tea. Something small, neat, and tasty was what the boys wished, when hunger had tamed the tiger and reduced the flesh. Many told me, with grim humor, that they dreamed of pickles and codfish balls, and I know that bread and molasses was a favorite viand among the starving sleepers of George Crook's army.

On this particular occasion, I had no sooner lost consciousness of present surroundings than I found myself seated at a farmhouse tea-table, before a Lucullian banquet of hot biscuit, peach preserves, I think, and apple butter, this last being a favorite "condiment" (the local word) at a Virginia fireside. The rosy faces around the table had given me such joyous welcome as dreams and strangers give always — and friends sometimes. I passed slowly from this scene, and entered another which was but a reminiscence: the whole incident of my being wounded at Antietam and nursed at a farmhouse hard by was reenacted in my mind with a vividness and a celerity that were like the magic illusions conferred upon the hasheesh-eater. I saw the torn roof which a cannon-ball had ploughed just over my head, as I lay, tranced with pain and stiff with blood, in a log outbuilding near the house; and one sight, too startling to relate, awoke me, all quivering and weak. Looking around, I beheld what caused me to clutch my horse's mane for a moment with something like terror. There was the very scene of my dream in vivid reality before me! There were the house, the shattered roof still unattended; the fence, still lacking the rails which had made our camp-fire two

years before ; the familiar bridge ; the turn in the road which brought us to the creek that two years before had run red with the blood of thousands of men. Hurriedly I leaned forward and asked a negro sitting on a fence (it was yet early evening) where we were. We were indeed passing over the field of Antietam, which had been hailed as our first victory over the enemy, and the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. It was all peaceful now ; two crops had grown over the one that we trampled, and, looking at the tall shocks of corn, I unconsciously repeated the line, —

"How that red rain has made the harvest grow!"

A few weeks later, — and the interval is but dimly recalled, — I was in my father's house at Staten Island, all the officers of my regiment having been sent home, after the terrible raid, to recuperate. Some workmen were blasting out a well near by ; and almost my first consciousness of the things of this life was connected with the sounds of the blasting. With the boom of the first assault upon the rock, I leaped from the sofa, on which I had been ordered to spend the day, and called out loudly for my horse and sabre. This manner of waking occurred several times, and I was with difficulty persuaded that peaceful Staten Island had no need of my services. In the evening, some neighbors called, partly from friendly curiosity, let us hope, to see a survivor of the dreadful Hunter's raid. I heard them talking animatedly at the window, and as I approached, with a dim purpose of joining in their conversation, there was an ominous silence following an admonitory "hush." "Oh, don't mind him," remarked my father ; "he knows nothing of what is going on now."

Such was the dream, such the dreamer, that hunger had produced.

— I spent the year 1875 in Paris, and occasionally went to hear the lectures which were delivered at the Collège de France. After a time I sought out the lecture-room of Joseph Ernest Renan, whose *Life of Jesus* I had been reading, although it was contrary to the advice of one of my own American college professors. Renan lectured in a small room to a small audience, ranging in numbers from five to twenty, — more frequently the former ; but as his lectures were devoted entirely to the Semitic

languages, his coterie of regular listeners would naturally be small. He sat at one end of a long table, around which were gathered his pupils in Oriental literature. He made constant use of the blackboard, and his drawings were produced with marked rapidity and force. He had extremely white and beautifully formed hands and wrists, that were in strong contrast to his general appearance, which I made a note of at the time in the following words : "Imagine a short, stout, well-dressed man, with a large head, sparsely furnished with graying hair, joining his shoulders, with only the suggestion of a neck intervening ; large, rugged features ; a florid, heavy, smoothly shaven face, more German than French, — a face that would be repellent but for the kindly gleam in the small gray eyes. Add to this a marked vivacity of French gesticulation, a pleasing voice, rapid utterance of elegant diction, perfect ease and naturalness of manner, and you have a portrait in large strokes of one of the most accomplished and learned men of France."

After hearing his first lecture, I tarried to speak to M. Renan, and told him that I had been reading his book, adding laughingly that I had been warned against its perusal. (I was at this time a young girl.) He asked, with an amused gleam in his eyes, if I had been harmed by reading it ; to which I replied that I had found it perfectly harmless, and wondered what any one could find in it to criticise as harmful. After this, circumstances led to the exchange of letters between us anent some personal matters, and an invitation came from him and his wife to visit them at their home ; Madame Renan coming in from the country (it was in the early summer) to their town house to receive my visit. They lived on the fourth floor, in a modest but well-furnished apartment, in the Rue de Varenne ; and upon my arrival Madame Renan met me with such cordiality and graciousness of manner as to make me her ardent friend for all time. She was one of the most beautiful Frenchwomen I ever saw, — tall, large, fair, superbly formed, and at that fascinating age of a handsome woman which lies anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years. She spoke some English, and so our conversation proceeded in my native tongue, plentifully pep-

Another
View of Re-
nan.

pered, however, with French expressions, for which she seemed unable to find English equivalents. She told me much about her husband's early life,—of his bigoted but devoted mother, of the drowning of his father in the port of Tréguier, his education, his struggles with his religious convictions, the sympathy between him and his sister Henriette, his final renouncement of Romanism, and his rebound to the other extreme of religious faith.

In the midst of our talk M. Renan himself came in, and as he spoke no English the conversation was continued in French. "As Madame Renan has been telling you so much about me, I must be revenged and tell you something about her," he began, with charming gayety of manner. "You must know that she is a daughter of Henri Scheffer, thus a niece of Ary Scheffer, and that I first met her at a soirée given by Ary Scheffer to a number of distinguished Americans then in Paris. I thought she was an American! She looks like one,—do you not think so? And has she told you that we were married three times in one day,—once by the magistrate, once by a Catholic priest to satisfy my Catholic family, and once by a Protestant pastor to please the Scheffers?"

M. Renan spoke of his sister Henriette, and, although she then had been dead a dozen years, tears filled his eyes and a profound sigh escaped his heart. There was no mistaking the largeness of M. Renan's nature for affection and gratitude. Henriette was twelve years his senior, and to her was largely due Renan's renunciation of the priesthood, to which his family had in a way consecrated him. She passed some years in Germany as a governess, where her own views took on the "advanced" forms of German savans. She was one of the most devoted sisters on record. For her brother she lived, studied, toiled, economized, sacrificed; and in the whole history of fraternal affection nothing has come under my observation equaling that which existed between Renan and

his sister. Madame Renan showed me Henriette's portrait, which she said was a very poor one; but it would have required an artist of the most idealizing faculty to turn that excessively plain face, which had been rendered still more unfortunate by a cruel disfiguring wound, into an attractive one. It resembled Renan's in no way, being long and thin, that of an ascetic. She accompanied Renan on one of his Oriental expeditions, and died at or near Amschit, where she was buried, or rather placed in a vault, from which her brother never had the heart to remove her to the "sad cemeteries of France which she regarded with repulsion." After her death, Renan wrote the story of her life, a book of which only one hundred copies were printed; and when I left the Renans, that day, Madame Renan gave me one of the precious brochure, which reads as if the pen that wrote it had been dipped in tears. In it Renan tells of the trial of soul that Henriette endured after he had met and loved Cornelia Scheffer, and how, when he saw her sufferings and realized what he owed to her, he resolved to give up Cornelia, and allow no other woman to come in between him and Henriette. This resolution he made known to his sister, which so affected her that she went immediately to the house of Henri Scheffer, sought Cornelia, confessed her feelings, and declared that the marriage must take place; but it was only after children came to the home of the Renans that the soreness in Henriette's heart seemed to be wholly healed. Her death, occurring before fame had come to the brother for whom she had given her life, touched Renan deeply, for she had been so identified with his work, was so his other working self, that he felt she had passed away without having received her just compensation, and it left in his heart an ineffaceable sorrow.

Such, in brief, is a glimpse of the man whose recent death removed not only a romantic and learned figure from the literary world, but also one of the most sincere and devoted of men.

